PICTORIAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 1922

15¢

Vol 24
Oct-Sept
1922-23

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

From a recent letter:

"I, as a mother, strongly recommend Fels-Naptha for all babies' things. It gets out all stains so easily—often, without boiling. The clothes do not irritate Baby's tender skin."

What is his health worth?

Doctors agree *clean clothes* have almost as much to do with Baby's health as the quality of his food, or the temperature of his bath. By "clean clothes" is meant clothes that not only *look* clean, but which *are* clean, through and through each tiny thread. Fels-Naptha cleans clothes *that way!*

The naptha loosens all dirt and stains for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanishes completely—leaving the little baby-things fluffy, soft and soothing, with that clean-clothes smell. Fels-Naptha does *all* laundry work just as quickly, safely, thoroughly and hygienically. Directions inside the wrapper.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Wet the clothes, soap them, roll and soak them, rub the extra-soiled parts, then rinse. It's just that easy.

A full-color art print, 8 x 14 inches, of this beautiful baby picture, free from advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent with a sample of Fels-Naptha for ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Real naptha! You can tell by the smell

© 1922, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

1234178

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1924 L

PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

VOL. XXIV. No. 1 — Edited by Arthur T. Vance — OCTOBER, 1922

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

BRANCH OFFICES
Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 700-208 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 506 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal., 985 Market Street

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS—PICTORIAL REVIEW is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

BRANCH OFFICES
Atlanta, Ga., 82-84 North Broad Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 269-287 Adelaide Street, West
London, W. 1, England 163-165 Great Portland Street

RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

Pictorial Review Offers $1,000 to the Most Public-Spirited Women's Club

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

WHAT federated women's club in America will render the highest public service during the coming year? In order to find the answer to this question PICTORIAL REVIEW has offered to give $1,000. The story of the model club's contribution to the welfare of its community will be told in the magazine, so that other clubs, seeing its good works, may go and do likewise.

In a certain Southern city there is a large and fashionable women's club. Being one of the oldest clubs in the South it is one of the most influential. It has a rule that no civic question shall be discussed during its meetings, and anything remotely political is instantly tabu. The gas-rate in that city is high, the water system is a menace to the health of the community, the school situation is critical—yet none of these subjects can be mentioned without violating the constitution.

Until a few weeks previous to this writing the League of Women Voters had not been able to generate enough interest in that city to make an organization possible, because the attitude of the "leading women's club" was that everything pertaining to voting is unladylike and vulgar, and because of its prestige the attitude of that club is reflected in the attitude of the community. Now twelve courageous women in a city of over a hundred thousand are enrolled in the League of Women Voters. More power to them!

In that city there are about twenty-five thousand women who need the kind of things that the modern women's club is supposed to give, and yet *more than twenty-three thousand* of them are shut out from this organization because of its limited membership—a membership limited to the socially arrived. A member of that club, having caught the vision at Chautauqua during the recent biennial meeting of the General Federation, said: "And to think, our year-book is for all the world precisely as it was twenty years ago—only a little larger. We have not moved an inch in any direction."

UNFORTUNATELY there are a surprizingly—a deplorably large number of clubs of this type. Since they are the older and, therefore, the most influential, they constitute a positive menace to the progress of the General Federation. A report at Chautauqua showed that during the last biennial period there was a surprizing increase in the number of non-federated clubs.

But, thank Heaven, these old-fashioned clubs are still in the minority. Many a thrilling story has come during these past two years of great accomplishments of club-women in many places. The record of what they have done in Colorado under the leadership of Mrs. L. A. Miller is enough to thrill the most casual reader. Through a scholarship fund more than three hundred Colorado girls have been enabled to graduate from some college or university. Colorado club-women have worked a ranch of a hundred and sixty acres successfully. In Colorado Springs members of a "Young Mothers' Club" bring their babies to all meetings and "park" them in the "spare bed" while they listen to lectures on the care and feeding of children.

Down in Atlanta there is a club which is called a "woman's university" because in it women are taught everything, from Balzac to baking. Last year more than three hundred women were graduated from the dressmaking department alone. And all of these wonderful things go on in a $250,000 club-house, said to be the handsomest of its kind in the world.

Hearing these stories and many others, of worthy work worthily done, the editors of PICTORIAL REVIEW decided to offer a prize in order to stimulate negative clubs to make positive programs and in order to encourage clubs—hard at work on real problems—to tell others what they are doing.

IN OUR view the successful women's club of the future will not limit its membership to the number of women who can drink tea comfortably in the president's drawing-room, but will offer its opportunities to all the women of the community who are eager for the good things it has to offer.

PICTORIAL REVIEW was the first magazine in America to champion the cause of woman suffrage and the first to support the women's club movement. This was in the years when some editors were denouncing the women's club as a "pernicious influence in American life," because it "tended to lure women from home." This same thing was said of the first baby-perambulators, and the first bathtub in America, built in a private home in Cincinnati in 1842, was widely denounced as "a pernicious luxury, imported from aristocratic England."

PICTORIAL REVIEW still believes implicitly in the women's club as a great and potent civilizing factor in public life, and in the General Federation as a great solidifying agency. But we believe the new women's club must widen its horizon if it is to serve its highest purpose.

This editorial is not written in a spirit of criticism, but as a friendly warning of an obvious danger. The old-fashioned women's club is obsolete. The new-fashioned women's club is a national asset. We offer our sincere congratulations to the General Federation for its forward-looking policy and for the advances it has made under the able leadership of Mrs. Winter. We congratulate the Federation on its stand for a uniform marriage and divorce law, for its position on birth-control, for its great Americanization program, and for many other achievements of the past two years, for these are the things we have persistently advocated. We congratulate the women also on the acquisition of a permanent home in the national capital.

We offer this prize of $1,000 to help Mrs. Winter and those who labor with her to stimulate an interest among the clubs, small and large, in doing better and broader work.

$1,000 to a Women's Club

TO the women's club, affiliated with the General Federation, which during the year ending September 15, 1923, renders the greatest benefit to its community, Pictorial Review offers a prize of $1,000. The award will be made in accordance with the judgment of a committee of club-women, headed by Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Further details of this very notable competition will be printed next month.

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

Copyright, 1922, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter at the following Post-offices: on September 24, 1899, at New York, N.Y.; on March 30, 1921, at Galveston, Texas; on November 14, 1921, at New Orleans, La.; on February 11, 1922, at Columbus, Ohio; on May 1, 1922, at Decatur, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind.; and on June 7, 1922, at San Francisco, Cal.; under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOW ABOUT THE WOMAN'S BLOC?

With the Congressional Elections Coming On, This Article Has Special Significance to the Woman Voter

BY HELEN RING ROBINSON

Photo by Brown Bros.

MISS SCHNEIDERMAN, TRADES UNION PRESIDENT, SAYS THE SUCCESS OF THE BLOC "DEPENDS"

"CONGRESS NEEDS THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW" DECLARES MISS MARY GARRETT HAY

COLORADO'S FEDERATION PRESIDENT, MRS. MILLER, ELEVATES THE MATERNAL IN POLITICS

MORE WOMEN IN CONGRESS, URGES FORMER CONGRESSWOMAN RANKIN (Left)

HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON, OF REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, LOYAL TO PARTY

THERE are now in the United States approximately 50,000 women holding political offices, either elective or appointive.

It is safe to say that 49,000 of these offices are of minor importance, many, indeed, being like the one a New Mexico Judge lately ruled might legally be held by a woman, "since the position, being purely ministerial, calls for the exercise of neither judgment nor discretion."

The other thousand women office-holders include Judges, members of important State and Federal commissions, thirty-four members of State Legislatures, a City Commissioner of Columbus, Ga., an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and the Hon. Alice M. Robertson, Congresswoman from the Second District of Oklahoma, the highest political office now held by an American woman.

When Jeannette Rankin was elected to Congress, six years ago, it was rightly felt that her election had tipped the even balance of the man's political world. Symbolically, at least.

With Miss Robertson in Congress the symbol still stands. But one woman alone in Congress can be little more. A symbol and a newspaper head-line.

If women are to become a political-human force in national legislation there must be a dozen and more women elected to Congress. A group or "bloc" of women, to use a word now much on the political tongue, to stand in Congress for the legislation in which women are peculiarly interested, as the agricultural bloc in the present Senate has stood for the legislation farmers are specially interested in. Or as another bloc that has never thought it paid to advertise itself as the financial bloc has long stood there for the things in which Wall Street is peculiarly interested.

So, at least, many women interested in public affairs are saying. Ever louder. And almost every week, now, some woman in Connecticut or Minnesota or Illinois or California announces her Congressional candidacy. Even in Alaska a woman is seeking election as delegate to Congress.

Much of this talk about a woman's bloc is, no doubt, just—talk. It is like some "rain-storms" I have watched in the desert, the words, like the "rain," evaporating in mid-air, leaving the situation and the desert sands quite unaffected whether by talk or moisture.

But the general feeling among public-spirited women should be reckoned with. And it has seemed worth while to PICTORIAL REVIEW to conduct an inquiry among women leaders concerning the desirability—and possibility—of electing a group of women to the next Congress large enough to be a working force there.

Always in making the inquiry two questions have forced themselves.

First: Why do you think a bloc of women in Congress desirable—if you do think so? A question which, naturally, brings some consideration of the cement that will hold such a bloc together. (If there is a bloc there must be cement.)

Second: How can any considerable number of women be elected to Congress, under our present party system, with the persistent and most natural masculine prejudice against sharing high offices with women and the inertness, politically, of the great mass of women?

As for the first question, Miss Mary Foy of Los Angeles, Cal., says there is no such cement. Any talk, therefore, of a woman's bloc in Congress she thinks pish. And likewise posh.

Miss Foy is no political amateur. I have heard her called "the best Democratic politician in southern California." For ten years she has been actively engaged in party work. She has served in succession as party committeewoman for her precinct, her city, her State. She has represented California on the Democratic National Committee and was a nominee for Presidential Elector in 1920. For good measure she is something of a political free-lance.

Miss Foy says a woman's bloc is impossible because women differ as widely in their opinions as men do. And to prove the lack of any possible cement she instances the case of Congresswoman Robertson, who spoke and voted against the so-called "Maternity Bill" tho the organized women of the country were solidly for it.

But while opposed to anything definitely "woman for women," since she does not believe women's affairs and citizens' affairs can be separated, Miss Mary Foy wants women in Congress. She wants them there hard. By the dozens. "Strong, independent women. With self-starters."

SHE believes, also, that "*now* is the accepted time for women to run for Congress. For women to-day stand, very self-consciously, between two worlds. The Old World, where they were mere followers in the human procession, and the New World, where they may aspire to be leaders among leaders. The sooner they pull out of this self-consciousness the better for everybody; and the great advantage of sending a considerable number of women to Congress—there to take themselves and be taken as a matter of course—is that it will help tremendously in the pulling."

The true meaning, as she sees it, of women in Congress will be "that they are coming of age, politically. And spiritually. That's about all. But enough. Surely enough," says Miss Foy.

As a postscript to such adventure, she adds that when there are, actually, a dozen women in Congress, "their special duty will be not to be mouthpieces for all other women—an impossibility—but to co-operate with the men members in all measures that are best for the country."

Mrs. Nellie B. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs, takes direct issue with Miss Foy.

"Women in Congress," she says, "must co-operate with men. Naturally. But I want that word 'co-operate,' now so smugly applied to women, to have a different meaning from the one assigned it by a distinguished leader during the War who talked much about women co-operating with him—by which he meant, as one of his friends explained, that women should get together and do exactly as they were told.

"Women can not truly co-operate with men, in Congress or elsewhere, unless they have something distinctively theirs to contribute to the pool. They have. It is the expression of the maternal in politics. The peculiar discipline of women through the ages has developed in them the instinct to think most deeply in terms of human well-being; while men, on their side, think first in terms of property.

"I don't want women to go to Congress merely as less experienced men, but as big mothers, spiritually," adds Mrs. Miller in further expanding her idea of the two distinct contributions men and women have to give to legislation. And so she finds in *the maternal in politics* the cement to bind a woman's bloc together.

AS FOR the case of Congresswoman Robertson and the "Maternity Bill" she brushes it one side as an unimportant exception to a general rule. "The rule being, as shown in the comparatively long history of women legislators in some Western States, that, in all so-called humane measures, women legislators, quite irrespective of party affiliations, have voted together with practical unanimity."

So California and Colorado have contributed to this inquiry. Now comes New York in the person of Mary Garrett Hay, chairman of the New York City League of Women Voters. A Republican and a very valiant lady, who fought splendidly the State machine of her party when she thought it was opposing the best interests of women.

"A group of women in Congress," Miss Hay declares, "will be more effective than single ones can ever hope to be. One lone woman in Congress is handicapped by her very conspicuousness. Everything she does is noted and interpreted and magnified. She wastes much time explaining herself. She is naturally self-conscious and, in spite of much chivalrous attention from her male colleagues, she stands alone, impotent to exert a strong influence.

"A bloc of women in Congress could band themselves together on the common ground of sex. They could keep up each other's morale. They could help make the presence of their sex in public office seem natural, not a freakish incident. They could work valiantly for the welfare of the women and children of the country and for the humane legislation that is at present considered of slight importance. *Congress needs the woman's point of view*, the country needs her fostering care, and the women need the experience of taking part in the councils of the nation."

The statement of Miss Hay that "the woman's point of view" should be made effective in Congress is repeated in nearly all the contributions to this discussion. Indeed granting the mixture of metaphors (and delighting in it), I may say that the woman's point of view is generally considered the cement for holding woman's bloc together.

Some correspondents, however, object to the phrase.

"When we talk about the woman point of view," they protest, "we grant by that very phrase that the man point of view is the normal one, the woman's merely the variation from normal. The squinting one. The more or less feeble-minded one."

This objection merely follows a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

MRS. ROBINSON was a pioneer among American women office-holders, having been elected to the Colorado State Senate in 1912. She knows women—men—politics—life. Here's a big issue of the present hour, handled in her own big way.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The names that every one knows—are in the *Victor* catalog

ALDA
AMATO
BATTISTINI
BESANZONI
BORI
BRASLAU
CALVÉ
CARUSO
CHALIAPIN
CLEMENT
CORTOT
CULP
DE GOGORZA
DE LUCA
DESTINN
EAMES
ELMAN
FARRAR
GALLI-CURCI
GARRISON
GERVILLE-RÉACHE
GIGLI
GILIBERT
GLUCK
HARROLD
HEIFETZ
HOMER
JERITZA
JOHNSON
JOURNET
KINDLER
FRITZ KREISLER
HUGO KREISLER
KUBELIK
LASHANSKA
MARTINELLI
McCORMACK
MELBA
MORINI
PADEREWSKI
PATTI
PLANÇON
POWELL
RACHMANINOFF
RUFFO
SAMAROFF
SCHIPA
SCHUMANN-HEINK
SCOTTI
SEMBRICH
TAMAGNO
TETRAZZINI
WERRENRATH
WHITEHILL
WILLIAMS
WITHERSPOON
ZANELLI
ZIMBALIST

Victor artists are the really great artists of this present generation. Their names are inseparably associated with noteworthy musical performances and their number is constantly increasing. Whenever a new artist of exceptional ability appears, that artist chooses to become identified with the host of world-famed artists whose masterful interpretations are so faithfully portrayed on Victrola instruments and Victor records.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records on sale at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ask your maid to show you how quickly P and G makes cooking utensils shine. And how easily it removes stains from dish towels.

Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last indefinitely. The quick cleansing of "P and G" keeps paint "young."

To challenge the most critical eye

YOU DON'T mean to be critical, of course. But, when you meet other women, how can you help noticing lapses of attention to dress which are so plainly due to carelessness in the laundry—a gray tinge to white clothes, or faded colors in what was once a charming frock?

Other women are just as quick to notice *your* clothes, and those of your children, too.

You may have chosen an excellent laundress.

But you cannot stop there.

The selection of the soap your laundress shall use is still *your* responsibility—*your* part in the good management of the washing.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap helps mightily to produce results that will bear the closest neighborly inspection.

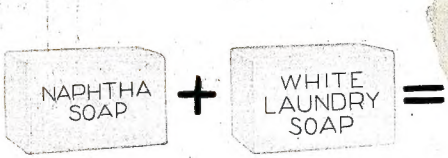
It is *white*—it keeps white clothes white—it preserves colors. It is a *naphtha* soap—its rubless cleaning *saves* your clothes.

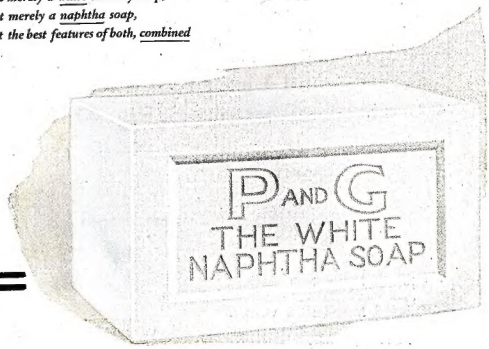
The fact is, most laundresses *prefer* P and G. They know it saves *their* time and energy, as well as your clothes, because it requires less rubbing and less frequent boiling.

So many women make it a rule to have P and G on their grocery lists regularly that it is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined





Speed *and* Safety

Copyright 1922, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Inaugurating
Pictorial Review's Campaign
for

BETTER MARRIAGE LAWS

THESE LEADING WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY INDORSE THE PLAN:

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT
MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK
MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER
MRS. LENA LAKE FORREST
MISS ALICE PAUL
MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS
MISS MARY GARRETT HAY
MRS. GENE STRATTON PORTER
JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN
MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP
MISS IDA M. TARBELL
MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER

The fifth, an Associated Press dispatch, records the filing of new briefs by the Attorney-General of a Western State in his move to set aside the divorce of a famous actress on the ground that she resorted to an illegal subterfuge in obtaining her decree.

These, mind you, are in the news of one day in one edition of one morning paper in one city, and pertain only to those who, because of wealth and prominence, have come to public attention. But nearly every day in every city we hear of just such confusion caused by the discrepancies and inadequacies of our various marriage and divorce laws.

Now, what is the answer? No logical and sound-thinking person any longer denies that, in certain circumstances, men and women who can not live harmoniously together should be allowed to reconstruct their happiness. No one now argues against the necessity for marriage laws which will make it impossible for the immature and unfit to marry and reproduce. Every one is satisfied that these laws must be uniform. Hence the time for action has come. And, because men have dilly-dallied about it, and because, too, the integrity of the family is woman's quest, upon the women of the country must be laid the business of bringing about reform.

Our forty-eight varieties of marriage and divorce laws are a public scandal. Pictorial Review proposes, with the help of the women of the United States, to put an end to it. A uniform marriage and divorce law is the solution of the problem. Read the expressions of opinion herewith printed from a group of the most active and influential of our women leaders, who earnestly indorse our plan. Now for a nation-wide agitation of this vital reform! There has been a flood of talk. Now let's do something!

Drawing by J. C. Coll

SAVE THE FAMILY LIFE!

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

BEFORE me are five clippings from my morning newspaper. One, the front-page sensation, details the complications which have arisen because a man of some note in this country and with sufficient means for getting what he wants, having been refused a divorce in one of our States and also in a foreign country, went to a third country, where he received his decree. With the American Ambassador and a United States Senator as his witnesses, he was married a second time.

The fact of the divorce and second marriage would have passed with a mere notice in international society columns were it not that the first wife, residing in this country, followed the announcement of her husband's second marriage with a suit seeking to nullify the divorce, and thereby the second marriage, on the ground that the divorce was secured illegally because it did not follow the laws of the State of which she is a resident. The suit becomes a matter of international adjustment.

The second clipping, from an inside page, tells of a new amusement advanced by one of the lawyers in a divorce case which, because of the obnoxious details and the prominence of the parties to it, has kept the public in a state of mental nausea for over a year.

The third, on the third page, told of the arrest of a lawyer in a New York city on the charge of securing easy divorces at exorbitant fees by trumping up evidence of infidelity, the only ground upon which divorce may be granted in that State.

The fourth, also a head-liner, chronicles the full story of a fly-by-night romance in which the young son of a wealthy family, after ten days' stage-door acquaintance, eloped with a seventeen-year-old chorus-girl. The second day of the honeymoon the girl left him, declaring that she did not love him, that she only married him for a lark, and that she would not go back to him. She has brought suit for an annulment with the excuse that she was not of an age to marry without the consent of her parents.

Perfect the Business of Mating

BY CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

Chairman of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance; Honorary Chairman of the National League of Women Voters; Formerly Chairman of the National American Woman Suffrage Association

SOCIOLOGISTS who study the problems of the modern family declare that the stability of family life is at present threatened by the spread of a belief in individualism, by divorce, industrialism, the crowded conditions in cities, the emancipation of woman, a waning of belief in the religious basis for marriage, the lax administration of our laws, and the laxity of public opinion regarding the whole question of the sex relations.

Thus it may be seen that the problems of marriage and divorce are complex, since they are bound up with all our modern tendencies and conditions, and that what is really needed is improvement rather than a radical reconstruction to eliminate all disintegrating influences, and a thorough education of the rising generation so that the importance of marriage as a social institution may be understood.

A change in the legal procedure of obtaining a divorce is also necessary, and it might be salutary to make the time between divorce and remarriage a year or two, in order to give estranged couples an opportunity to become reconciled and to check the tendency to lightly divorce one person in order to lightly marry another.

Uniform laws for marriage and divorce are certainly needed. But legislation will not usher in an era of wisely planned marriages. Law can only be used to curtail the actions of the defective, the diseased, the criminal, the immature, and to act where there is too great a discrepancy between the ages of the contracting parties. So far as it goes it is good.

But the real hope of the world lies in putting as much painstaking and progressive thought into the great business of mating as we do into the other big businesses of our day and generation, and in bringing to bear upon marriage the advanced ideas of science, religion, and law so that we shall be able to offer to young men and women a sensible presentation of the subject that will convince them of the necessity of permanent family relations and assure them of the happiness to be found in a wholesome family life.

The Home Life Menaced

BY MAUD WOOD PARK

National League of Women Voters

THE League of Women Voters has formally indorsed the principle of uniform marriage and divorce laws for the United States, and when an adequate measure embodying such laws is introduced we shall give it our heartiest support.

The need for agreement among the States in regard to such laws is too apparent to require comment. The life of the family as the social unit is menaced when a marriage which is valid in one State is illegal in another, and the ends of social well-being are not served when divorce is refused in one State for all causes and granted on any pretext to temporary residents in another.

Unification of marriage and divorce laws, however, is only a partial solution of the problem. There must be early training for marriage and parenthood, and this can not be provided for by law. The law can only fix marriageable age and require mental and physical fitness. It can not provide the personal and community attitude toward marriage which is essential to its success.

Modern medical thought emphasizes preventive measures, yet provides constantly better remedies for the diseases which occur in spite of sanitary science. The best social thought urges a like treatment of marriage and divorce—preventive measures to reduce the incidence of divorce to a minimum and sane divorce laws to deal with the marriage whose continued existence menaces the general good.

Time America Saw Straight

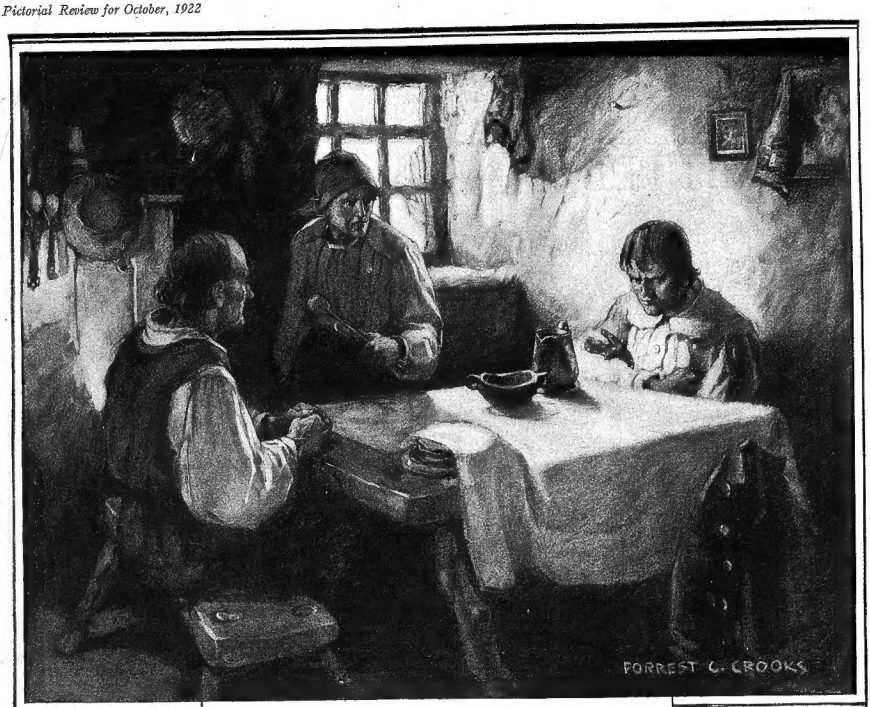
BY MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER

President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

IT IS time America saw straight and true in a matter so fundamental as a uniform marriage and divorce law. With forty-eight different State codes, divorces in one State are not recognized as such in another; children, legitimate in one section, are illegitimate in another; inheri-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"'WELL, YONKO,' SHE SAID TARTLY, AND IN A TONE AS IF SHE HAD LONG ENDURED, 'WHAT IS YOUR INJURY? SINCE YOU CAME BACK FROM THE ARMY THERE IS NO PLEASING YOU'"

THE VOICE OF THE SOD

BY ROSE GOLLUP COHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY FORREST C. CROOKS

HOW a man's love for the sunny fields of his boyhood and for his early sweetheart came surging back in dreary after-years, is the theme of this touching and beautiful story. The poetic gift belongs in large measure to this young writer. "Natalka's Portion," from her pen, appeared in Pictorial Review for January, 1922.

WITH a scowl on his clean-shaven, pock-pitted face, Yonko watched *Matushka* carry the *syarki*, sizzling and spluttering in the big black pan, from the oven to the table, where he sat opposite his father.

The table was spread with a clean cloth spun from the chaff of flax, and the straw still glistened all over it in tiny splinters. Under one corner of the cloth there was a pile of wheat-cakes, each the size of the pan. The steam sifting through stood out on the cloth in glistening moisture.

Matushka saw Yonko's scowl, and she turned upon him. Her wrinkled brown face was flushed from the flames before which she had stood.

"Well, Yonko," she said tartly, and in a tone as if she had long endured, "what is your injury?" She set down the pan of bacon on the table and laid some round wooden spoons.

"What is your injury?" she repeated. "Since you came back from the army there is no pleasing you."

Yonko scowled more deeply. He himself did not know. Outside the sun shone. The sky was blue. The planted green fields looked peaceful with no one working in them, for it was Sunday morning. In the hut, too, a great splash of sunshine fell through the open door right into the middle of the hard-trodden earth. *Batushka*, opposite him, looked peaceful and contented. But Yonko sat there scowling. His soul was in torture, the more so as he himself did not know why.

At his mother's question he jerked his square, deeply cleft chin toward the pan.

"The *syarki* are too thick," he said sullenly.

Matushka stared at him a moment. Then she shook her head.

"Oh, Yonko!" she said sorrowfully. "Yonko, how can you say it? Why, you might as well say that the bread is too thick! That there is too much bread. That there is too much of God's wheat." And she went back to the stove, still shaking her head in a way as if she felt that such sinfulness could not possibly go unpunished.

Glancing at his father, Yonko saw that he shared his mother's thought of him, that he was blaming him tho his face was still calm and peaceful, his horny brown hands folded on the table.

Yonko felt that he was mean toward his parents. He knew that they had waited for him to come home and take over the land now that *Batushka* was getting old. And because he knew that he was mean he was the more mean. Everything irritated him—that they all had to eat from the pan, the heavy wooden spoons, *Batushka's* look of peace and contentment as he sat there waiting patiently and respectfully for his son to begin the meal because he was still a guest. How could he be so contented! To him, when he looked through the open door, there was no peace, no warm sunshine. What he saw were the lonely fields and the sun beating down. And, far out, his father's two white nags feeding, looking immovable through the dis tance and giving the fields a strange look of stillness, o stagnation.

And that was to be his life now, he thought. In th

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Summer the burning heat, and in the Winter the vast snows that made the eyes ache to the very back of the head.

In the *izba*, too, as he looked about, it was the same. There were his parents' sleeping-place, the table between the two dingy little windows, the great red-brick stove taking up half of the room, and against the back wall of the oven his own bench, his sleeping-place, his home. And that was to be his life until he should marry Varvarka, whom he had promised four years ago, before he had gone to army service (*shlusshba*). When he should marry, he thought gloomily, he would build. But meantime this was to be his life, the burning heat, the bitter cold, and this *izba* his home. And he wondered how it was that he had never thought of it in that way. Nor could he. He would not allow himself to recall anything that was pleasant or agreeable about this life. And he sat there nursing and nourishing his grievance.

Meanwhile *Batushka* Feodor, having waited for Yonko a respectful length of time, had begun to eat. He ate with great enjoyment, sucking and smacking his lips like a little child.

Yonko looked at him, and, as before, he resented his enjoyment, his contentment. Finally he took a pancake, folded a square of pork into it, and began to eat. It made two mouthfuls for him. He was ravenously hungry. The pancakes and *syuerki* tasted good and he felt like eating a great deal. But he hated to give his parents the satisfaction of himself either, for that matter, would he allow to relent. A stubborn look, like a knot, worked itself into his forehead, and he sat there, his arms folded, staring at the stakes. He rose at last, caught up his army coat over his shoulders, fixed his *shopka* rakishly on his head, and stalked out of the hut.

Matushka hastened over from the stove, and both old people looked out into the road.

"*Matushka*," old Feodor said cheerfully, "you are plaguing yourself for nothing! There! Yonko is going to Varvarka and they will both go to church. Varvarka is wise and beautiful. He will soon forget his notions about the city."

Matushka shook her head and tightened the knot of her kerchief more firmly.

"I don't know," she said. "Varvarka is beautiful and very wise, it is true. Indeed, she has twice the sense that my son Yonko has. But I don't know. Yonko is uncommonly stubborn. And when he takes a thing into his head you will never reason him out of it. Ach! Very well! The world will teach him. And the world is a stern teacher."

She looked at the old man. "I don't know after whom he takes. Not after me. I have never been stubborn. And you, *Batushka*, have always been so mild."

Indeed, in comparison with her wise, wizened old face and keen gray eyes his wide blue ones looked like a little child's. And a white streak on his forehead, where his sheepskin cap, worn alike Summer and Winter, protected it from the sun, gave him a look of innocence.

"You have always been mild," she nodded at him. "Indeed, Yonko would have been better off if you had not been so easy with him. You have been easy with all our children, with Yonko as with little Stupka and Vassilie, who are sacred children in heaven now."

BATUSHKA'S head bowed over the table, and *Matushka* suddenly looked aged and shrunken.

In Yonko's childhood there had been a Winter when half of the villagers had died of smallpox. And *Matushka* had buried her two half-grown sons in one week.

"You were always easy, *Batushka!* And after that Winter you never at all lifted a hand against Yonko. Ach, *Boshie moi!*" she cried, "*Boshie moi*, it is bitter to have an only child! It is fine having one shirt to your back. You wear it, and you are afraid to wear it."

She started back to the stove with a shuffling step. The father raised his head.

"*Matushka*, come back," he called. "You have forgotten that you have not eaten." His gruff voice was deep and very tender. So she came back and sat down to the cold pancakes and grease.

Meanwhile Yonko walked through the village, picking his steps with his patent-leather boots, and cursed the mud in the road. Everything voiced his discontentment. The dogs sprang out at him from every hut, and he had to kick them back with the heels of his boots. He barely greeted the villagers who were in the yards doing chores, all of whom he had known all of his life, many of whom he had not seen this week since he returned from *shlushba*. They stared after him in surprise. Yonko had been a pleasant lad four years ago, serious, but pleasant and straightforward. He was no mean sight now as he swung along between the two rows of brown, stooping *izbas!* He was straight, tall, and his face, the pock-pitted, and in spite of his sullenness, was good to look at. It was clean, bronze.

Yonko had a well-shaped mouth, and his square chin was sharply cleft that it looked like a cut. He had blue eyes and a stubborn forehead. That forehead dominated all the other features. His hair was blond, thick. As he walked along, the brass buttons of his coat, stamped with the image of Nicholas II., sparkled, and his patent-leather boots squeaked. Apart from his personal attraction, he had just come to Sabinka from the wide world. Many a maid peeped out at him from the dingy little windows of her father's hut. But Yonko saw nothing, neither the lake sparkling before him from between the houses nor the slumbering green fields. He was not aware of the warm scent in the air or the great fleecy clouds hanging strangely near over the earth.

"Hey, there, my young coxcomb! Where are you hastening?" It was Djedka, the great-grandfather of the village. He was shrunken to the size of a small child, with a white long beard. He stood at the gate bareheaded, and peered from under his bushy white eyebrows. Djedka would never be ignored.

"HEY, there! It is a fine day, to be sure, and fine days do not last. Still——"

Yonko gave him a short good morning and went on.

"That old fellow," he thought, "does not look a day older than he did four years ago. He is the kind who lives a hundred years," he muttered. "He will live forever!" And Yonko crashed into the muzzle of a dog who had run out at him unawares.

Suddenly he stood at Varvarka's gate. And the sight that met his eyes overfilled his already full measure of grievances. He remained slightly hidden by a bush at the gate, not aware that he was hidden, gloating at what he saw, feeling justified in his rebellion.

"What a life!" he muttered.

The yard was filled with sunshine, with hot steam rising from a trough, with the squealing of pigs, with the odor of flour and scalding water. And through the cloud of steam he discerned Varvarka bareheaded, barefoot, and in a coarse shirt and skirt, mixing with one hand. With the other she held her two brown braids against her breast. She was singing under her breath and smiling. Her song was not a hymn.

Oh, wait, wait, little pigs!
Be patient, be patient.

And she mixed and mixed as if she loved to make them wait. At last she straightened herself and flung back her braids.

Varvarka was twenty, tall, with a boyish body. She worked in the fields much as a boy did. Her mother had died in giving birth. Her father at the time had been doubly stricken, because of the death of his wife and because the child was a girl.

He had not hidden his grievance even in her earliest childhood. Often while he plowed in the fields and she followed close at his heels in the deep furrows, Taras poured out his wrath to her.

A man child would have cared for his small but well-tilled portion of land. A man might have even added to it through his marriage. But what was she? A petticoat! She would inherit it. But how could it ever mean as much to a son-in-law as to a son? His wife's portion! The child was then still so small that the furrows all but hid her from sight.

But as if she understood and felt her guilt, she often assured him, her eyes strangely gathering the color and the shadows of the freshly turned earth, "I too will care, *Batushka moi*. You will see I'll care. I'll be a credit to you."

And she took to the earth with marvelous skill. At the age of sixteen Varvarka could not only harrow—every woman in Sabinka did that—she plowed and used the long-handled scythe with the skill and grace of a young man. With a wrist slender but as if knit of iron she did all a man's work. And Taras was reconciled.

"You are a good little petticoat," he grunted in deep satisfaction, watching her hang a bag of seed over her shoulder. "You are a handy little petticoat."

Hence Varvarka's tall, slender, boyish body. She moved about, taking longer strides than other girls did. But her face was extremely feminine. It was an agreeable face. Yet all the features were at variance. The eyes and hair now, more than ever, looked like freshly turned earth; the eyebrows drew a straight line of pride and reserve, but the mouth, with upward-pointing corners, seemed forever ready to fly into laughter.

She laughed a little now as she stood a moment. Yonko saw her and muttered "Laughs!" But as suddenly Varvarka grew serious. Perhaps it was of him she was thinking, how grumpy he had been all week since he came home—how discontented and unhappy. Her eyes darkened, and the whole face took on a sober look for one moment. But in the next she laughed, skipped to the pen, and drew the bars.

"Come, come, little pigs!" she called.

But the pigs were not little. Infuriated by the smell of the food and the long wait, they scarcely allowed her to draw two bars. They leaped the rest, trod on her feet, and all but upset the trough, falling upon it like a pack of wolves.

"*Swinnie churnie!*" Varvarka screamed, rushing at them with her fists. "Miserable pigs!" And she cuffed them right and left until at last they stood in good order, five opposite five. Panting, she went to an old bench and sat down to nurse her feet.

Yonko stepped close to the gate. "A fine life!" he called. Varvarka looked up quickly, flushed pleasantly, and drew her feet slightly under her wide, short skirt.

"Yes, it is fine to-day," she called back across the big yard, mistaking his comment.

"I say, a fine *life*," Yonko corrected, emphasizing the word "life," and added "Pigs!"

Varvarka looked at him more intently and her face grew serious. "Life?" she repeated questioningly and vaguely troubled. Then she shook it off and called cheerfully, "Come in, Yonko."

"I'll wait here," he said sternly.

"Very well, then, I'll be out at once."

The pigs had finished, and she drove them back into the pen, and went into the hut directly off the yard.

"Laughs!" thought Yonko bitterly. "She does not understand. Can't understand a man. She has grown very beautiful, but shallow, like all women." And he stood there boring with his boot in the ground.

Presently he saw Pavial, a youth about Varvarka's age, come along. Yonko had already seen him during the week. He remembered him as a thin-legged boy who ran after his father's cows. Now Pavial was almost as tall as himself. And the cub was growing a blond beard, he thought with sudden discomfort.

Yonko looked at Pavial when he came up, and he knew in a moment that he had come to take Varvarka to church. Yonko turned slowly to the youth and leaned against the gate with the assurance of a man facing a boy. At this moment he was too wrapped up in himself to be jealous. He was merely curious.

Pavial laid his hand on the gate.

"Good morning," growled Yonko, without moving an inch.

The boy flushed. "Is—is Varvarka home?" he stammered. "I——"

"Varvarka is coming to church with me," Yonko said coolly.

The boy turned a deeper scarlet. Then he lied glibly.

"I did not know you were back, Yonko." And added quickly, "You see—until now—I—that is, Varvarka and I always went to church together." His face was not pleasant to see. "Tell Varvarka," he called over his shoulder as he moved away, "tell her that I was here!" he challenged. Then he sneered, "But you won't."

YONKO had been watching him. "You lied twice, cub," he said, unperturbed, and he leaned more comfortably on the gate as he watched the youth move away. He felt no jealousy now. But it left its drop of poison.

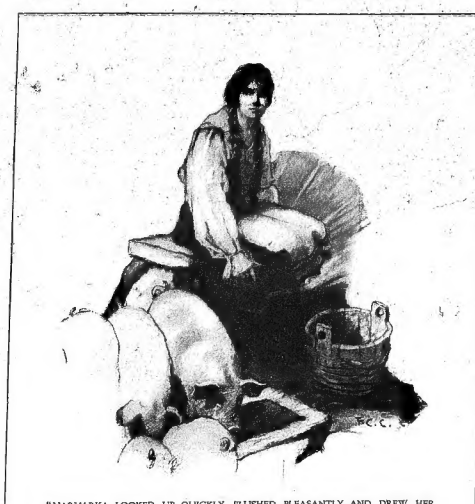
"Shallow!" he muttered. His nostrils drew in, his jaw tightened. Then he heard her step, and he turned toward the house.

Varvarka stopped on the threshold, making a bright picture in fine, well-bleached linen, a girdle of many colors, strings of beads around her neck, and a scarlet kerchief knotted at the back of her head. Her feet were still bare. But under her arm was a pair of freshly braided birch-bark sandals.

She stood still a moment. Perhaps she expected a compliment. But Yonko only looked at her darkly. "Pavial was here," he said, "the widow Malvina's son."

Varvarka flushed the least bit and looked up the road.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



"VARVARKA LOOKED UP QUICKLY, FLUSHED PLEASANTLY, AND DREW HER FEET SLIGHTLY UNDER HER WIDE, SHORT SKIRT"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"'SPEAK,' HE ADDRESSED A GROUP SQUATTING ON THEIR HEELS. 'NOW THAT WE MAY SPEAK,' THE ELDEST SAID, 'IF IT IS YOUR PLEASURE, IT IS OUR DESIRE TO HAVE COUNSEL WITH YOU'"

KINDER MECHMET

Wherein the Khan's Wife Demonstrates Her Profound Sagacity

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD

FROM time immemorial a Kinder Mechmet has ruled the Tatar tribes roaming between the Danube and the Black Sea. From the height of a hastily built minaret somewhere in the marshes of the Dobrudja a Kinder Mechmet ruled the Mongolian tribes which had wandered in some thousand years ago, and had kept hold of the country in spite of the vicissitudes through which it passed. And whether the Dobrudja was nominally under the dominion of the Greeks, Turks, Russians, Bulgars, or Roumanians, it always was owned and ruled by a Kinder Mechmet, who held the place of Khan among his people.

And a war-loving people the Kinders have always been, one that could never follow the line of thought of other people, whether Ghiaours or their own kind. And believers in the Koran they were, their ruler taking the place of High Priest even as the Sultan at Constantinople, when he took the scepter in his hand.

Those Tatar rulers did not always inherit their title. Ten days after the death of one of the Khans the people of his tribe would assemble somewhere near Kinstendje and begin by eliminating from their midst such possible contenders for the rulership as were considered unfit according to law—those over fifty years old, they who were weak, physically, and they who were hasty and ill-humored.

Then for days and nights they would sit, taking no nourishment other than cold water, and from their midst would select the successor of the dead Khan. If it happened that descendants of the original Kinder were selected more frequently than men of the other tribes, it was only because the Kinders possessed all the attributes of rulership. And no matter what his former name, when a man was elected Khan he automatically became Kinder Mechmet.

And lo! one day at a meeting in which the succession of the rulership was being disputed by representatives of divers tribes, a man, who had hitherto been silent and whose wisdom no one spoke of, because he himself had never shown it to any advantage, rose and said:

"Come nearer to me that you may listen to what I have to say so that I need not shout at you. For many a time words which carry neither truth nor force in them have been made to appear truthful and strong because they have been shouted into your ears. For when a gale sweeps by we lie low as if in prayer, not because the wind is good, but because the wind is strong.

"And if what I have to tell you carries no truth and no conviction when spoken softly, it is better that it be spoken in a whisper that the wind carry it not to the four corners of the earth; that it die somewhere betwixt my lips and your ears.

"And this is what I, tho not a descendant of Kinder and not wishing to rule the Tatars of the Dobrudja, have to say. And let yonder forest back of us, the leaves of whose trees are being scattered by the One Who prepares the sap for the next Spring, be witness to what I say—that it is true that I have thought long and dispassionately of it. Come closer around the fire, my brethren, and ere the moon has dis-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

appeared behind yonder cloud which is struggling in the sky, I shall have had my say."

Slowly and with dignity the few hundred men who had gathered around the fire that night, their pale faces framed with little black beards, feverishly active because of the fast they had kept, their eyes glistening with that inner superiority which men feel when they have subjected themselves to martyrdom—slowly and with dignity they edged closer to the young man, hoping he might solve their problem. For they were deadlocked—an equal number having decided upon a different person.

"And now that we are nearer to you, Son of Ali, who was a son of Abdul, who was the son of Kenges, speak to us," the eldest man urged the silent one, whom they surrounded.

The man rose from his place.

"I say this: War is unfair to the younger men, whether they be victors or vanquished. For tho it is known that we have won all our battles since our forefathers occupied the Dobrudja, we are but a handful of men. And our women give birth to weak children. And it is not the fault of the women, for they themselves were born weak. For the younger ones are first in battle and are first to perish in the impact with the enemy. Thus the younger and stronger have perished for generations and generations, leaving the older ones to become the husbands of the women of our people.

"It is not the young who decide about war. It seems to me that every time a crop of sufficient young men has grown up in our midst, the older men, sitting in council, discuss some grievance with the other populaces. They have always decided on war. Whether they know it or not, all our wars are not wars with enemies. They are wars of the old against the young in our midst. And the old being the most clever, inflame the young to kill and be killed by the young of the enemies, likewise urged on by their older leaders. And so I say that if the older men ever decide upon war, let them go and war. But they must leave the young at home. For when you thin the plants in a garden you pluck out the weaker ones and leave the sturdy in the ground. Tho we have won all our battles we are one-tenth of what we were. Our men are weak and they are shrewd.

"And of our women I want to say this: it would be well to bring women of other people into our midst. For the blood of the children of Kinder is thinning out.

And ye, who sit here in council to choose a master, see that you choose a faithful servant. Do not choose a warrior, for he will lead you to war to show how brave he is. To ye I speak. Only that man is worthy to rule who, when the rulership is thrust upon him, fears it and tries to escape it, as when a disagreeable task is offered."

He spoke long and passionately, this man, tho his voice never rose above a clear whisper. The people hung on his lips. Before the sun rose he was proclaimed Khan of the Tatar tribes of the Dobrudja.

It was Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, so they built a *gianni* right then and there, making walls by stretching their costliest rugs between the trees around a clearing in the forest. On the spot, the new Kinder's fez was changed from red to white. A heavy green turban, the turban of Mohammed, was wrapped around his head. His bare feet were encased in gold-tipped *shallars*, which faced over the green pantaloons, up to his knees; and the old *yataghan*, that terrible long-curved sword, used first by the founder of the tribe, was put into his hands. The men kneeled down before him, touching the ground with their foreheads. He then kneeled down near them with face toward Mekka, and prayed long and fervently that Allah be good to them and that Mohammed, the Only One, do not forget them in their hour of need.

There was more than the customary merriment at the election of a Khan that night amongst the Tatars. For they felt that the man whom they had selected was greater than any they had yet had. Ere the moon disappeared the men rode away to rejoin each his own folks, as all there were waiting to hear the news.

IT WAS customary for the men of the tribe from which a Kinder had been selected to assume diverse offices that comported authority over the men of the other tribes. As they rode together behind their new Chief on their way home, they discussed among themselves the feast that was to begin upon their arrival home. For their tribe had never before been so honored. And many recalled now the wise words uttered by their newly elected Chief many moons and years ago, advice he had given, counsel he had proffered, and they wondered why they had never before singled him out.

During the festivities, Kinder's wife was waiting, surrounded by all the other women of the tribe, to pay homage due to the new Khan of the Dobrudja. She watched the festivities of the men from behind the veil which covered her face. The election of her husband to such honor had come so unexpectedly that she could not readjust herself to the thought of being wife to the Khan. It flattered her to be looked upon with envy by the other women of the tribe. It pleased her to be addressed as Kinder's wife. The festivities of the tribe lasted fully three days, during which the men were absolutely separated from the women, altho they watched them dance at a distance and have their own festivities.

Zena had ample time to think about the matter. Why was it she had never seen that her husband was as wise as he now was being proclaimed by every one? Why was it she had never seen him as brave as they now sang of him? Why had she never thought him as strong as he was now being hailed? Unwilling to ascribe it to her lack of understanding of the man, it seemed to her that he had all these years secreted something from her and lived another life besides the one in the common hut. She remembered the long days and nights when they had been snowed in. He had had nothing to say to her then Sitting in the corner of the hut, huddled in his blankets or silently curled up near his horse, which they quartered for the Winter in their hut.

He had never brightened those days with a single flash of wisdom. Had he only talked to her then and suggested to her the slightest hope of such honor, those terrible months would never have been so dreaded. And she thought him mean and vile for not having shared the pleasure of his plans with her. And even if he were brave and even if he were wise and even if he were strong, it was mean of him to have kept it all away from her, and not let her know of his wisdom, his bravery, and his strength until others dinned it into her ears.

SHE was a brooding woman, Zena was. One who had even dared to read the Koran and had tried to understand that which is not understandable and which must be accepted without being understood. For it is on that that rests the strength of the great faith. "He that understands not the words of Mohammed and believes them is better unto Mohammed than he who believes when he understands."

Zena was a barren woman, having given no issue to Kinder during the five years of their marriage. He had married her because she was beautiful and because she was the best bayadere (dancer) he had known. Her face was a whiter hue than that of the rest of her people. Not that it was not as copper-gold as theirs, but there was just a hint of lighter blood flowing through her veins. And there was something in the slant of her eyes not of Tatar shape. They did not rest as deep within their sockets, and her gaze lingered longer than those of the other women. Her limbs too were straight; not the least bit curved from constant sitting astride horses.

Zena had loved the man for what he was when she married him. Now that it had come to pass that he was different, tho the difference was in his favor, she felt cheated. He had kept that away from her during those five years—all that for which he was now being praised. She could not forgive him such faithlessness.

Fourteen feet in front of his hut, the men withdrew, the

"IT SEEMED THAT A THOUSAND CAPRICIOUS WINDS WERE MOVING HER, BENDING A SINGLE FLOWER"

festivities over, and left their Chief alone. From then on no one dared approach Kinder's hut beyond that limit, except with permission to do so. Kinder turned around, bowed low, and the first words he uttered in the nature of a command were "that there be silence." And that command was to be obeyed until his recall. Zena, who was waiting for him at the entrance of their abode, took off his green turban, kissed the golden half-moon engraved on the white fez, and put the head-gear upon a cushion in the corner of the room which she had especially prepared for that. She took off his *shallars* to wash his feet. He kissed her head as she kneeled before him to dry his toes.

"Art thou happy?" he asked her. She told him she was. But the sight of him, the trebled gravity of his demeanor, the increased sadness in his face, raised a wall between them. She felt she could never be at one with him as she had been before. The mere touch of the holy head-gear, the sight of it there in the hut, transformed all the feelings she had had for him. It seemed to her that the one she had loved, Ali Ben Abdul, had been a totally different person than he who now stood before her. It seemed to her that it could not have been otherwise.

"Then why so sad?" Kinder asked again as he kissed her head a second time, when she had looked into his face.

"It is not I who am sad, my master," Zena answered. "But it is a horse-dealer I had married, not a Khan. And I am not a Khan's daughter to be accustomed to speak to a Khan as if he were my equal. And it were therefore better, since I have given you no issue, that you from this day forth forget we have been married."

But Kinder just seized her in his arms and covered her lips with kisses. "You are my beloved wife."

THE following morning Kinder saw a silent group of men waiting outside the fourteen-foot limit. Unaccustomed as he was to give orders, he failed to realize that his command "that there be silence" would be kept to the letter.

"Speak," he addressed a group squatting on their heels.

"Now that we may speak," the eldest of them said, "if it is your pleasure, it is our desire to have counsel with you."

Forthwith Kinder sat down upon a cushion one of the men had brought along, and after a short prayer for wisdom, the eldest of the tribe addressed the Khan. There had been one thing of which they had failed to take note before his election: he had had no issue from his wife. It was the first time a Khan had been elected who did not have blood to succeed him. It was therefore their advice that he take another wife unto himself, one that might bear him children. Therefore they were to arrange a series of dances where all the women of marriageable age of their tribe were to take part, until he chose the one to be the mother of his children.

Kinder felt he had to do as he was bidden, for tho the Khan of the Tatars be an autocrat, when the council of the elders was assembled he becomes their servant. And he himself was anxious to have children.

"Let it be as you say," was all he answered as he rose.

It annoyed Kinder that he no longer was permitted to attend to the currying of his own horses, and all the other work he had always done himself. He decided to change this rule in time, for it was not his desire at all to live a life of pleasure only. He had plans for his people, great plans which were maturing in his mind, plans which were to make them happier and live in peace with their neighbors and amongst themselves. For much blood had been shed in the Dobrudja which otherwise might have flowed to the glory of Allah in the veins of men. When there had been no enemies to fight, some quarrel amongst the young men of the different tribes was sure to be followed by nightly incursions resulting in death and destruction.

Kinder found Zena waiting anxiously to speak to him when he entered his hut after the council.

"What was it our elders had to say to you?" she inquired as she prepared for him the *tchibuhch*, the long-stemmed pipe that he used.

"They are preparing a series of dances of the unmarried women of our tribe so that I choose one to be mother of my future children. But she shall be one more wife and not another wife. For I love thee, Zena. It is why I shall ask thee to help me choose one more wife. I shall ask thy advice and also marry only the one thou choosest for me. Thou shalt sit near me while I watch these dances, so that the people know I still love thee."

It pleased Zena that Kinder should be so kind to her and love her so much.

"Surely they are right. Since I am sterile," she answered. "And I shall do as you say and help you choose to-morrow the fairest of them all. There shall not be a fairer woman than she in the whole country."

For three days and three nights the young maidens of the tribe prepared themselves for the dance that was to follow on the fourth day. Ribbons of all colors were dyed, jewels were polished, hair was oiled slick, fingers carmined, and the carpets that formed the walls of the tent erected for the dance were contributed by all the people of the tribe. The young men, not to be outdone by the girls, busied themselves to make the approach to the dancing-tent as beautiful as the inside could possibly be. Branches of evergreen lined the road from the Chief's tent to the dancing-tent. In bowls made of musk were clumps of fresh violets that had been gathered in large quantities, and white little snowflowers formed a girdle around the tender blue flowers. Swords and guns and blunderbusses in stacks gave to the entrance of the tent martial value and strength.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

Digitized by Google
Orig nal from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"DRAWING SARAH TO HIM, MENDEL BLESSED THEM BOTH"

THE LOVE-LIFE

Cupid Scores in the Fourth of the "Mendel Marantz" Stories

BY DAVID FREEDMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

SARAH, a woman don't have to love only a man, just as a cat don't have to love only a mouse. The cat can love cheese and butter, too; and a woman can love her work, her art! After all, what is love? An idea. It can take on a thousand shapes—man is only one of them! So don't sit idle, Sarah, waiting for your chosen man to come; because what do you do if he don't——?"

"You call a match-maker!" Zelde, Mendel's wife, put in sharply. "What do you do if it's sick somebody? You call a doctor! It's the same thing!" Mendel shrugged his shoulders, and turned to his daughter. "You see, Sarah, your mother learned nothing from your match with Oscar Gassenheim! What is experience? An alarm-clock. It's got to repeat before you listen to it!"

"Never mind!" Zelde retorted, brandishing Sarah's biology book. "I learned enough! Monkeys you give her instead of husbands! Don't think I don't know! You want Sarah shall be an old maid so she'll sit with you all her life and listen to your crazy stories! When she had a chance to marry, you told her, 'What is marriage? Don't do it!' So now? Instead I should rock her baby in my arms I got to rock a book! Pooh!" And she flung the book furiously to the floor. "Such a fine, bashful, young man like Oscar Gassenheim she threw away!" Zelde groaned, her grief irreparable. "And now what is she got?"

"Her freedom," said Mendel. "Zelde, marriage is only a part of love, just as eating is a part of life! But you don't live only for that! What is life? A wheel. What is love? The axle. What is marriage? Only one of the spokes! Before Sarah finds a husband let her find herself! What is a girl's heart? A flat to let. It pays better to get a good tenant than a good price! Sarah, move in there yourself! Plant your work in your heart and love will grow out of it!"

"Sarah worked enough when we was poor!" cried Zelde, indignant. "When you joked and drank tea, she sweated in the factory. And now when we're rich you want her to sweat in college! Look at Sadie Kratz, the butcher's daughter—what she knows only to chew gum—didn't she marry a doctor? And by Morris Fessel, didn't his eight girls all marry dentists? And lawyers? They marry only girls which can't read and write, and they like it better yet! So why shall Sarah work for?"

"What is work? An ocean-trip. With some people it agrees! Sarah can do what she likes. What is life? A department store. It's so much to pick from, she can always find something! If she don't like books, there's anything from needle and cotton to brush with paints, from pen and ink to fiddle with bow! You see, Zelde, you want Sarah to be married and I want her to be happy. That's two different things!"

"Happy without a husband!" Zelde exclaimed, dismayed. "It's impossible!" But the next moment she reconsidered. "You always get me mixed up," she mumbled irritably. "But never mind, Mr. Mendel Marantz, it's plenty girls what married nice and happy, and they didn't have to go in college to find a husband, neither!"

"Mama!" cried Sarah resentfully.

"Don't mama me!" Zelde snapped back. "It wouldn't kill you if you find a feller there! What's the matter? When you're in a class you think you got to look only in the book? Look next to you!"

Mendel eyed her pityingly. "You think Sarah's got to catch a man with a hook? What is a lover? A customer. He don't like to be pulled in! Sarah don't go to college to study match-making!"

"Why not?" Zelde objected. "I know lots of girls what they doing it! After all, what's the difference? If you don't want her to marry in society let her marry in the library!"

"I don't say Sarah should never marry. But it's better she should be happy without a husband than unhappy with one!"

"AND I don't say she should marry like me!" Zelde replied. "Maybe she'll have better luck!"

"That's just the point!" said Mendel. "You want her to try her luck with a husband to see if it'll make her happy. And I want Sarah to be sure, and get happiness through herself! It's two roads that lead to happiness —love and luck—but a million that mislead! And luck can be any one of that million, while love is always the same. Zelde, you want Sarah to lead a luck-life leaving her happiness to chance. But she wants to live a love-life, with happiness in her heart!"

"What kind of a crazy love-life is this without a lover!" Zelde exclaimed, bewildered.

"Because passion is not love, just as lightning is not sunlight! What is love? A diamond. It's got many shades! And a man's love, Zelde, is different from a woman's, like a bee from a flower! For just as every man loves to live, every woman lives to love! If not a man, she loves a child—a child of her heart or of her brain! That's the love-life Sarah goes to lead. To fill her life with love instead to try her luck with lovers!"

Sarah sat inspired, impressed, a gentle flush of exaltation in her face. Her father's words had unveiled a new life of beauty within her soul. A new and different kind of love that she had always vaguely felt, but never understood. When in poverty she had toiled at the shop, life had been to her a dismal slavery, and she had secretly prayed for a man to come and set her free. Even after her father's sudden wealth she had felt that the bars of her prison had been changed only from iron-rust to gold, and she still waited for the man to come who would set her free. All her years she had pined in the emptiness of her life as in a vacant flat, waiting for that man, the chosen one. And now at last she had discovered that there was no such man. That she alone possessed the power to set herself free!

IN HER mind "love" and "man" had always been synonymous. But now the idea of love expanded, grew more flexible, until it embraced not mere man alone, but life. The life she had made hollow with bootless waiting for a miracle. The life she might have filled with a thousand shapes of love that art and work and learning could supply!

"What is a woman's life? A home—to fill with works of love! If a man comes, he shares it with you, and if he don't come, then at least you got a beautiful place to live in!"

But Zelde's shoulders lifted in scorn. "Sarah you made crazy already," she said bitterly. "But with me, Mendel, you got a hard job! It's only a pity such a nice, sweet girl what she used to be! And now she's dried out like a herring! But I suppose that's the way she's got to look in this new love-life!" And Zelde turned in a momentary gust of wrath to Sarah, "It's your luck that I don't mix in!"

"Then don't!" Sarah pleaded.

"I won't!" cried her mother defiantly. "Just wait! You'll come yet and beg me, 'Mama, give me a husband!' And I wouldn't even look on you!" Her manner to Mendel was menacing.

"And to you, Mr. Marantz, I got to say only two words! You think the best way to marry is not to; and that you can't love without a college diploma; and if you want a husband you must go study arithmetic, ain't it? That's your new patent how women got to live, ah? A love-life for old maids! You'll make yet a fortune by it! Only I warn you, if Sarah'll be an old maid you're gonna be an old bachelor! And from now on I'm through with you both, and I'll never be in your way!"

Quietly, deliberately, with exaggerated calm she left the room.

When Zelde reached her room she broke down. So, she was no longer needed. That was it! Mendel had taken complete charge of their daughter's destiny and Zelde would

"SARAH, BARELY ABLE TO STAND OR SPEAK, LET HIM SUPPORT HER IN HIS ARMS"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

have nothing to say, nothing! The one tearful joy, the one humble pride of leading her child Sarah to the *chupah* on the glorious wedding-night—that vision was forever gone, torn perforce from her heart, buried under an avalanche of biology books. Zelde had nothing left to live for.

"Really," she told herself quite rationally, "if that's gone, what for do I drag around my old bones?" It was this ideal that through the years of suffering and privation had heartened her to the struggle. It was for this that she had hailed the family's rise to fortune.

"But now, since Sarah goes out from my life, then what do I got to walk around all day dressed like a lady in a big house—like a ghost on the cemetery? If my own child don't need me, I surely don't!"

It was all too clear, too rational for tears. She had simply outlived her usefulness. That was it!

"Cooking, the cook don't let me. Cleaning, the porters don't let me. Buying, the butler don't let me. Giving the children to eat, the waiters don't let me. And by Sarah, Mendel don't let me. Nothing-nobody lets me! Wherever I go, whatever I do, they tell me, 'Don't mix in!'"

Zelde sat bowed, depressed, her heart pinched with pain. But she was a strong woman. She did not cry.

"It's easy to say, 'Don't mix in!' I would like to see other mothers who don't mix in—even after their daughters are married—specially before!" She felt a strange solace in that thought.

"I'M a mother just like all mothers!" she cried, at last unable to restrain her emotion. And when Bernard Shnaps, her brother, arrived he found her in a flood of tears.

"Crazy woman!" he said, comforting her. "It's nothing to worry about! Just put everything in my hands. I don't care what it is!" And he seated himself beside her to hear her troubles.

But when Zelde, through her sobs, had managed to relate to him Mendel's new "love patent" Bernard cleared his throat.

"Zelde, my sister," he began tactfully, "I'm a man like this—I don't like monkey business. I like monkeys separate and business separate. But with Mendel he always puts the two together! That's why, wherever it's mixed in his crazy schemes, right away I wash my hands!" And he rose with an air of decision, to leave as promptly as he had arrived. But the imploring, almost despairing look in Zelde's face made him reassure her, "Cheer up, Zelde! I know you're sorry you made me come for nothing. But I'm a man like this—I like to pay sometimes a social visit. Don't worry! You'll pay me back!"

"Bernard, you got to save her!" Zelde pleaded, clinging to his arm with the sudden hope of desperation. "I wouldn't let you go out from here till you save her!" And she drew him firmly back into a chair.

Bernard protested. "Zelde, you know the way I am—I don't want to mix in! That's all!"

"Well, I'm the same way," said Zelde impatiently. "But what's that got to do? You must take her away from college, Bernard; go to the teacher and tell him she's got to get married! Do something, Bernard, before I lose her in the books! She don't see me no more. She sees only over my head, far away. She sees only books with different things with such a visions, and when she comes home from the college she looks like a professor, and I feel I should creep under the table like a dog! You know I'm a strong woman, I never cry, Bernard. But over here it chokes me something! It——"

"Foolishness! Foolishness!" Bernard put in hastily, afraid that she would soon be in tears again. "After all, Sarah is only a child. She's just like me—she likes books. You know the way I am, Zelde. When I see a book you can't hold me back. I got to know right away what it costs! Besides, what's got books to do with marriage?"

"That's just what I say," Zelde sighed. "But go argue with Mendel! He's got a new invention! He makes Sarah in love with life so she forgets to love a man! And through the books, like through a big door, she goes into a different world! And she'll never come back, Bernard!" The sudden reality of her fears seized her and raised her voice to a pitch of high alarm. "Bernard, my brother, I look to you—hold her back, catch her, before the door closes in my face!"

Bernard rose and straightened his vest with quiet determination. He was fully conscious of the grave responsibility heaped upon him. "Zelde," he said firmly, "I'm a man like this—I like to be on trial! Tell me whatever you want and you'll see if I do it!"

"For me, I don't want nothing," Zelde began cautiously.

"Only Sarah you should help! You know I got money, Bernard. But what do I need it? If you help her I give it all to you——"

Bernard interrupted energetically: "Zelde, don't talk to me about money. I don't like talk! I'll drop right away my business, my work, my family, and attend only to you!"

Zelde in her elation felt she could embrace him. Bernard warned her off.

"But remember," he said, "from now on whatever I do, I do for Sarah—not for love! Only one thing! I swore wherever Mendel is, I'm not! And you know I'm a man who likes to swear! So you got to keep Mendel away or I'll keep away. The best thing would be, of course, if we could send Mendel for a vacation!" Bernard halted. The idea staggered him. "Oi! That would be fine!" he gasped in self-admiration. "Then Sarah gets a feller and gets married hurry up, and when Mendel comes back from the hospital—I mean from the country—it's everything finished and settled and good-by!"

Zelde, carried away by the vision, involuntarily clasped her hands. "Oi! Bernard! You got nearly such a schemes like Mendel!"

Bernard smiled broadly. "Zelde, don't worry," he said, still radiant with her flattery. "I got behind me thirty-four years' real-estate experience, and after all, like Mendel says, 'What's a real estate? Match-making. The same thing!' And now I'll show you the way I work," he added confidentially. "Even before you called me I made a whole plan for you, and for Sarah I got a No. 1 A match! You see?" Bernard exclaimed triumphantly as Zelde beamed. "By me it's a little talking but a lot of acting! And you ought to see the feller! He's a lawyer! And he's just like a girl, such a sweet voice he has! I tell you, they'll fall in love like two sisters!"

"'HE MAKES SARAH IN LOVE WITH LIFE SO SHE FORGETS TO LOVE A MAN! AND THROUGH THE BOOKS, LIKE A BIG DOOR, SHE GOES INTO A DIFFERENT WORLD!'"

ZELDE'S eyes moistened. "Bernard, you make me so I should be so happy I don't know what I'll say when I see him. Of course, for Sarah there's nothing too good. But is he nice and quiet? And is he bashful at least, like Oscar Gassenheim used to be?"

"The same thing exactly!" said Bernard with growing enthusiasm. "He's nice and he's quiet and he sings. I forgot to tell you he sings! He sings like a—what do you call those little birds what you fill them with water and you blow the whistle so it plays so nice? Well, that's how he sings! H'm! Such a singer! He can't talk without singing!"

"But you told me he's a lawyer," said Zelde, a little puzzled.

"'INSTEAD I SHOULD ROCK HER BABY IN MY ARMS, I GOT TO ROCK A BOOK'"

"He's everything!" Bernard exclaimed. "He's a lawyer, he's a singer, he's a genius! He's just like me! Zelde, I guarantee you, when Sarah only sees him she'll go crazy! And after that we'll have the wedding! And I forgot to tell you the main thing. He's a picture from health—he's tall like a ceiling, and strong like a building, and he's got arms like banisters! I could swear he's a prize-fighter!"

"But you told me he sings like a girl!" said Zelde, her alarm increasing.

"I told you he does everything!" Bernard blustered, with an air of severity to offset his confusion. "Don't you know, Zelde, what means 'everything'?" Zelde shook her head meekly as Bernard proceeded to tally his details.

"H'm," he began, clearing his throat, "if you're a lawyer and you look like a prize-fighter it comes in handy with clients. And if you're a prize-fighter and you know how to sing it comes in handy in vaudeville. Don't worry! He knows what he's doing! Leave it to me—I mean—to him!"

"But I don't like in the family should be fights," Zelde objected.

"Foolish woman! If it'll be a prize-fighter in the family who'll want to fight?" But observing Zelde's indecision, Bernard shifted his course. "Besides, he only looks strong. With one sneeze I blow him over. Zelde, don't be afraid. I'm a man like this—I like to stick to what I made up. I made up with you. I'll stick you! Don't worry!"

Zelde's head nodded sadly. "Oi, it should only not be like with that Oscar Gassenheim business. There you told me the same words and it didn't help."

"NONSENSE. This time I used different words," said Bernard encouragingly. "Listen, Zelde, don't cry over spilled beans. Pick them up better. Be like me. I never cry when I lose. I only lose when I cry! By me is a motto, 'Laugh on the world and it laughs with you; cry and you get a red nose.' It maybe looks bad to you now everything, but don't worry; it'll all turn upside down! Just leave it to me!"

Bernard departed stimulated, his confidence in himself completely restored. But Zelde remained gloomy, despondent, more hopeless and crushed than before. Out of the fragments of his vivid and startling description loomed the queer suitor Bernard had proposed for Sarah—a giant with a girl's voice who sang when he talked and boxed with his clients! A man of many virtues, which separate might be attractive, but together were appalling.

"If they'll bring him in the house, I'll throw him out!" Zelde resolved grimly. "It's enough lunatics here without him! Did you ever see such a luck?"

She wouldn't be surprized if Bernard were secretly in league with Mendel to convert her. But she would not surrender so lightly.

"Mendel is got his patents, but I got *mine*!" And she called in Nathan Nadelson.

"After all, Bernard is an amateur in match-making."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ACROSS THE BORDER

A Dog Story Which Borders on the Supernatural

BY

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GEORGE W. GAGE

"PICTON AND A GREAT TIMBER-WOLF WERE LOCKED IN A DEATH-GRIP. IT WAS USELESS TO SHOOT AT THAT WHIRLING MASS OF FURY"

WE OF the North Country are accustomed to mysteries. Perhaps the silent immensity of the Northern Lights has sealed our souls to wonder, or the unexplained powers that circle in the magnetic pole, that draws, centers, and radiates the earth's electric currents, not at the frozen cap of the earth's axis, but close to our living presences.

The Orient has always held the imagination as the abode of veiled powers of Life and Death and Hereafter—India, China, Tibet; but we of the North Country have been brought face to face with strange manifestations, and the questions that arise are often one with the age-old queries of the East. For the heart of mystery all the world over beats with the same slow beat of centuries—Force, Urge, Power, Will, in their order of evolution.

Clint Madden used to join us every September. He was a member of the Cartier Club when first I knew him; later, as the range became more and more infested with sportsmen, he, with a few others, including myself, drew northward and westward, keeping in the wild, scouting ever to the frontiers. He was a queer, morose man, but a delightful companion, nevertheless, absolutely dependable, absolutely square to his share of work, to his men, to his companions, and to the creatures that he hunted. He hated the trappers and the cruelties of snares and traps. I have often seen him deliberately spring a carefully set line, a look of black resentment on his face the while.

He loved all animals, but his affection was centered on Picton, a great cross-bred dog that always accompanied him. Madden had bought the pup from a guide, and from the first had made a comrade of the furry little devil; and Picton developed a love for his master that vibrated in every twitch of his muscles, every flop of his tail or raise of his ears, and as for his eyes, they were golden-brown pools of adoration. They talked together, man and dog. They understood one another in a way all their own.

Picton would lie by the camp-fire, his eyes fixed on the face of his god, seeming to follow his thoughts—sensitive whiskers moving slightly, an ever-varying expression in his eyes. Even when relaxed, his body was taut with a suppressed energy, ready to obey the lift of his master's finger; and when Madden's hand strayed to the massive head and found the sensitive cords at the back of the skull, rubbing and scratching and gently pulling the scarred ears that had bled in many a battle, Picton purred—purred is the only word that conveys the meaning of his growling undertone. He rambled and shook with pleasure, a pleasure of the soul of him, not mere physical enjoyment.

"My man loves me, my man caresses me," he seemed to brag to the universe. "Behold, he makes me his *friend*. I am not a dog as other dogs are. I am my man's companion, even as other humans are—only me he loves more than men. For *me* he lays his hands upon, and when he speaks it is with a voice for *me*, for *me* alone, of all living things." He had a way of sitting stiff and heraldic on his haunches beside Madden, with a paw extended to the master's knee, or with his big head nuzzled into the crook of his arm, he would lie, eyes closed in beatific, supreme content.

THE three months from September until the end of November, when Madden returned to the States, constituted Picton's year. He lived only for the coming of Autumn. Winter, Summer, and Spring he merely consented to live, hibernating in his heart till Autumn's promise was in the air.

Picton boarded with Madden's guide, Vincent Lalo, and Vincent Lalo, knowing Madden with the intimacy of the woods, understood Picton, and left him to himself. He ranged at will—never far, for he was not interested—he was waiting. He ate little, barely enough to keep himself in condition. Living creatures, men, women, and children, he suffered to be upon earth; that was all. They might live, for all he cared, provided they did not come between him and the god.

I spent the Winters at the club, because it was comfortable, and migrated with the Spring, when the fishing brought the anglers, and Lalo often entrusted Picton to me when I left on these Spring excursions, for Lalo was off with parties after trout and later for the salmon, when he went south and east to the Gaspé country. Picton attended me gravely, with due friendliness, for I was his master's friend, but never for one moment did he allow me to forget my place. He never asked for caresses; indeed, he did not allow them. He made me understand clearly that while he was pleased to accompany my wanderings, I must not imagine that he harbored any great regard for me.

Occasionally he would sit down gravely and regard me with those questioning yellow eyes. "When do you think he will come?" "Have you heard from him?" Once I let him sniff one of Madden's rare letters, received at the club after a long delay occasioned by my own absence. Heaven knows how many hands that letter had passed through, but there was no mistaking the fact that Picton knew who the writer was. His eyes shone; he whimpered, sneezed, patted with his fore paws, and begged to be allowed to smell the envelop again, his tail wagging hysterically. Very gently he took a corner of the paper in his teeth and bit it. Perhaps he wanted his sense of taste to corroborate his sense of smell. Then he began his rumbling purr.

When a wolf becomes domesticated he is the most completely domesticated of all wild animals, and Picton was part wolf, and he growled as a wolf does when he is happy. His coat was rough, black, white, and pepper-and-salt, and there was a hint of the mastiff in the shape of his head. The guide who sold him to Madden said he had gotten him from an Indian; no one knew his pedigree, but there was no denying the wolf. Perhaps his mother had been a mongrel sled-dog; but Picton was an ancestor in himself.

He seemed carefully designed for his place in the world, strong and intelligent, big enough to fight and conquer almost any animal of the wilderness, quick and lithe enough to escape by flight, or give battle with science where footwork told against weight and fury.

When Summer waned Picton rejoiced. One could see him counting days—"He is coming! He is coming *soon! He will be here at any moment!*" The last days of waiting were ecstatic. He seemed to float in a dog-heaven of anticipation that was pathetic and beautiful to see. But the partings between Picton and his master, when November drew to a close, were as painful as the partings of lovers.

If it had been possible Madden would have taken Picton, but, as I have heard him apologize to the dog, year after year, "I can't take you, Old Top; I've no place to keep a big, out-of-doors chap like you. You'd die in a city flat—no run, a muzzle, a leash, alone all day at that. Besides, they wouldn't have you in the place, nor anywhere—a dog of your size and your looks. No, Old Pal, you'll have to wait till I come back again."

And Picton, understanding, would whimper and whine and rumble his growl of love and trust, and for a week after Madden was gone he'd lie and nurse the old boot or sock or whatever Madden left behind for his comforting. A closer tie between man and beast I have never seen, and never expect to see again. And the efforts of the animal to reach across the gulf that divided them, to concentrate all his available means of communication into something nearer human than was animally possible, were almost pitiful to watch.

Madden had had Picton for seven years when the end came, and it was as Picton would have wished and dreamed it, had he been able to formulate his desire. He was killed in defense of his god.

We were after caribou. The Autumnal migration was in progress and we needed meat; we had left the moose country behind us—swamp-lands, stream fed and lake punctuated—and hit the somewhat higher ground beyond. Lalo, the guide, had assured us that in a defile a mile beyond, near the Petit Nègre carry, we would intercept the trail of the caribou herd, reported as on its southerly march from Whalen's Post. It was a strange-looking piece of country that we negotiated, a sudden upthrusting of tilted strata, glittering ridges about a quarter of a mile apart, piercing the black soil and tangle of low undergrowth.

There was no big timber as yet, tho as we surmounted the rock-ridges, one we caught glimpses of a firred horizon. The swales and gullies between the raw ridges were gay with red berries and fireweed, with here and there strange dark pools, fed evidently from beneath, for, tho the water was clear and amber-colored, there were no streams—somewhere a watercourse made its way deep down along the fissures of the conglomerate pudding-stone rock that was dotted with spots of gray crystallization that looked like graphite. Both Lalo and I got bogged on the border of these pot-holes, and thus it was that Madden and Picton were a half mile ahead of us and alone.

We were reshouldering our packs and wiping the perspiration from our faces when we both stopped short and listened. Very faint it was, but unmistakable—the peculiar bark of the timber-wolf. Lalo grunted, "Wolf! He got wind of Picton—the wolf not bark when he hunt alone. He is after caribou, this wan; but the smell of Picton surprize heem. Quick!"

We started forward, hurrying, dreading I know not what, for the timber-wolf is shy, while the Autumn hunting makes his predatory life easy-going. He is not the aggressive creature that Winter or the mating season makes him.

IT SEEMED only a moment before the sounds of the fight became audible, preceded by a howl of rage from Picton. We ran and stumbled and breathlessly climbed the next outcrop and looked down on the battle in progress. Madden was down, bogged and mired, as we had been, on the edge of a treacherous water-hole, and not twenty paces away Picton and a great gray timber-wolf were locked in a death-grip. It was useless to shoot at that whirling, writhing mass of fury. One took as much chance of hitting one as the other. Lalo, after one swift glance at the combatants, leaped toward Madden. Just as instinctively, now that I knew Madden safe with Lalo's help, I ran to Picton's defense—but I was too late. The wolf had broken the dog's hold and had him by the throat, but he, too, was down, fighting from his haunches, one bloody leg testifying to Picton's tactics of laming his adversary. Picton's end had come. From between the jaws of the gray monster the arterial blood was spouting. Even as I raised the gun to my shoulder, the dog's fore legs gave, his ribs heaved, as if about to burst through the skin in a hideous contraction. I fired, and the wolf crumpled, his fierce jaws never relaxing their grip—too late; Picton was dead.

Madden seemed stunned. He took it with a silent grip on himself that was terrifying. I have seen a man bereft of a beloved wife, a mother lose her child with less racking sorrow. I tell you, there was a tie between those two beings that was all the stronger for the gap between them.

The wolf we left to rot where he had fallen, but Picton we buried. Over his grave we piled a cairn of broken stones. Madden left us as we were finishing the little pyramid. He was gone for some time, and Lalo and I exchanged anxious glances. But presently he returned, bent double under the burden of a large white fragment of rock, a bit of glistening quartz. He dropped it after the other, we caught glimpses of a firred horizon.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

down upon the summit of the cairn, where its glistening facets caught the sunlight in a shiver of sparkle.

From a long way off that glistening bit of rock could be seen and we knew that Madden would come back that way again. Silently he joined us. I think he said a prayer there beside the grave of his friend. I know I, too, followed the spoken wish of Lalo, "Good dog!—me, I wish him the beg trail of the white caribou."

So, consigning his spirit to the happy hunting-ground of the North, we went on.

Madden took it hard. He never owned another dog, nor would he permit one on any of our expeditions. He never looked at a dog, nor spoke to one, even when, with their true instinct for the lover of their race, they came to him, soft-eyed and fawning. He had pried Picton's name-plate from his collar, and that he carried with him always, fastened to the leather of his wrist-watch strap—that was all.

YEAR after year Madden came back for his three months' hunting. He was, perhaps, a little more silent, a little more reserved, but none the less a perfect comrade of the woods, and that is saying much. Then in the Fall of a year of gold and scarlet maple, of more than mellow northland Autumn, came little Claude Lalo, a child of seven, the son of Vincent Lalo. Heretofore little Claude had been too much a baby to leave his mother—a little snappy-eyed Frenchwoman from the Laurentians. But his Indian father could not long tolerate apron-strings for his son. After the advent of four daughters a boy had been an event, and just as soon as the toddler could navigate by himself, Lalo had weaned him from the *cabane*.

Madden's heart-break for his dog had left him cold to the call of simpler creatures. So, when little Claude was led into the club on the night before our start for the wilderness, it was an amazement to us all to see Madden come forward. Almost eagerly, without hesitation, the youngster went to him, with a queer, manly, upstanding instinct of self-surrender to one he knew to be his friend. To Claude none of us existed except Madden. We all laughed.

"Ah," said I reproachfully to Lalo, "one can see of whom you have bragged. We are only pale reflections of the Mighty Hunter—Monsieur Madden." We thought, naturally enough, that the guide had filled the child's mind with tales of the Madden's wonderful shooting—for he was a dead shot—and of his woodcraft, which was second to no *coureur de bois*, or Indian of the territory.

Claude was a big child for his years, solid-boned and well muscled. His eyes were hazel-yellow, not like his mother's tawny-red eyes that matched her Titian hair, nor yet like his father's somewhat veiled and filmed black ones, which were opaque, as are Indian eyes. The child's eyes were clear and deep, like amber-colored pools.

Madden took the child to his heart and into his life, and Lalo was so flattered that he forgot to be jealous. The happiness that Claude brought to Madden and Madden gave to the boy was wonderful to see. They were inseparable. Madden even gave up his long journeys into the remote hunting country, and contented himself with short trips that he might return and be with the child.

When little Claude was nine Madden took him along, taught him the lore of the woods, slept with him, rolled in his blanket. The kid went with him in the canoe, and when Madden went into the woods after game, he sat and waited, moveless, perfectly happy and unafraid. "Monsieur Madden would come back," he said quietly, and he—Claude—was a man and left in charge of his friend's boat and his stores and ammunition. He learned to fish as expertly as a veteran of pool and riffle; he could cast with accuracy. Madden brought him up one year a miniature rod, a beauty, lithe as a whip. Later there was a rifle, the lightest and finest ever turned out by the best-known arms company. What an event that was! I don't believe Claude slept for a week.

The boy's adoration glowed in his eyes, was instinct in every movement of his body; but he was happiest when leaning against Madden. He seemed to thrill with affection the whole length of his slim, little figure where his body touched the man's. He would crouch on the ground beside him by the camp-fire, his cheek glued to Madden's sleeve, his eyes closed in utter relaxed joy in the presence. Occasionally his brown little hand would steal to Madden's knee and rest there with a possessive touch.

When Autumn turned to Winter there were solemn partings. The boy and the man were much alone together. They would spend long hours in low talk; there seemed to be a multitude of confidences to be taken and given. Madden heaped consolation on advice, and advice on consolation. Claude was to be a good boy; he must study, he must be obedient. He must learn to write easily, so he could send many letters to his friend, who would be lonely, too. He must be a good son and not fret his mother by running off to the Winter woods. And when the Spring came he must watch well all the craft of his father; that when his friend returned he would be even a better hunter and camper and fisherman than ever before.

And when at last Madden left us and went back to the States there was always a month of silent pining for little Claude, who strove manfully to live up to all the commands laid upon him. Oh, the waiting! The longing! The long, long days of Spring and Summer, that mellowed at last to Autumn again, when the boy's excitement grew and deepened! He went about with shining eyes and a hidden, mysterious smile on his lips, like a child with some wonderful secret playground or playmate ever in thought and anticipation. He knew instinctively, by some subtle intuition born of his love, when Madden would arrive.

I had a singular instance of this, the year that was Claude's tenth, when Madden arrived a full week ahead of his schedule. The boy came breathless at my bedroom door, just as I was leaving to go in search of my waders, at five in the morning.

"He is coming. He is coming; he will be here now—oh, very soon!"

"Not for a few weeks yet," I said teasingly, yet watching his tense face a bit anxiously. It seemed so hard that he should be disappointed.

"Yes!" he cried, the tears starting to his golden eyes. "Yes! but I tell you *yes*, he comes. I was dreaming and he told me."

"You were dreaming, all right, Kiddo," I told him. "*Bien!* Help me find my waders; that bad father of yours has fred them in somebody else's locker."

"Don't you want to come and meet him?" he asked, ignoring my words. "Oh, yes, the motor-boat she will be at the dock in one little while. I can't you want to come?" He was so sure he compelled belief.

"Has your father had word?" I persisted. "Funny he didn't write to me."

He shook his head violently, till his rough brown hair flew about his eager face.

"No, no—he is coming." He took me by the sleeve with a gentle, imperative pull. I, more than all the other members of the club, shared his liking for Madden, and he didn't, as a fellow connoisseur, want me to lose the immeasurable joy of welcoming the one real man in all the world.

"Listen here," I said, drawing him toward me by the shoulder and turning his face toward the light, "what are you getting at, *mon petit homme?*" He was quivering with impatience, and his golden eyes looked almost wicked as he pulled away from me, seeming to think that my gesture was one of restraint, that I meant to hold him back from running the half mile to the wharf at the end of the lake, where our stubby club motor-boat was due presently to dock. He made one more effort to convince me, and he *did* convince me—of his own conviction.

"*Mesou*—he comes. I know, me. I see him in the dream, I tell you, or perhaps it wasn't a dream at all." His eager eyes took on a far-away look as he strove to describe the nature of his vision. "I see him in a round, very small and very clear, like when you look through the big glass on the club porch, and see 'way down the lake—like that—that is the way I see him. But I *hear* him close to my ear. That is the way I hear him."

HE STOOD very still. He had forgotten me. He was trying to make himself understandable to himself. When he became aware of my look of amazement his brown face darkened to the quick rush of a blush and his eyes fell. Very boyish was the way he wriggled out from under my hand and ducked out of the service door. I saw him running along the path to the landing, and laughed at the way he flung up his hands in glee when he thought himself out of sight.

And then—an hour later he came back and with him came Madden, a week ahead of his usual date, and none of us notified!

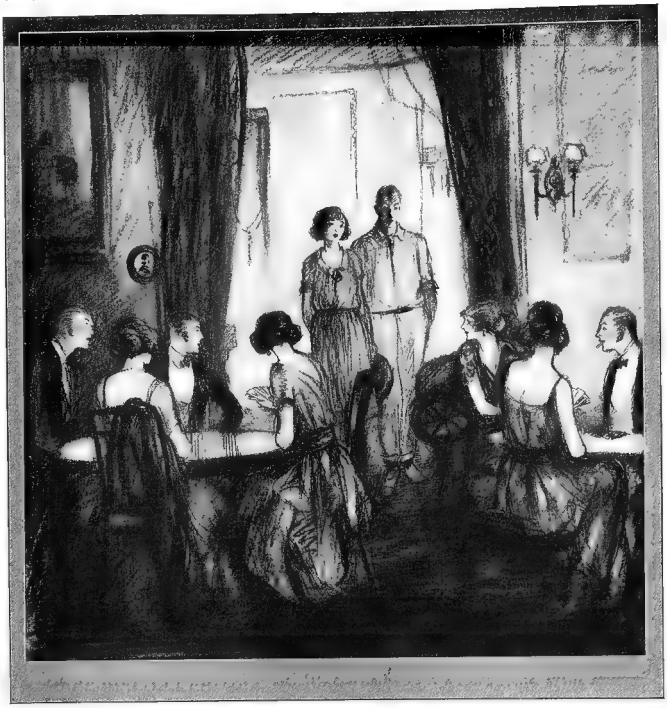
"Had a chance to beat it—so I did, that's all," he explained.

"And how in the name of damnation did the kid know?" I inquired.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

"'I SCENTED HIM,' CLAUDE'S VOICE ROSE SHRILL WITH TERROR. 'THE WOLF! I TRIED TO WARN YOU. I COULD NOT GET YOU OUT. I COULD DO NOTHING TO GET HELP FOR YOU BEFORE THE WOLF KNEW YOU WERE HELPLESS'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"BEE STONE'S 'WELL, I PRAY FOR CONTROL!' DISCOVERED THE NEWS, AND THEIR CROWD SURGED UP AND ABOUT THEM."

GOLF-WIDOWS

It Was a Shocking Night of It Mary Jane Had, but Regret It—Hardly!

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY FAY

I WAS sick of this house-party before I got the invitation." Mary Jane whirled around from the window to confront her companion. "I'm going to find out where our dear hostess keeps her famous cellaret. That's the only way *I* can swim out of this golf-widow feeling."

"Golf-widow!" Bee Stone—née Adams—stared back at the only girl on the beach who had the courage—or the desperation—to put their state into words.

Being a golf-widow—well, it was something that one just didn't mention, despite the fact that girls all over the country were tossing their heads and pretending not to care—even as Bee, now, tossed her head and left the room somewhat hastily.

To summer with one's mother was a most convenient arrangement for a young married couple who had not as yet the money to do up the business of summering properly, especially when neither one of them had been brought up *not* to summer properly. In fact, this was quite the style now along Rocky Beach. Young Boston society, those graduates of Harvard and Miss Flubdub's School who hibernated in Cambridge apartments, came back to Rocky for vacation relaxation. The result was a colony of in-laws relaxing more or less tentatively up and down the beach.

Of course, living with one's in-laws had its trying moments, but so did living with one's husband; and material considerations far outweighed that mid-Victorian superstition about young people wintering and summering each other alone. Besides, the young men of the colony did not have much time to notice the particular house where they were summering; the Rocky Beach golf-links were the finest on the South Shore.

Mary Jane scowled, and flung herself over to the mirror. She still looked young, if she was twenty-three. Still pretty, if she had been married three years.

Yet, in this colony of competitions, she was a married wall-flower, than which there is nothing with less hope of change.

"Before marriage clamped me down," Mary Jane orated to her embittered reflection, "did you see me curving into the dressing-room at dances, sticking up-stairs in my room at house-parties? Whereas take our dear hostess, Sister Clinton—yes, take her—I don't want her! Neither did any one else before prohibition!"

She glared into her own rebellious eyes.

In the days of Brattle Hall assemblies and Boston débutante balls Mary Jane had lived and bloomed, while Sister Clinton, armed with a determined mother, had wilted on the wall. War-times caught them both in the full flush of débutantedom, as with many others of their set; and by the time the epidemic of marrying was over, war was over, and a new world confronted the two girls, between whom antagonism had always glinted.

Now, Sister Clinton was a successful young married girl. (They never spoke or thought of themselves as anything else.) Successful for the delightful reason that her parents-in-law, in whose castle she and Bob Clinton were summering, had the most versatile cellar on the beach. Of course, Mother Clinton had some drawbacks, such as keeping the keys to the cellar, and a prejudice against gambling; but she had given Sister an adorable little cellaret, through which Sister's popularity with the unattached young men of the colony remained assured.

Report declared that any man who gave Sister a good enough time was told the secret of where the cellaret lay hidden and given access to it. Any man, but no girl.

Mary Jane stuck out her tongue by way of parting with her reflection, and went out, closing the door none too gently behind her. In her customary state of peevishness she wandered down-stairs. On this joyous Summer afternoon there was absolutely nothing for her to do but read.

The Clinton library was not a popular room, and Mary Jane was sure that she would find there the peace of mental and physical oblivion.

SHE knows 'em—that daredevil younger set. Look at them through Dorothy Speare's 'young eyes—sane, happy, clear-seeing eyes, free from the prejudice and envy of years—and smile with her. "Men Are Such Fools!" from her pen, appeared in Pictorial Review for July.

At the doorway, she halted and remained frozen in horrified shock.

The Clinton safe was at the far corner of the room. And on his knees in front of it, twisting the combination to and fro with ease and interest, was Holly Crowthers, the invaluable young man who was causing most of the competition on this particular week-end party—the "energetic, unattached young man," who was indeed proving himself to be energetic.

Mary Jane's first impulse was to fly, to fly and pretend she had seen nothing. It was so horrible—so unheard of a thing—a situation against which she felt herself powerless. She turned; but even as she turned, her thought changed. In days of old, before marriage had thrown her into a hideously effortless state, her brain had traveled swiftly, had been equal to any emergency.

She froze to the threshold; and as the outside door of the safe swung open, startled exclamations poured forth from her.

"*Oh, oh, oh!*"

Holly's neat back hair became agitated. He leaped to his feet and turned a quick glance upon the doorway, confronting her with sagging jaw.

"Oh, oh, *oh!*" continued Mary Jane, with rising relish.

"Oh, *what?*" he countered, stepping in front of the safe.

"You needn't try to conceal your—your safe-cracking," she said with quiet control. "*I saw you!*"

"You saw me!" said Holly tragically.

"Robbing his host in broad daylight!" said Mary Jane even more tragically. "What *do* you do at *night?* You're a regular Raffles, aren't you? And now I know your secret!"

"My secret—hold on a minute——"

"A society Raffles!" Mary Jane elaborated. "How long has this been going on, Holly Crowthers?"

"Not long, I swear to you." Holly turned his well-tailored back and struggled with strong emotions. When he again confronted Mary Jane his face was red, his blue eyes bright with tears. Mary Jane's face softened.

"What—started you on such a career?" she asked gently.

With a supreme effort Holly at last found speech. "I—I see I might as well tell you—tell you everything."

She sat down and looked at him with childlike expectancy. It was not every day that safe-crackers told her everything. He took a turn up and down the room, colliding with the outside door of the safe just as his stride had become most telling. Pettishly he banged it shut. When he spoke again, he seemed to have lost track of what he was going to say.

"I—can't tell you. It's too—" Holly passed his hand over his steaming brow.

Mary Jane let the heights of his voice tremble in the air, unassailed. She was frankly overcome by the drama of the situation. In all her Bostonian experience nothing had ever stepped out of ruling before. She regarded him with an uncertain smile.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Yes," she sighed, "your fate rests in my hands. I can make or mar you for life."

He made a swift rush at her, and seized her hands. "You wouldn't use your power over me, would you, Mary Jane?"

"Seems funny to hear a criminal calling me Mary Jane," she mused, retaining his heated grasp. "Call me it again—I like it."

He hesitated—whether from delicacy or exhaustion it would be hard to say.

"I think," said Mary Jane quietly, "that the Lord must have delivered you into my hands."

"Don't lay it on the Lord. I thought you were out on the beach with all the other golf-wid——"

He came to a disconcerted pause.

"Why not say it?" blazed Mary Jane. "I know I'm a golf-widow—we all know we are! It's—made rather plain! That's why—" she turned on him suddenly—"that's why the Lord must have delivered you into my hands."

"You—you—mean——"

"I mean that I'm going to give you a chance to turn over a new leaf. In other words, I'm not going to give you away." She waved his quick reaction into silence. "For a consideration."

"A—" Holly coughed gently, "a what?"

The word with this meaning does not roughen Bostonian lips once in a blue decade.

"A CONSIDERATION," Mary Jane repeated firmly, "which is: I want you to rush me as if I were the latest sensation, all through the rest of this house-party."

Holly sat down and mopped his brow. "This," he groaned, "is blackmail!"

The accusation seemed to carry little or no force. Before his crumpled, amazed eyes she took her turn at pacing up and down the room.

"Golf-widows! We're a whole beachful of 'em," she flung out. "The only way to keep up one's morale is to inspire the other girls with envy for the unattached men of the community—it being impossible to inspire them with envy for golfing husbands. Now do you see how you're going to come in very handy?"

He winced at the directness of phrase into which she had swung. "I—see. I've got to show you all my time for the rest of this week-end." His eyes turned toward the safe. "That is your—price."

"That is my—blackmail," Mary Jane gloated. "And—you must especially turn the cold shower on Sister Clinton."

"Hum—this thing is beginning to show possibilities," Holly murmured, and brought himself up to her side as she ceased pacing.

He was a little too close for such a hot day; and she sizzled protest. "But there's some one coming," he said gently, and swooped down upon her hand, gathering it in just as a light laugh came from the doorway.

Sister Clinton stood looking at them from the darkness of the hall, her spineless blue eyes slightly starry, her piggish little nose aslant. She had hung her clothes together well, of course, but it was upon her hostess's unfortunate features that Mary Jane gazed.

"Hello, Sister," she said. It was the least she could do.

"Oh, it's you, Mary Jane!" Sister was one of those unnecessary remarks people.

"Yes. And it's Holly, too," returned Mary Jane tranquilly.

Holly laughed, and Mary Jane had a nervous moment before his all-too-genuine-sounding mirth subsided and he fished out his sinker. "Yes. We—we have been—discovering each other. Funny, isn't it—how people never can discover each other unless they are alone!"

"'AND THIS IS WHAT I GET—FOR AIDING A CRIMINAL—FOR GIVING YOU A NEW START IN LIFE!'"

Which remark Holly appreciated so highly that he must needs repeat it—with added velocity—at dinner that night.

Mary Jane had appeared with a gala allotment of rouge and a new, sparkling ease. Holly, who seemed by this time to have worked himself well into the spirit of the blackmail, leaped to the empty place beside her and started a low-toned, ultra-intimate conversation before the rest of the young men had decided where they were going to arrange themselves. That was an arresting beginning—altho Mary Jane could not see that it caused more than a slight waver in the heated ninth-hole discussion that the golfing husbands had brought to the table by way of dinner conversation.

Holly had been getting impatient over the fact that his work was appreciated only by Sister. So he waited until the ice-cream hush, to which all present were still young enough to contribute. Then, triumphantly, he inserted his little bon mot about Mary Jane and their discovering each other, and so on.

Don, directly opposite, had been fighting with Bob Clinton, Sister's husband, on the subject of a stroke that he had seen Chick Evans take *this way*, whereas Bob took it *that way*, and insisted. But Holly's little discovery caught him up in the silence; and he looked across the table in surprize so naïve that his wife, or his widow, was divided between an impulse to laugh and to throw her lady-finger at him. She gave him what she considered an opaque look—then, with the delicious consciousness that every one at the table was watching them, she turned to plunge her eyes into Holly's.

In a house-party there always has to be at least one couple about whom there may be pleasurable speculation. Before the close of that evening Mary Jane knew that she and Holly had become those public benefactors.

After dinner the young people decided to postpone bridge until such time as Mother Clinton would be slumbering, and thought they would run down to Skeetit Beach to try the new roller-coaster, where it was reported that a man had been killed last week.

An enjoyable evening sufficiently near death was accomplished by all. Incidentally roller-coasters are even more romantic than the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, and Holly insisted upon going around again and yet again.

But the conversation of the two, jerked around up near the stars, was rather different from what Sister and company supposed.

"It's the most awful—oo!—experience I ever had—ow!—hanging in midair with a safe-cracker!"

"Now, Mary Jane, I wish you wouldn't keep bringing that in. I tell you, it's a past I—wow!—that I want to shove off, leave behind, and all that stuff—and how can I when you keep lugging it along?"

"Well, I keep *thinking* of it! It's not the stale joke to me that it is to you!"

"Listen, if you don't stop making me feel so—so doggone sensitive about my—my career—when! that was a wicked slide!—I—I'll——"

"You'll what?"

"I'll quit rushing you; and then where'll you be?"

"That's nothing; I'll just tell every one that you proposed to me and I refused you."

"You seem to forget that you're past your proposal days."

Bitter actuality! For one delightful moment, Mary Jane had neglected to remember that she was a husband-encumbered girl., "Oh," she murmured, as they slid into the dark tunnel that marked the end of the trip; then her blankness brightened. "Oh, well, I'll just blackmail you some more, that's all."

He did not seem to find any answer to this, and they joined their sulky party with every appearance of having had a scandalous time together.

Mary Jane surveyed Don with furtive care, but the results of her scrutiny were disappointing. He was placidly buoyant. All the way home he sang harmony, and discussed new "swipes" on 'Sweet Eveline' with no other than Holly, who was also an authority on tenor bits.

The party had gone in two cars, Mother Clinton's and Mary Jane's mother's; and Holly and Don were so busy vocalizing when they reached the Clintons' once more that Holly stayed in the car with Don while the others disembarked, stayed in and helped him lock up. This, Mary Jane considered, was going a bit too far, posing a bit too thoroughly.

Once more inside the Clinton mansion, the young men began to yawn, while the girls became ever merrier, teeming with plans for lengthening the evening, which had so far been too short. Mother Clinton had retired; there was a blessedly untrammeled atmosphere around. Of course, it was the time they had been waiting for, the opportunity to play a really keen game of bridge. The girls could hardly wait.

"I always say, start a tenth of a cent and then work upward according to mood," Bee was proclaiming.

Bob Clinton sat down with a groan, even if there was an indeterminate number of girls flitting around with the energy of enterprise. "Lord, girls, we can't sit up an' play to-night," he said, his voice dragging perplexness; "we've all of us got to be on the links at eight-thurty, an' it's after twelve now. What do you think we're made of?"

"If you were made of the inside of a golf-ball, which you might just as well be, you'd stand the strain," said Sister, rather acidly.

There really was nothing more to say. After all, it was only what happened every Saturday night, whether in a house-party or in the bosom of the family—that is to say, oneself and husband and in-laws.

As the party was breaking up, Holly said to Mary Jane in a voice that let every one in on it—"Come sailing with me to-morrow morning, Mary Jane?"

"'MARY JANE, I'VE DISCOVERED I'VE BEEN ALL WRONG'"

It was the moment of greatest triumph. Sunday, that most aquamarine of days for all golf-widows, the day of days that can not be laughed off by any married girl, was to be a day of joy for Mary Jane. Holly was not joining the regular all-day holiday tournament that embraced Rocky Beach young manhood entire.

The moment that Sister told Holly in a voice the ramparts of which were breaking down, that "she would see they had a lunch put up for them to-morrow," was worth much. But was it worth blackmail?

Certainly it was more worthy of blackmail than her moment with Don later. Mary Jane had triumphantly awaited the time when the door would close between her and Don and the rest of the house-party. When that moment came she assumed a woman-of-the-world air, which was broken into by her husband's yawning request.

"Hurry up, Mary Jane, so I can turn off this blooming light. I'm dead, and I'll be all off my game to-morrow if I don't get a good sleep."

Mary Jane wanted to scream. Was it for this that she had blackmailed?

"I think Holly Crowthers is awfully cute," she said weakly.

Don stopped yawning and throwing his clothes hither and yon—after the manner of husbands—long enough to laugh.

"Cute! Why will you girls always ruin a poor man by using that word on him? Holly's a good fellow, except on the golf-course. Worst drive you ever saw. He's saving a lot of money by taking you sailing to-morrow."

Thus his jealousy seethed!

"IT IS war to the knife!" said Mary Jane, bitterly—while her husband slept—in the still watches of the yet-young night.

Before morning had more than a chance to jest with the skies the golfers were over the hills and far away, to return no more that day.

The golfers golfed, the in-laws motored, the golf-widows slept. Sleep was the best way of glossing over the morning.

The departure of Mary Jane and Holly lacked proper setting; no one was there to see them go off together. You would have thought that Sister, as hostess, would have had enough sense of propriety at least to appear; but no, a maid with the lunch-basket was the only personal touch that they received upon leaving. And had Sister enclosed a little remembrance from her cellaret? She had not.

It was very style-cramping to have no one around upon whom to make effects. Holly asked how the fair blackmailer was this morning, and she retorted in kind. This little pleasantry sufficed for their conversation until they had reached his boat, and he began to complain because he did not have a Marconi rig.

If there was one thing worse than golf-conversation, it was this Marconi-rig line. Those who were fortunate enough to be Marconi-equipped, talked about it all the time; those who could not as yet afford it, groaned to that effect all the time. But Mary Jane decided that, as with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"SHE LOOKS INTO HIS EYES, HE INTO HERS. A MIRACLE HAPPENS; AND THEIR TWO LIVES ARE CHANGED FOREVER AND EVER"

FALLING IN LOVE

Young Folks, Old Folks, Will Revel in This, the Fifth Article of Our Great Series, "How to Make the Best of Life"

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

I WONDER how many people grow up with the fixed idea that love is a thing which human intelligence can not effectively control. The percentage of citizens—and especially Anglo-Saxon citizens—thus deceived about a vital matter must be very large. We probably get our notions concerning love and falling in love from the sentimental drawing-room ballad, which at any rate in Britain has an immense influence over the private dreams of the population. (There is no sentimental drawing-room ballad in France—or none to speak of, and the institution of the ballad concert is entirely unknown there.)

In the sentimental drawing-room ballad one special girl awaits one special young man. They meet by accident or by the will of the gods; at the meeting she looks into his eyes, he into hers. A miracle happens; and they both know that from that moment their two lives were changed forever and ever, and also that no other girl could have had the wondrous effect that that special girl had on that special youth, and vice versa. They know further that the affair could not have been avoided, love being a sort of inscrutable higher power tyrannizing over human beings, and that nothing on earth matters except the one supreme fact of love.

The sentimental drawing-room ballad regards love as mankind used to regard disease and pestilence—that is to say, as a visitation, vastly more agreeable of course than an epidemic of smallpox, but nevertheless a visitation, which mortals did not cause and can not cure—something similar to a thunder-storm or a flood.

All delusions have some basis of truth, and the delusion propagated by the sentimental drawing-room ballad can occasionally find justification for itself in certain very odd and striking phenomena; but, broadly speaking, it does not at all correspond to life as we know life, and it has been the cause of more unhappy and tedious marriages than anything else since marriage was invented. I might put the case more strongly, but I will not do so, lest I should anger the ballad-loving Anglo-Saxon publics, who love to dwell upon the alleged awful ravages of love, and upon the helplessness of love's victims, and upon the futility of trying to escape love when love has made up his mind to have you.

Falling in love, being in love, loving—three stages of a single process—constitute often an exceedingly fine experience, possibly the finest of all worldly experiences. The experience, however, does not lie entirely beyond human control. Nor is it generally, or often, productive of more happiness than unhappiness. It sometimes is, but not frequently. This statement contains no cynicism; it is the fruit of quite benevolent observation, and few really mature impartial observers would challenge it. I am nevertheless well aware that it will infuriate a considerable proportion of readers—men as well as women.

Love, despite the sentimental drawing-room ballad, is usually determined by individual circumstances of a material kind. For example, if a man who has been too poor to marry comes into a sufficient income, the chances are a hundred to one that soon afterward he will be in love with some likely girl.

YOU may argue that the thing was a coincidence, and that he would have been in love with that young woman anyhow. But is it not far more probable that he fell in love because he was ready to fall in love—in other words, because he had deliberately prepared himself to fall in love?

Similarly, a man who begins to find life a bore will fall in love.

And, conversely, a man who finds his existence full and interesting, an ambitious man, will not fall in love. He misses the visitation because he does not want it.

Again, a man who has been balked in a love-affair will fall in love a second time within a brief period, for the reason that he wanted, not a particular girl, but love itself. He had tasted it and he was determined to get his fill of it.

Instances could easily be multiplied to illustrate the broad truth that people who want to fall in love will fall in love, and those who don't, won't. So far from Cupid running after you with a bow and arrow, you must run after Cupid and bare your breast and entreat the fellow to shoot if you desire to feel the dart. I admit willingly that there are exceptions to this proposition. Now and then an individual may be positively struck down by love in a highly inconvenient and even tragic manner. He may curse and strive against it, and still be conquered by it. But this individual is very rare—save in ballads.

As for the ballad theory that every youth and every girl has his or her particular "fate," and unless or until he or she meets that "fate" his or her life can not be "fulfilled," it is as certain as anything human can be that in the average happy marriage the husband would have been equally happy with any one of ten thousand other women, and the wife with any one of ten thousand other men (And when I say ten thousand I am understating!) The choice of a partner is seldom due to aught but fortuitous circumstances.

If each individual has his "fate," it is extremely curious that his "fate" so often happens to be living in the same town, or even in the same street!

Am I seeking to rob life and love of their romance? Assuredly I am not. Life and love are incredibly and incurably romantic, and the more honestly you examine them the more romantic they seem. A man does not find his "fate." He takes a woman—one of tens of thousands—and gradually fashions her *into* his unique "fate." Is not this astonishing process more romantic than the prosaic business of lighting on her by accident ready-made?

That nearly every man has a very large measure of control over the love which may make or spoil him can not be doubted. In order effectively to exercise that control he must give his mind to the subject of love and its probable influence upon his career. This does not mean that he must spend his days in dreaming of the delights of love. It means that he must begin by putting certain questions to himself and answering them as sincerely as he can. On the other hand it does not mean that he must try to lay down a plan of love as he might lay down the plan of a career.

No! Love is a ticklish and incalculable affair; it can not be reduced to a formula; it can not, without absurdity, be approached exclusively in a spirit of pure logic; it may easily upset the schemes of hard common sense. But it is in general amenable to the suggestions of sagacity. And, seeing its importance, its beauty, its magnificence, its romance, its immense consequences, every effort should be made by the reasoning faculty to guide it wisely.

Now, the young man who is not a fool will first decide whether or not he is ready for love. He will deliberately decide it; and no jeering of sentimentalists shall move me from this statement.

Is it better to marry earlier or later? It is unanswerably better to marry earlier, provided that the material basis for marriage exists. It is better because it is more natural, because it is more healthy, because it is more agreeable, because the young more easily accommodate themselves to one another, and because their offspring have in every way a better chance on earth.

But none of these considerations can properly weigh against the absence of a suitable material basis. If the income of the married couple would be inadequate to the needs of wedlock and is without a fair prospect of improvement, or if the income is precarious and unreliable, then no marriage could rightly take place, despite anything that ballads may assert to the contrary.

AND if no marriage can rightly take place, then the young man must decide that he is not ready for love, and get himself into a frame of mind accordingly. The frame of mind duly arrived at, he will be immensely less liable to fall in love, no matter how splendid may be the girls he meets! Thus he will save himself, and perhaps another, from a lot of trouble which a less prudent young man might unreflectingly tumble into.

Of course, there may be cases in which a young man who has both the material basis and the desire for marriage would still be foolish to adopt the frame of mind favorable to love.

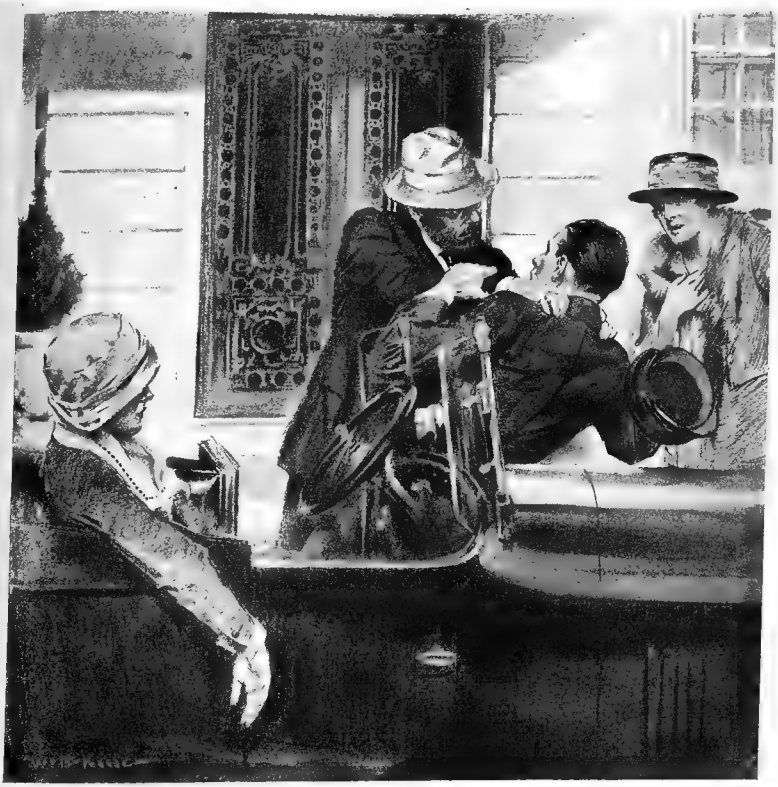
CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"YOU MUST RUN AFTER CUPID AND BARE YOUR BREAST AND ENTREAT THE FELLOW TO SHOOT IF YOU DESIRE TO FEEL THE DART"

"NOW AND THEN AN INDIVIDUAL MAY BE STRUCK DOWN BY LOVE IN A HIGHLY INCONVENIENT AND EVEN TRAGIC MANNER"

ARNOLD BENNETT on love: here's a treat indeed an event! For shrewd, worldly wisdom, scintillating with humor, the great novelist is unapproachable. After this sparkling essay, nobody can miss the next of the series, on "Marriage."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"JOE TOOK BURNS BY THE SHOULDERS AND PULLED HIM ROUND BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE GIRL. 'WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN WITH HER? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH HER?'"

THE GREERS

Passions Run High and Momentous Things Happen, in This, the Third of the Four Instalments

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

THE first thing Henry Craven did after Margaret's departure left him free to enjoy life in his own way, was to begin worrying about Beatrice Greer. He caught glimpses of her in places where he felt she ought not to be, tho it struck him that with her father away, home was no safer a place than anywhere else. He suggested to Violet that she extend a protecting hand to the girl, and in so doing made the troubling discovery that she had cast Joe into outer darkness and barred the very name of Greer. So, reluctantly, heavily handicapped by his sense of the ridiculous, he essayed the rôle of uncle to the girl, began going to see her and taking her about. But within a fortnight she quarreled with him over his supposed attitude toward some of her other friends, foremost among them Lansing Ware. Finally he did what he should have done in the first place—made an ally of Jennie MacArthur.

He and Jennie dined together over Beatrice and her problems, and tho they didn't adopt a program, the talk afforded Jennie a warning when, on the following Sunday afternoon, she got a telegram from Joe Greer. It had been delivered at her flat before noon, but as she had been out for lunch she didn't find it until her return about four o'clock. He was arriving that day, he said, over the Northwestern, at five-thirty, for a few hours only, as he was going out again that night. He wanted a talk with her and a visit with Trix. She was to telephone direct to Burns to meet him at the station and drive him straight out to her flat.

There were two rather striking singularities about this message, and she paused to make sure she understood the implication in it before carrying out its explicit instructions. It was queer that Joe, with so little time at his disposal, should propose wasting any of it driving clear out to her flat when the office, which would be right in his way, would be the natural place for a talk with her; especially on Sunday afternoon, when it was always quiet. It was not sure to be completely deserted, of course; there was always the chance of an odd draftsman cleaning up some job or other. And if, for some reason, Joe didn't want any one in the organization, outside herself, to know he'd even been in town— She supposed that must be it.

It was also worth remark that he'd instructed her to telephone direct to his chauffeur instead of transmitting the message through his apartment, the natural way to do it unless he wanted to take Beatrice by surprize. This was a familiar form of pleasantry with him, and she attributed to him no ulterior intention now. He ran the obvious risk of missing his daughter altogether—just for the pleasure of seeing her start and gasp at the sight of him—for she might easily be out, somewhere, and not recoverable at the last minute.

But Jennie believed, in the light of what she'd recently learned from Henry Craven, that he ran a worse risk than this, and for a few minutes she wavered over the alternative of transmitting the message to Burns through Anson, the butler. She could, easily enough, pretend to Joe that she had misread his instructions. And Beatrice would get, in case she needed it, a few hours' warning. If she didn't need it, there would be no harm done beyond the spoiling of her father's boyish joke.

The thing that stood in the way of this humane design was, really, nothing but Jennie's professional pride in her long-established infallibility. For seven years Joe had lived in an unshaken certainty that she never misunderstood instructions nor failed to grasp the underlying intent of them, and she couldn't bear the thought of sapping that confidence now. She wasn't afraid of him. She'd mutinied more than once—refused pointblank to carry out his orders and, at the time or afterward, told him why. But these tactics weren't available here, for she couldn't tell him she was unwilling to have the girl taken by surprize without giving her away altogether.

So, reluctantly, she telephoned George Burns's boarding-house and disappointingly found him there. If he'd been out with one of the cars she'd have been justified, she thought, in calling Anson.

The moment she told him who she was, Burns said—not at all in his professional manner—"I was just making up my mind to call you up, Miss MacArthur." With the wild idea

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

in her head that he might be on the point of proposing a joy-ride, she forbore to ask him why, and went straight on with the transmission of Joe's orders.

He repeated mechanically, "Five-thirty at the North-western," was silent for a moment, then added, as she was about to hang up, "Well, that settles it. Miss MacArthur, I've got to see you at once. If you're at your flat I'll drive straight out there. There'll still be time to meet the train if we decide that's the thing for me to do. You are telephoning from your flat, aren't you?"

"I don't understand at all," she protested. "Yes, I'm at my flat, but if something's wrong tell me what it is now."

"I can't from here," he said, curtly. "I've got to talk to you. Nothing's wrong—no accident nor anything—only we've got to decide what to do." A click in the instrument informed her that he'd left the phone.

There was nothing for her to do but sit in her front window and look out for him, keeping her imagination in control as best she could. It was less than ten minutes before he appeared, but in that time she'd thought of enough horrifying possibilities to fill an evening paper. She was holding the door open for him when he came springing up the stairs.

"Miss Greer isn't at home," he told her at once. "She was out all last night. They don't know where she is. That fool of an Anson didn't tell me about it till I called up after lunch to find out whether they were going to want me this afternoon. It seems she went out with some people after dinner last night for a swim over here at the hotel beach."

At Jennie's horrified stare he impatiently shook his head. "No, she isn't drowned, or there's no reason for thinking so. They got some sort of message about her late last night. Couldn't make anything of it except that she was all right and would be home first thing this morning. I asked Anson why he hadn't got more than that—if the party that gave the message was drunk. He seemed to think that was disrespectful and none of my business, so he wouldn't say. I guess that was it; tho."

"WHEN I told him I was going to start straight out and see if I couldn't find her he ordered me to do nothing of the sort. I don't know whether he's got a right to give me orders or not. He's been with Mr. Greer, of course, a lot longer than I have. So I was thinking of getting your angle on it. But with him getting in at five-thirty and me with orders to meet him we're pretty tight up against it."

"Do you really think you could find her?" Jennie asked. "Within the next hour or so?"

"I don't know," he said. "I couldn't promise to. But I've found out from driving her around where a good many of the places are that she goes, and where some of the people live that she runs around with. Of course, I'd have to be careful what sort of questions I asked. But, damn it, there isn't any time! I ought to be on my way down-town now!"

"You see if you can find the girl," Jennie commanded him, crisply. "I'll drive in, in my car, and meet Mr. Greer. I can make it, all right. That lets you out, because I don't have to tell him that I passed on the orders to you at all. I felt like a drive so I came down myself instead. He was coming to talk to me, anyway. I'll keep him as long as I can. Call up Anson whenever you get a chance, to find out whether she hasn't come home by herself. When Mr. Greer is ready to go home I'll drive him over—and hope you'll have got there first, with her. That's all straight, isn't it?"

He nodded, gave her what was probably an unconscious military salute, and sped down to his car. He was a good boy, and he'd do, she thought, a good job, tho he'd need a reasonable break in the luck to make it successful. Well, she had a job of her own on hand, and it was one in which she couldn't foresee that luck would figure at all decisively. It was just a question of how skilfully she could manage Joe.

Luck did befriend her, tho, right at the beginning. Joe's train was the better part of an hour late. It was not a train from the North, and she'd been wondering a little uneasily whether there might not have been some mistake about his message, when she was doubly reassured by seeing him coming down the platform. The way his face cleared of its glowering abstraction when he caught sight of her waiting for him made it plain that he was pleased by her amendment to his orders.

"That's what you get for trying to improve on what I tell you!" he said, jovially. "Cooling your heels down here half a Sunday afternoon! All the same, I'm glad you did. We'll have a little ride and talk as we go."

He wasn't talkative, tho, and after a few perfunctory questions as to how things had been going in the office, whether anything out of the ordinary had happened, how Henry had been acting lately (this last inflected facetiously, of course), he lapsed into the same abstraction she'd seen him in when he got off the train.

She asked him then if it was really necessary for him to go away again that night. Now that he was actually here, couldn't he stay long enough to see for himself how things were going? Two or three days couldn't make much difference, could they? He threw a sharp look at her, as if he suspected that something unacknowledged lay behind these questions, but he answered them simply and emphatically by telling her that this was the week the harvesting of the flax began. The machinery he had designed would be put to its first real test with the unloading, crushing, spraying, and storing of the straw as it was brought to their warehouses under the varied conditions of the harvest. Some of these conditions they wouldn't have foreseen. Here and there something was bound to break down. "Eve of battle, see?" he concluded with a grin. "Sheridan twenty miles away!"

After having worked for him seven years she didn't need all this elaboration, and, of course, he knew it. The question he evidently didn't mean to answer was why he had left the field of battle on the eve of it. She remarked, "You didn't come straight down from the North."

His look conceded a mystery here, and his words made a boyish joke of it. "You'd never have thought of that if you'd let Burns meet me as I told you to. No, I've been talking to a man who thinks he knows something about flax. When I got through with him I found it was just as easy to go back by way of Chicago."

In his own good time, she knew, he'd tell her the whole story; meanwhile she was content to wait. She made no further attempt at conversation, and merely drove him about at random among the less crowded of the West Side streets. At last he said, quietly:

"Put this on file, Jennie, where you won't forget it. If anything unexpected turns up before I come back, don't try to find me first. Take it up with Henry and see that he goes straight to Williamson with it. Or to Corbett or Crawford if Williamson isn't where he can get at him. Whatever it is, see that one of them knows about it—you see to that, yourself—before you pass it on to me."

"All right, Joe," she said. She knew it had been to tell her this, exactly this and no more, that he had come to Chicago. He was like that with her. He'd offer no explanations whatever, no denials that he foresaw the sort of "unexpected" thing that might turn up. He knew she'd ask for nothing of the sort. It was wonderful to be taken for granted, like that. It was this capacity in him for confidence that she cared nearest to bring him.

He asked her presently, in a perfectly natural manner, how Trix had been getting on lately. She wasn't much of a letter-writer, he said, and it must have been a week since he'd heard from her.

Jennie was ready with her answer. "Why, it's three or four days since I've seen her," she said. "I don't, except when she comes to the office. Henry's been seeing quite a lot of her, tho, he tells me—taking her round to shows and things. You asked how he'd been acting; you know, it's wonderful what it's done for him, having his sister away. I've never seen her that I know of, but I think she must be a—horrible sort of woman."

"Oh, I wouldn't go as far as that," he protested. "What have you got against her?"

"I think she must be a sort of vampire," Jennie said, judicially; "not a movie vampire, but a real one. The kind that sucks your blood. That's the only trouble with Henry. She's taken all the spunk out of him. Must have been doing it for years. Making him think that people were bored with him, or laughing at him, all the time. He'd be a—peach if he could be let alone for a while. I wouldn't have dared talk to you like this three months ago," she added. "I thought then she was probably going to marry you."

"By the gods, Jennie, you too!" he roared at her. "You and Trix and— How do you women get that way?"

She made him a provocative answer, but even so she found she hadn't launched him as she'd hoped to do. "Trix wrote that she'd been up to Ravinia with him. Has he been opening up with you, too?"

She confessed to their dinner. "I had an awfully good time with him," she insisted seriously. "I really like him a whole lot."

But this wasn't the line Joe wanted to follow. "Oh, yes, he's all right," he conceded, absently. "Best of his gang, by a long way. But what has he been saying to you, now he's opened out? Anything that would interest me?"

"Everything he said was interesting," she began, honestly puzzled to see what he was driving at, "but there wasn't anything sp—" A vivid flash of memory interrupted her, and Joe was upon her instantly with the demand, "Well, let's hear what it was he told you."

"It was so nearly nothing," she answered, after a moment's reflection, "that I can't tell you what he really said at all. But I remember getting the idea, just for a minute, that he might be going in for some sort of hard work that I didn't know anything about. I didn't ask him what he meant, and I haven't thought of it again since."

Joe laughed grimly. "It was a good hunch, Jennie. He sees something headed my way, all right. So do I, tho I haven't made out what it is yet. Williamson thinks he's got a score to settle with me. He has, too, in a way, tho it isn't what he thinks it is."

At the end of a reflective silence he laughed again. "I was challenged to fight a duel once down in Quito by a fat Spaniard about Williamson's build. It never came off because the weapons I chose were a pair of old single-action Colt forty-fives. Shoot it out with him at twenty paces, was my idea. He was game, all right. Mad enough for anything; but the second objected. Williamson's no Spaniard, tho. He balances all his accounts in the ledger.

"OH, it's nothing to get excited about," he went on, perceiving, Jennie felt, her sudden dismay. "It would come to the same thing anyhow. They haven't any idea, none of that gang, what a whale of a proposition that is going to be. They haven't seen the country, and they don't even guess at the clean-up that's waiting for us there. Not ten years from now, Jennie, nor five. We can get ten per cent. of next year's crop if we go at it right. You just sit down some time and figure out what that'll mean. When they do that they'll try to take the thing away from us. That's just as sure as to-morrow's sunrise. Hell! Of course, they will. You know that as well as I do. We've always known it. That's the sort of people they are. But this thing that Henry sees may be something new. Something that they are starting sooner than they meant to. That's what we've got to be ready for.

"For thirty years or so," he went on after a long, reflective silence, "I've known that before I got through I was going to have to have one hell of a big fight with this stall-fed bunch. You might say I'd been looking forward to it, in a way. I used to look forward to it, for a fact. Thought it would be a cinch, they looked so soft and helpless. Blithering lot of people! But they aren't as easy as they look, Jennie. I can see that from here. They're fat and they're soft, but if a man happened to be down where they could trample on him they'd be damned heavy. They've got a lot of queer weapons, too. Things you wouldn't think they'd use, that get into you in a way you don't expect. And, great Cæsar, how they stick together! They and their wives and their poor relations!

"How about Henry, Jennie? When it comes to a showdown, I mean. I know he likes us and he doesn't care a damn for them, really. But if it came down to a vote, say, in directors' meeting, is there a tinker's chance that he'd come over to us? A whole lot might hang on that, you know."

"I think he might," she said, "if he saw that the right was on our side."

The Story of the Story

BLACK-BEARDED Joseph Greer, after years of wandering, has finally come to grips with big business. A brilliant inventor, he has never before bothered to play the game with partners. But recently he has been attracted to Chicago by the prospect of great wealth. He finds himself, a lone wolf, caged in a corporation of stall-fed financiers. To protect his own interests, he has forced upon the company, as treasurer, his secretary, Jennie MacArthur. He has a wife in California, who has divorced him after many years of separation, and a young colt of a daughter, Beatrice, whom he had never seen until her whirlwind appearance in his apartments some months before. For her sake he schemes to break into the smart set, but Beatrice resents being patronized by the Williamson group, the social leaders of the city, whom Joe has come to know through his business. She is handsome and spoiled, and her ignorance of etiquette is appalling.

In his perplexity over her Joe turns to his partner's wife, Violet Williamson a beautiful creature who is oddly attracted by Joe's originality. Presently they find themselves involved in a flirtation which threatens to engulf them. Greer suddenly becomes conscious of their peril and puts an end to the affair. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." What is to become of Beatrice, the young volcano, and the spurned Mrs. Williamson? Jennie MacArthur thinks she knows the answer. Joe is all at sea.

"JENNIE WAS HOLDING THE DOOR OPEN FOR BURNS WHEN HE CAME SPRINGING UP THE STAIRS"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"It's so devilish unlikely it will be on our side, tho," he mused. "Having the right on their side is one of the best things they do—sort of a specialty of theirs. All the same, we may get Henry anyhow, one way or another. All right, Jennie! We've got nothing more on our minds, have we? Let's go back. I want to see Trix. First time I've ever—missed anybody, just like that."

Jennie drove as slowly as she dared until a restless movement of Joe's betrayed his suspicion that this was what she was doing; after that she bored into the dense Sunday traffic like a taxi-driver. Four or five minutes one way or the other weren't likely to make much difference, whereas the arousing of Joe's jungle sense of something amiss would be almost certainly disastrous.

The exact minute of their arrival did make a difference, as things turned out, but whether for the better or the worse Jennie was unable to decide. As she slipped her car into the south-bound stream of traffic in the Sheridan Road, a block north of Joe's apartment-building, he remarked, "There she is! We're right on time! That's the roadster, three cars ahead of us. Funny she's letting Burns drive; getting bored with it already, I suppose."

THE big roadster was standing before Joe's doorway, in the curve of the semielliptical drive, when Jennie turned in, but neither Beatrice nor the chauffeur had made any move to alight. The top was down, and they could see that he had spoken to her and was tensely awaiting an answer. She was slumped low in her seat, nothing visible of her but the top of her small hat.

That Joe had instantly perceived something wrong was evident. He did not hail, and it was with the silent swiftness of a big cat that he left Jennie's car and made his way to the curb side of the other. Burns's head went back at the apparition of him as from the impact of a blow. Then, as if he had to overcome a certain rigidity, he got down from under the wheel and faced his employer. So far no one had said a word, but now Beatrice roused herself.

"Is that you, Dad, for a fact?" she asked, sitting half erect. "I didn't know you'd come home. Honest, I didn't. Thought thoughtful George, here, was—" "Stringing me" seemed to be what she was trying to say, but its linguistic difficulties were too much for her. It was blazingly clear that she was drunk.

Joe took Burns by the shoulders and pulled him round between himself and the girl. The two faces, the bearded one contorted by passion, the young, clean-shaven one expressionless, were not six inches apart.

"Where have you been with her? What have you been doing with her?"

"Bringing her home, sir. She'd gone out not knowing you were coming. When I got word of it, I followed where she'd gone and told her. And she came back with me."

"If there was any liquor on your breath I'd kill you where you stand. That's the truth, is it?"

"Yes, sir. And I haven't had a drink in eight weeks. That's true, too."

Nothing, Jennie believed, but the fact that the big car was cramped across the full width of the narrow drive had held her a witness to this scene, for the impulse to panic flight had been strong upon her from the moment the girl spoke. But pity took it from her as she saw Joe accept the truth of the chauffeur's statement. The gesture with which he let the man go and the look he then turned upon his daughter were the most tragic expressions she had ever seen.

Tragedy, too, was not all that Beatrice saw in her father's face as he moved round the car to the side where she was sitting. She cried out, not loud but with manifest terror, as he came near.

Jennie, who had slipped from her seat in the car the moment Joe seized Burns, went to meet him, ready to help or to interpose against him as might seem necessary. She said, "Wait a minute, Jennie," but she did not stop.

"You can't stay out here," she answered. "I'll help you in with her."

"She isn't going to need any help," he said. "I'll tell you what I want of you presently."

He turned to the girl. "Look at me now," he commanded, "and listen. Whatever you've been this afternoon, you're sober now. You're going to get out of this car by yourself and walk with me into that corridor and go up in the elevator as if nothing had happened or was going to happen. When we get into the apartment you'll go into your own room to take off your hat. And you'll wait in there till I come in. You understand all that, don't you?"

She was trembling to the lips, but she pressed them together and nodded her head. "All right," he said. "Take a minute to think it over." Then he turned back to Jennie.

"Burns will drive you home in his car. He can put up your car in the garage first. You pack a hand-bag and a trunk. Bring the bag back with you in the car in about an hour. Leave directions for the trunk to be sent here to-morrow. You're going to live here for a while."

A protest, the mere mechanical reaction of surprize, sprang to her lips but before she could say more than a word he cut her short.

"That's not an order, of course, Jennie. But if we're friends you'll do it. I've got to go back to-night. No getting out of that. And somebody's got to be here. You'll go to the office when and how you can. We'll talk about that later. But you'll do it for me, Jennie?"

"I'll do anything you like, of course," she said. "But I think I'd better come in with you now."

A gleam of clear menace in his eyes and an uncontrolled movement of his hands showed how truly she'd seen beneath his surface quietness. "I want her to myself for a while," he said. But he added instantly, at her gesture of dissent, "I'm not going to hurt her. Give you my word for that. Here, we'll leave it to her! Trix, do you want Miss MacArthur along for protection, or will you come with me?"

"Th—I'll be all right with you," she said.

He opened the off-side door for her, and with the unobtrusive guidance of his hand she stepped down into the roadway. "I'll be all right," she repeated. She released herself from his hand and rather slowly, very erect and infinitely pitiable, she walked to the door. Joe, with a wordless nod of dismissal to the other pair, followed her.

From George Burns as he drove Jennie home she got an account of what happened. He told it with an appearance of dispassion that was betrayed only occasionally by a flash of intense feeling. She had not pressed him for it, and he had taken his time about deciding to talk at all, so that they drove the first half the way in silence, but the conclusion he came to evidently was that she had better be put in full possession of the facts.

He'd had no trouble finding Miss Greer. He had already learned from Anson who most of the original swimming party were, so he went straight to the hotel beach and talked with the professional instructor there. The questions he asked were not about Beatrice, but about another young woman he knew was in the party, a married woman whose husband had quarreled with her a few weeks ago and left her. The swimming professional's natural surmise would be that the chauffeur had been unofficially retained by the husband to pick up significant facts about the wife. "It happens he did make me a proposition like that the other day," Burns interpolated, "but I turned him down." The party had been talking over their plans for the rest of the evening before they left the beach, and a good long drive up the shore had been agreed upon. A certain married couple in the company had offered drinks as an objective.

"SHE PATTED THE HEAVING SHOULDER, AND HEARD HER OWN VOICE BREAK AND SAW BEATRICE SWIM AWAY IN A BLUR OF TEARS"

Burns knew where they lived. They'd taken a house for the Summer on the lake a little north of Glencoe. It sounded like a good steer to him, so he drove straight up there as fast as he could and told the servant who answered his ring that he'd come with an important message for Miss Greer. She was there, all right, and he ought to have been in plenty of time, as it was only just after six o'clock. He was told that they were all in bathing, so he went down to the beach below the house and found them.

"It was about the worst lot of hang-overs I ever saw," he told Jennie, candidly. "They must have been a drunken bunch the night before, for fair. They were lying around the sand, in bathing-suits of sorts, most of them—Miss Greer was all right—trying to get up nerve enough to go into the water. It was pretty cold, with the offshore wind. Just what they needed to sober them up. A lot of rich bums; that's all most of them are.

"I told Miss Greer about the telegram and asked her to dress as fast as she could and come along with me. She was a little bit—woozy (it doesn't take but a little to put her out), but she'd have been all right by the end of the drive home.

"But the rest of the gang pretended they didn't believe her father was coming. They've been kidding her more or less, it seems, about liking me, and their gag was that I'd made it up—or that she and I had made it up between us in order to go off by ourselves. They hadn't any reason for making a crack like that. It's just the natural rottenness of their minds. They said they'd all come up to the house and telephone Miss Greer's apartment to see if it was true or not.

"I OUGHT to have let them do it, of course, but I was so mad I was rattled, and I told her I didn't think they knew at the house that her father was coming. The orders had come straight through to me. That raised a howl, of course, and left her not knowing whether to believe me or not.

"She finally came along with me up to the house to dress, but most of the men in the crowd came along, too, joshing her and arguing with her. They were good-natured enough, all but one. He's a fellow named Ware, who's been going round with her a good deal lately. He was pretty ugly to me; tried to 'put me in my place,' but wasn't quite sober enough to do it. He was the only man in the crowd who wasn't in a bathing-suit.

"Miss Greer finally agreed to go in and dress and told me to wait in the car for her. They all went into the house together, tho. I waited about half an hour; then I rang the front-door bell and walked right in, just as she was coming down the stairs ready to start. I tried to get her to go straight out with me and get in the car, but the rest of them were in the dining-room—you could hear them in there, all right—and she wanted to go in and say good-by to them.

"I went along with her. They'd got out some more hooch and offered her a drink, for a pick-me-up, they said. I knew what would happen if that started and asked her not to take anything. I suppose it was a mistake. They guyed her about it pretty strong and got her mad at me, so that she ordered me out to the car to wait for her. Said she'd come when she got ready. There was nothing else for me to do that I could see, unless I could have cleaned up the whole bunch and carried her off by force, and I don't believe I could have got away with that.

"IT WAS about fifteen minutes more before she came out with Ware, the others following along behind. I don't know how much she'd had to drink in there, but it was enough to do the business for her. Ware had put on a dust-coat and cap, and he walked straight up to the driving-seat and got in. Miss Greer had asked him to drive her home, he said.

"I was holding the door for her on the other side, and I waited till she was fixed and I could shut the door after her. I told her to stay right where she was, and then I went around to Ware. He'd started the motor, but hadn't got his gear-shift in. I grabbed him by the wrist and told him to get out; put a good twist on it too, so that he yelped.

"He tumbled out, all right, and then started for me. I didn't think he'd do that, but it's what I'd been praying for for about a month. I'd have rather had him sober, but it's all right. He'll have what I gave him a long time after he's sobered up. I got in twice on his right eye and I think I broke his nose. And I gave him one in the pit of his stomach to finish him off—all inside half a minute. The rest didn't want any. Lucky for me, I guess. I knew just where there was a handy spanner and I'd've liked to have waded in with it. I might have killed somebody just as well as not."

He paused, and Jennie asked her first question. "Beatrice didn't try to get out of the car?"

"No," he said, and added after another pause, "She was perfectly willing to come with me."

Evidently, tho, the drive home with her wasn't to furnish many details. "She was pretty excited one way and another," he summarized presently, "but when she quieted down she was sort of dopey, just like you saw her. I stopped at a cafeteria on the way down and tried to get her to come in and have some black coffee, but she wouldn't, and I didn't want to start anything conspicuous. I'd have tried harder, but I thought there was a pretty good chance, if Mr. Greer was going to have a long business talk with you, that I could get her home ahead of him. Happening the way it did was just exactly wrong."

"That's what I thought at the time," Jennie said. "I'm not sure, tho, that it didn't happen just exactly right."

"To make her father put his foot down on her?" he

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

asked, and shook his head, skeptically. "I don't believe it does anybody any good to be showed up looking worse than they really are. Specially not when they're young. And a man like that—like Mr. Greer—will always sort of half believe the worst about it. Every time he gets mad he'll show her that he believes it. I never thought I had much of a chance, but when I look at the kind of chance she's had—! She's a fine girl, Miss MacArthur—poisoned!"

He had more to say about her, now he was fairly started, to which Jennie listened only half attentively. She'd taken to swimming and diving as naturally as a seal. Born in her, it was; she'd never learned at all until she came to Chicago. And she could drive a car—as far as mere driving went—as well as George himself. She was as quick as lightning. She had all the pluck in the world, and never lost her head. She'd have made a wonder of an aviator if she'd been a man. And she was a lot smarter than most men; took after her father in that, George supposed. Unconsciously and, to Jennie, rather pathetically, he was giving himself away, hand over hand. Before he'd brought her back to Joe's apartment he'd given her a lot to think about.

This was the better part of two hours later, for she gave Joe all the time she could in which to get the girl sober and reach an understanding with her—assuming any understanding whatever was possible. She looked forward to her return to that flat as to the crater of an active volcano. But her foresight here was altogether at fault. Joe himself let her in, carried her bag to the room that was to be hers, and asked her, when she was ready, to come out into the library for a smoke with him. Trix, he said, was asleep.

His mood was strangely slack and his manner quieter than any she could remember in him. He knew how she hated taking this job, he said, but it wouldn't be for very long. By the middle of September, he thought, he'd be able to be at home again, permanently except for short trips. Meanwhile Jennie possessed his full authority over everything. Trix understood this and agreed to it; seemed to be glad, rather than otherwise, that Jennie was coming, since she had been lonely as the devil.

"She's got, tho," he told her, "the better half of that original thousand I sent her, tucked away somewhere; and if she really makes up her mind to quit you won't be able to stop her. No more could I, of course. You'll do as well as I've done, I guess, and if she goes I won't lay it up against you. But keep her for me if you can, Jennie."

"Are you sure," she asked—it wasn't a comfortable sort of question—"that Beatrice understood what you expect me to do? I mean, that she will understand it when she wakes up in the morning and finds you gone—and me here?"

"Was she sober enough to understand it—is that what you mean? Yes, of course she was. She wasn't very drunk when Burns brought her in, dazed more than anything else, and rattled at seeing me. I gave her something that fixed her up right off. That's one sort of doctoring I know all about, anyhow. Merciful Heaven, I never thought I'd need it for my own daughter, tho!

"HOWEVER, that's bygones, absolutely. You want to remember that, Jennie. The slate's clean. It wasn't her fault in the first place. Mine a whole lot more than hers."

He poured himself a drink and settled himself in a big chair. "I was beginning to get a fool idea that some of these people we were doing business with were the sort we could tie up to; make friends with, as we settled down, you know. That's the bottom of the whole trouble. Trix found 'em out for a lot of rotters before I did—I'll say that for her—but I came around to her way of thinking before I went North. We'll do business with 'em, Jennie, up to the hilt—farther than they expect, maybe, but that's all we'll do. Why, that woman, Williamson's wife, promised to give Trix a hand, show her the ropes a bit as she needed it; asked me not to send her East with Henry's sister so she could stay and have a good time with her girl's crowd. And then never looked at her. Trix says she asked the girl—Dodo they call her—to lunch one day and bring a friend of hers along, and they turned her down cold.

"Well, I could have told her they would, by that time. I'd had my own experience by then. There are some kinds of things I didn't suppose I could ever be surprized about any more, but, by Heaven, I was mistaken. Found out I hadn't been named Joseph for nothing, either. Now, if you know your Bible you can go as far as you like.

"You know I've always said we were a different breed of cats from that gang. That's what we are. A different breed, people like you and me. And Trix, too. I forgot that for a while, but I'm straightened out on it now. The only way to treat 'em is to lick hell out of 'em, so they won't try to trample you, and then let 'em alone. They can say what they like and think what they please, and we don't care one damn. That's what I was telling Trix before she went to sleep. We're going to turn over and start with a clean page."

There was nothing very new about any of this to Jennie, except that it didn't sound like Joe; there was none of his characteristic effervescence about it; it was like flat champagne. She wished he'd drink some champagne instead of morosely sipping that whisky. She could think of nothing comforting or stimulating to say to him; the flatness of his mood seemed contagious.

"There's a swine named Ware," he said, after a period of dark rumination, "who's been at the bottom of most of this trouble. He's one of their lot, tho I guess they know what a rotter he is. Trix met him at the Williamsons' the one day we were up there. One of these days, when I get around to it, I'll deal with him—separately."

"Did Beatrice tell you how he's already been dealt with?" Jennie asked. Evidently not, for Joe asked what she meant. Had Burns been telling her about to-day's affair. How much did she know about it?

She'd rather hoped for a chance to tell Joe the story of the boy's resourcefulness and loyalty, but she felt a little uncertain as she began whether it had been wise or not to launch out upon it—a misgiving which deepened as she went on. Was the chauffeur's account contradicting, in some vital way, the story Trix had told her father? His dark, set face was disquieting, but not informative. She condensed the tale as much as she dared, but Ware's licking, which must be accounted for as well as described, involved a lot.

Uneasy as she'd been all the while she talked, she was utterly unprepared for the line Joe took when she finished. "The first thing to do to-morrow morning," he said, "is to let him go. See to that, will you?"

"Let him go!" she cried incredulously. "George Burns? After what he's done for you to-day? You don't want me to do that, Joe! I *wouldn't* do it."

Her defiance didn't arouse him at all. "I'll let him know to-night then that he's discharged. Guess that'd be better anyway." He said it without conviction, but equally without any sign of wavering.

"That'll be the first really unfair thing I've ever known you to do, Joe—if you really do it. I don't believe you will. You can't reward a really fine service that way. Why, if she'd been drowning, and he'd——"

"I know all that," he interrupted. "And I'll reward him, too. You can write him any sort of recommendation you like to-night, and I'll sign it. Write him a check, too, for a thousand dollars, and I'll sign that. Look here! You've always kicked on my keeping him as a chauffeur, haven't you? Said he was too good for it. Well, now I'm doing what you've always wanted me to. That thousand will get him two years' schooling, if he wants it. Or set him up in a little business for himself. Buy him a taxicab. Anything he likes. As a reward for what he did to-day. Nothing unfair about that, is there? The only string on it is that he's got to keep away from me and my daughter. I don't want him around.

"Because he *was* mixed up in that mess, more or less. Else how did he know how to find her as easy as that? Why wouldn't they believe him when he said he had a message from me? You can see that yourself! For that matter, why did Trix keep all that end of it dark? She did. You've given it away, you know.

"I told her we were going to let bygones be bygones. Start with a clean slate. Well, we are! I'm never going to ask her another question. Even about this. But if she or you has got any idea I'll keep a man working for me as chauffeur who she's let get to know her as well as he seems to, you're making a big mistake."

"I really believe," Jennie said, deliberately, "that George Burns—chauffeur or not—is the best friend Beatrice has to-day. I believe he's got the best influence over her. He's certainly done more than either Henry Craven or I, tho we've worried and wondered and done what we could. But he's really—held out a hand to her, I guess. It's only a guess, of course."

"Well, now you've said it yourself!" he declared. "I won't have her making friends with a man like that. Friends—bah! Three months of a friendship like that and father gets a telegram from Crown Point saying 'We're married.' There's one in the newspaper every morning. But it's a thing that isn't going to happen in my family, and that's a tip you can bet on. And when you hire a new chauffeur to-morrow, see that you get one that there won't be any temptation to hold hands with."

A CERTAIN penetrative power which she'd always found in his mental processes up to now, was lacking to-night. It was as if a light had been switched off. And in the absence of it she was conscious of a sort of stupid vulgarity about his way of seeing and putting things. He was still suffering from the shock Beatrice had given him, fumbling about in a twilight, upsetting things. She hated having him go away to-night leaving these irrevocable decisions behind him, and with a touch of real timidity she urged again his staying over one more day.

As she'd feared, this only irritated him. "Can't you understand plain facts?" he snapped at her. "I've got to be on the ground to-morrow night. We begin receiving in the Number One warehouse Tuesday morning. And I haven't got any aeroplane. Anyhow, I'm glad to go. Had about enough for one trip—and I guess Trix has had enough of me."

His manner turned kindlier when it came time for him to go, and he tried as best he could to reassure her. He wouldn't quarrel with Burns, nor make the boy feel that he was being dismissed. Jennie needn't worry about that. And he was sure she wouldn't have any trouble with Beatrice. "She understands that I'm backing you up, whatever you do, and that it won't do her any good to appeal to me over your head. I don't believe she'll try it, but if she does I promise it won't get her anything. Your veto goes with me."

"But what's the child going to *do?*" Jennie asked, desperately, of the universe rather than of Joe. "What is there she *can* do?"

His answer was that she could do any of the things decent people ordinarily did. She was to cut out drinking, dancing in tough cabarets, and nocturnal joy-riding. She was to steer clear altogether of the gang she had been running with. But even after these deletions there was still plenty left, as far as he could see.

It seemed to Jennie that two people could hardly be brought into close quarters in a situation more thoroughly false and hopeless than this that Joe had left her and Beatrice in. For three days she avoided discussion with the girl, tho whether this was tactics or cowardice on her own part, she couldn't feel sure. She was anxious not to take a line until she could work one out that showed promise of getting them somewhere.

Trix, who had never particularly liked her, undoubtedly detested her now. An attitude, therefore, appropriate to a friendly guest and companion would be so glaring an affectation as to be, to the girl, insufferable. Yet the only obvious alternative, a governessy, middle-aged pose, authority made easy by bits of encouragement, orders sugar-coated into the form of advice and suggestion, would drive her to open rebellion—if not, Jennie reflected, to homicide!

Meanwhile, lying low, going early to the office and coming back just in time for dinner, bringing home work to do in the evening, sticking to a casual preoccupied and not overfriendly tone in the strictly unimportant conversation she addressed to the girl, she found a *modus vivendi* establishing itself. On the first morning at breakfast, in reply to a domestic question raised by the butler upon the tentative presumption that she was now the head of the household, she had told him to go on taking his orders from Miss Greer as usual.

After dinner that same night Beatrice brought the question up explicitly. "Anson says you told him I was to go on giving the orders. Is that what you meant?"

"Heavens!" said Jennie, looking round her paper, "I don't know anything about running an establishment like this. You'll have to do that."

"Does that take in the cars, too—and the new chauffeur?"

Jennie ignored the overt resentment in the last phrase. "Why not?" she said. "I've no use for him. I drive my own!"

It struck her as she plunged back into her reading (too suddenly, she was aware, for good histrionism) that her young ward looked a bit let down. If she'd been luxuriating in the close-confinement, bread-and-water theory, this treatment was sound—as far as it went.

But it went nowhere near far enough. It supplied insufficient material even for small talk, let alone real companionship. Jennie found her rule, to do nothing and to say nothing except when there was something perfectly obvious for her to do or say, wearing pretty thin. Finally, after their third dinner together, a meal eaten dismally through in almost total silence, Beatrice exploded.

"I THINK, after this," she said, "I'll have my meals in my room. I can't stand this. It's too—ghastly."

"It is ghastly," Jennie agreed, "and it's ridiculous. I've had all I can stand of it myself. Of all the preposterous, idiotic things your father ever did, chucking you and me together like this is the worst! I don't know what to do about it, any better than you do. I've been afraid to open my mouth for three days for fear of getting in worse with you than I was, and I was in badly enough already. I'm ready to try saying everything that comes into my head and see what happens. It can't be worse than this. Perhaps if you do the same thing we may get somewhere."

Trix had been staring at her, from the first words, in blank, simple incredulity at first, later through a tangle of contradictory surmises and doubts. She went on staring, for a while, after Jennie had done. "All right," she said, at last. "This is what I'm thinking. If you hate it like this, and think it's idiotic of father to have asked you to come here, why did you do it?"

"I'm terribly fond of him," Jennie answered instantly. "Not the way I guess you thought I was when you first came out here. I've never been in love with him, and he's never tried to make love to me. But there's hardly anybody I've cared for as much as I do for him—and there's nobody on God's green earth that I'd go as far for, in the way of doing what he wanted me to. He looked so perfectly sick and helpless last Sunday night over what had happened that it never occurred to me, till he'd gone off and left me here, that I'd had any choice in the matter."

"You're on his side, tho," the girl remarked. "You don't care anything about me. You've made that plain enough from the first."

"Don't hint," Jennie commanded crisply. "We've made a good start talking out. Let's keep it up. How did I make it plain I didn't like you?"

"You've never come here to the house since I've been here, tho he's asked you to, he says. But you used to come before that."

"You never asked me to come. I thought you would when you made up your mind I was all right, and I'd wait for that. But of course I'm on his side," Jennie went on. "As I said, I'm fond of him. All I've cared about you was whether you were going to make him happy or miserable. That's all I've had a chance to care about, because I don't

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH

"BUTTERFLY"

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

YOU'LL recognize Butterfly herself as a well-known type, and wonder every minute "What next?" Your feelings toward Butterfly's devoted and self-sacrificing older sister—well, wait and see!

A fascinating Russian violinist, Kronsky; the handsome, rich nephew of the two girls' employer; a reckless young society matron infatuated with the nephew: these figures help to keep emotions at a high pitch to the very end.

"Butterfly," a novel of character emerging from temptations and trials, will begin in PICTORIAL REVIEW for November, and be complete in four issues.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

know you very well. I think I could get to like you, if we ever had a decent human chance. You're enough like him for that.

"But in this last particular mess I was on your side. I did all I could to keep it from being a mess. I met your father at the train myself, and lied to him about the reason why—which isn't a thing I like to do with people I care about. I kept him away from home as long as I possibly could, to give George Burns a chance to bring you back first. So I haven't been an—enemy exactly."

The girl's eyes were smoldering. "If you weren't an enemy, why did you give George away?" she asked, sullenly.

"That was my mistake," Jennie admitted. "I didn't think of it as giving him away. I thought he'd done a good job and I wanted him to get the credit for it. When I saw how your father was taking it, it was too late to stop."

"I should think you might have known!"

IT WASN'T a gracious reception of an apology, but there was a note of wavering in it that gave the older woman an intimation of victory. She was content to say, "That's right; I suppose I might have," and wait.

"Oh, I haven't got anything against you—especially," Trix broke out at last. "But—did *you* ever have anybody watching you and telling tales on you? Making that their business? Well, you'd hate it, too. And you'd hate anybody that did. And the nicer and smoother they tried to be, the more you'd hate them. I don't know why you've been letting me alone, like you have; having me give the orders and letting me go wherever I liked in the car——"

"But you think it was because I was trying to get something on you, to report to your father? Is that it? Good Lord! Talk about poisoning wells! I don't mean you—nor your father, either. But what a situation!"

She took a minute to think it over; blankly at first, but then she began to find her line. "Look here, Trix," she said; "we'll sign a treaty. I'll give you my word not to write any letters to your father about you, or about anything that concerns you. You manage the correspondence yourself. If we come to a final smash I'll write and tell him why, but I'll show you the letter before it goes. In the meantime, I'm not a spy. I'm not watching you, and I'm not having you watched, either. I won't ask the new chauffeur where you've been. That's the sort of thing I mean. Is that all right, as far as it goes?"

The girl had curled herself up in a corner of the davenport, her chin in the crook of an elbow. There was something compact about her poses, even in relaxation. She looked quite a lot like a young tom-cat. She said nothing to Jennie's proposal for the better part of a minute, and then it was not to answer.

"What do you want me to promise on my side?" she asked.

"I can't think of anything I want to ask you to promise." Jennie had put a faint stress on the word "ask," but she didn't know whether it had reached the girl's ear or not.

After another silence Beatrice asked, "Does that include telegrams, too?—That you won't send father about me?"

Until she tacked on the supplementary question, Jennie hadn't the least idea what she was talking about. "Telegrams?" she echoed. Then as the meaning broke over her, "Oh!— "Merciful Heavens!"

The surge of conspicuous disgust at a suspicion so mean, and a mind ungenerous enough to entertain it, was openly revealed in her tone. Trix looked round, met Jennie's eyes, and then lowered her own.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I beg your pardon for asking that. Only, what are you doing it *for*? If you're that kind of a person, why did you come? And if you despise me like that and—and aren't going to tell on me, why do you stay? I know you hate it. You said you did. And it sounded as if there must be a trick about it, somehow."

Jennie's mood veered suddenly round to pity. "You poor child," she said; "you have had a rotten time of it, haven't you? I'll try to tell you the why of it all, as far as I'm concerned. I came, as I said, because your father wanted me to. It was the weak-minded of me, I guess. One of the things in the world I'm proud of is the idea he's got that I never fail him. He certainly needed help from somewhere Sunday night, so when he asked me for it I said I'd try. On the off-chance, to tell the truth, that I could make a better job of it than he had. I can do better than he, once in a while, with certain kinds of things.

"I'll tell you why I thought perhaps I could here. It's because you're so much like him. I've worked for him—and with him—for seven years, which is seven times as long, he says, as any one else ever lasted. I know his faults like a book. He's suspicious, just the way you are. He's got the devil's own temper. He doesn't bother—much—about other people's rights; expects them to look out for their own, and fight for them if necessary. And along with all that he's the biggest man I know, and the ablest, and one of the most lovable. I've got on with him, and been a help to him, and I'm proud of it. And since you're like him, I was interested to see whether I couldn't get on with you, too, and be a help to you.

"He's handicapped with you, of course, by the fact that he adores you. I've never known him to be like that before. Ever since he wrote you that letter. He's been like a boy about you; fierce and proud—and sometimes downright idiotic. Well, I don't adore you—no more than I do him. If I'd adored him—or been afraid of him—I'd have lasted about one month.

"I've made up my mind I'll try treating you the way I've always treated him. I've never told tales on him. He's found out that when he tells me a thing, it's buried. I don't even tell it back to him as a reminder. That's why I won't tell tales on you. You'll find it out gradually, if there's time enough. I never ask him questions. Sometimes he tells me things for fun, and sometimes to see how they strike me—but never because I claim any right to know. I won't claim any such rights with you. You aren't under any obligation to me. You don't have to ask my permission to do anything. You don't even have to pretend you like me—he never bothered to do that. I'm here, that's all. I'm intelligent and shock-proof and experienced. Experienced in more ways than you're likely to think. I mean I'm not an old maid exactly."

"How old are you?" Trix asked.

"Oh, I'm *old* enough," said Jennie, composedly; "thirty-four."

This seemed to be about all. She got up, lighted herself a cigaret, unfolded an evening paper, and carried it across to the windows. Then she heard Beatrice speaking.

"You aren't old enough to have been my mother. But I wish my mother had been a person like you. I wish I'd known somebody like you—before this."

Jennie's "Fine," which she'd been feeling a bit too complacent about, failed her suddenly at this point. It was beautifully logical to decide to treat the girl in all situations as she'd have treated the girl's father—but what would she have done with Joe if, at the end of one of their talks, he'd burst into tears?

She went back to the davenport, patted the heaving shoulder, clumsily, she felt, tried to say something encouraging—and, to her consternation, heard her own voice break and saw Beatrice swim away in a blur of tears.

The break caught the girl's attention instantly. She stopped weeping, sprang up, took a look to make sure, and, with a laugh, flung her arms round Jennie. "You aren't as hard-boiled as you let on to be," she said.

"I was a fool to say I was experienced, anyhow," Jennie admitted. "I've hardly ever *seen* anybody cry before. I suppose I'll have to get used to it."

She was, however, much too experienced in the ways of human fallibility to fall into the error of supposing that merely by winning the opening skirmish, she had established permanently the sound, sane relation with Joe's daughter which any real help would have to be built upon.

Trix, having hated her whole-heartedly, started swinging now quite to the other end of the arc. Jennie had not worked in the stenographers' rooms of numerous big business offices without learning what the sort of sentimental affection known as a "crush" is like. She had, tho not often, been made the unwilling recipient of attentions of this sort and she had always hated them, sensing their fundamental unhealthiness. She couldn't have imagined herself reciprocating an attachment of this sort. Yet now, with Beatrice, she was slow in recognizing the familiar manifestations as belonging in that category.

Trix began getting up for breakfast with her, coming to the table in nightgown and robe, pouring her coffee, making her toast, superfluously seeing to it that everything was exactly right—superfluously because Joe's domestic service was always perfect anyhow. He was one of those men who have the knack of getting it. But the child did succeed in investing the utilitarian meal with an atmosphere which Jennie enjoyed, tho it was to the detriment of the morning paper. Then she constituted herself Jennie's chauffeur, driving her down-town every morning with great élan in the roadster and calling for her faithfully every night; a real inconvenience this was, since Jennie was used to being free to come and go when she liked. Yet she found herself surprizingly reluctant to rebel at it. And she did enjoy their long rides before or after dinner. Trix was an amazingly good driver, just on the hither side of recklessness, and held there by faultless judgment and skill.

"YOU ought to have been an aviator," Jennie said once at the end of a vivid ten seconds during which she'd held her breath.

"So I've been told," the girl remarked, "by some one who ought to know." At the end of another mile she made it clear enough who this was. "George Burns was an aviator in the war—practically."

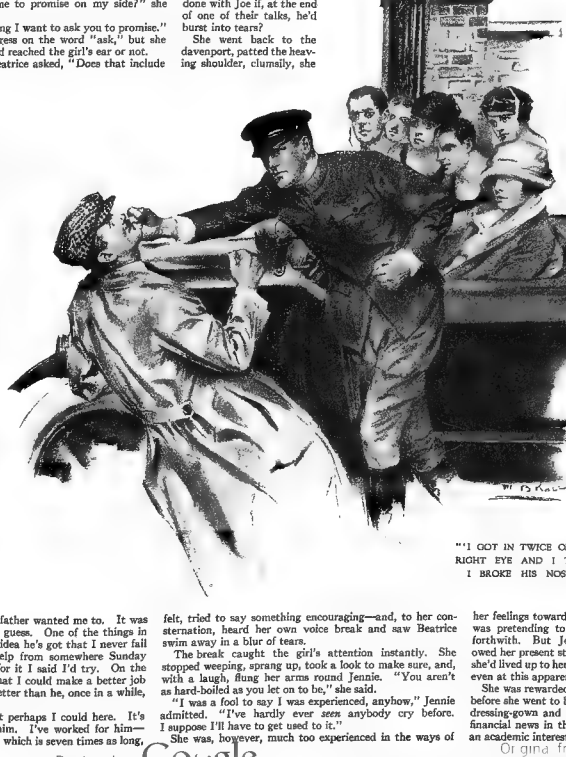
When Jennie, with a laugh, inquired how he could be "practically" an aviator and not really one, she explained, with a certain degree of feeling. "They never gave the enlisted men a dog's chance to get pilots' licenses. George was a mechanic, but he was going up all the time, of course, and some of his officers were decent enough to let him drive. Ashamed not to, I guess, because he was better at it than most of them. He could do all the stunts. Isn't it rotten that he never could have a chance? When you think of some of the chumps that go strutting around with a pair of wings."

Jennie didn't believe, she said, that many of the men with wings on their sleeves were chumps, but she agreed, without reservation, that it was rotten about George.

"Oh, he should worry!" Trix exclaimed. "He's flying now, all right. Got a good job in the air mail service."

Jennie remembered her treaty, and suppressed the question that was on her tongue, but this restraint cost her some painful uncertainties. She felt more doubtful of her loyalty to Joe during the ensuing hours than she'd ever been before. She had volunteered nothing to Beatrice concerning the details of Burns's dismissal, of the "reward" Joe had paid him, and of the condition attached to it. Trix might very well be ignorant of this whole matter, even if she were in communication (as she deliberately had hinted) with the man. An enlightenment on this point might make a vital difference, both in her feelings toward him and toward her father. If George was pretending to be a martyr he ought to be exposed forthwith. But Jennie held doggedly to her line. She owned her present strong position in Trix's regard to the way she'd lived up to her promise not to meddle, and she wouldn't, even at this apparently critical point, begin meddling now.

She was rewarded by a measure of reassurance that night before she went to bed. She'd retired to her room, got into dressing-gown and slippers, and was belatedly reading the financial news in the evening paper. This had more than an academic interest for her—she always had an iron or two



"'I GOT IN TWICE ON HIS RIGHT EYE AND I THINK I BROKE HIS NOSE'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

of her own in La Salle Street—but she was not so absorbed in it that the sound of Trix's opening door didn't instantly divert her attention. A moment later the girl came in, in her nightgown, her hair loose about her shoulders, thrust aside the paper, and sat down on the arm of Jennie's chair.

"You're a peach, Jennie," she said. "And I'm a pig. It was in the paper about George being one of the mail pilots. I thought I'd show it to you when I read it, and then I thought I wouldn't." She gave a little laugh, and asked, "You didn't think I'd been going with him on the sly, did you?"

"I supposed he'd written to you," Jennie admitted. "I never thought of its being in the paper."

The girl sat thoughtfully silent awhile, stroking Jennie's forearm, an absent-minded, impersonal caress, much like having a kitten rub itself against your legs. Presently, tho, the quality of it changed. She took the older woman by the shoulders in a grip and looked intently into her eyes.

"You're the only person in the world who's like that," she declared. "Anybody else, the minute I said that about him, would have thought of something horrid. And believed it, too, as quick as they thought of it. Dad, quicker than anybody. And, oh, the hell he'd have raised about it!"

"There's a reason for that, you don't want to forget," Jennie reminded her. "He—adores you. You're the only thing in the world he really cares about."

Again there came a change in the look of the girl's face, in the quality of her smile, in the feel of her hands. She slipped from the chair-arm down into Jennie's lap, curled herself there, and went soft and heavy. "Don't you love me a little bit yourself?" she asked.

"Oh—say half of that," Jennie replied contentedly. But at the end of a five minutes' silence she roused herself briskly and pushed the girl away. "It's pretty near one o'clock, and by half past eight to-morrow morning I've got to be somewhere where they expect me to be worth my salt. Run along and let me get some sleep!"

"I'll drive you down," Trix said through a yawn as she made her reluctant way toward the door.

"Not to-morrow," Jennie answered decisively. "I've got to do a lot of running around during the day, and I'll want my own car."

Trix shot back a quick look at her, faintly suspicious and openly resentful, a look which Jennie rewarded with a laugh. "Oh, just as you like," the girl said, with a shrug; "good night."

But this was cleanly the end of the sentimental phase of the relation. Trix didn't offer to resume her duties as chauffeur nor as minister at the breakfast-table. After a day or two she did begin appearing at breakfast before Jennie left, but very brisk and businesslike and visibly occupied with her own affairs. It didn't seem to Jennie, either, that the girl was trying to tease her into asking what she was up to.

What seemed a little more like a deliberate stimulus to her curiosity was a letter Trix wrote, the evening of the first of these days, on Jennie's machine, during the writing of which she asked Jennie how you spelled Pasadena. "You'd think I'd know how to spell it after all these years," she remarked with a laugh. "I've had to write it before, of course, but not when it mattered whether I spelled it right or not."

The knowledge that she was writing a letter to Pasadena of some special sort which had to be correctly spelled would certainly have startled Joe, and it gave Jennie something to think about, but she asked no questions. Trix asked her for some money, too, in a bigger lump than she usually wanted, a hundred and fifty dollars, and Jennie wrote her the check, not feeling at all sure whether she was playing the part of a wise woman or a misguided fool.

NOTHING untoward happened, however. Trix gave a standing order for her car at eight o'clock every morning and bolted her breakfast if necessary to enable her to leave at this hour. She drove herself rarely, Anson volunteered, came home for lunch, and read, as a rule, in the evening in an absorption which contrasted strongly with her former restlessness; acted, Jennie thought, like a person who had really taken a line of her own.

After a week of this she revealed her mystery. "I wanted to see whether I liked it or not before I said anything, that's all," she told Jennie. "Why, I'm going to school. You see, when you told me I ought to do something—take lessons, you know, the only thing I could think of that I wanted to go on taking lessons in was swimming. That sounds kind of silly, I know, but it's so. There's a peach of a swimming-teacher I'd heard of at the gym out in Evanston, so I went to see him about it. But it seems that the gym is part of Northwestern University, and except in Summer he doesn't give lessons, only to students in the university.

"Any sort of student would do, tho; you didn't have to study Latin or mathematics, so I went around to the office to see what kind of student I wanted to be. They've got a special school there, School of Speech, they call it, and I thought that would be pretty good for me. Everybody laughs at the way I talk, anyhow. So I planked down my hundred and fifty and wrote a letter to the High School at Pasadena to send word on that I'd really graduated—and there I am. I like the school even better than the swimming. They teach you a lot of interesting things: acting and dancing, and so on. Physical education, they call it. Things that are some earthly good to you! I'm going to be good at it, too. Show 'em a few things! You watch!"

This, at first blush, seemed to Jennie to solve all problems at a stroke.

MEANWHILE it had got into October, and Joe kept postponing his return from the Northwest. For weeks his reports had been full of material for enthusiasm. All the machinery for processing the flax was installed and in order. They had begun working the retted straw. It was going through without a hitch. There were some improvements in the direction of economy and simplification which could profitably be made, but they had turned up no serious defects.

Williamson and the Corbetts had begun showing symptoms of an enlivened interest; took to dropping in at the office to see the samples Joe was sending down, in greater bulk from week to week, for testing in the laboratory, and the finished products that came out of it. They had equipped the laboratory, by now, under the charge of a new technical man, as a mill with spinning-machinery and looms; all the equivalents, on a reduced scale, for commercial linen manufacture—and the way the stuff came through these searching tests was well beyond the more conservative of their expectations—not far short, indeed, of Joe's glowing prophecies.

But this was only the beginning of it. Interest in the new process, excitement over the prospect it offered of finding a fortune in the worthless straw of seed-flax, were spreading over the Northwest country like a prairie-fire. Groups of local capitalists were coming almost daily to visit the four mills. The organization of subsidiary companies was already getting beyond the talking stage. Money itself was beginning to talk. Capital was being subscribed. By the time next year's crop came in, three States would be dotted with little four-thousand-ton mills producing raw linen under the Greer process.

To the financiers' startled reminder that their original program had not contemplated going as fast as this, Joe's replies were more confident and urgent than ever. Now was the time to strike. Everybody was ready; confidence was running high everywhere. If they bestirred themselves, seized the opportunity at the flood, they could repay the whole investment in the enterprise out of the first year's profits and be on velvet thereafter. Joe was irresistible in this phrase. He had taken the bit in his teeth, but it wasn't possible to say he was running wild. The figures and the facts, as well as the temper of the country, were going along with him. The great post-war boom was at its height during the Summer and Autumn of 1919.

And then, one day, when expectation was looking its rosiest, a letter came into the office that produced a panic. It was from a firm of patent lawyers, one of the best established and most formidable in the city, and it was a formal warning that Joe's process in general and much of its machinery in particular, infringed the prior patents of a client. All manufacture and sale of linen under the Greer process would henceforth be carried on at the peril of the Greer company. The rival process, it eventually appeared, was one for the industrial utilization of corn-stalks.

The financiers decided they wanted Joe, and he was sent for, but they didn't waste time waiting for him. They retained, in addition to the firm that had drawn the patents, a glittering specialist in the field, and they called in Rodney Aldrich into consultation to cover any legal questions which might possibly lie outside the technical area of the case. By the time Joe arrived, three days later, the decks were cleared, if not for action at least for conference of the weightier sort.

Jennie tried to make an opportunity for a talk with him before the first meeting took place, but did not succeed in bringing it about. So she lingered after the rest had gone.

He smiled, presently, and nodded her to a chair. "Let's hear all about things," he commanded.

"Business, hell! How've things been going at home? What's the girl been doing with herself? Giving you any trouble? You've been damn uncommunicative, seems to me. I don't believe you've written me about her, once."

"No, I haven't," she began, but he had unhooked his telephone, and she waited to see what he was going to do. He called the number of his flat and flung Jennie an explanation while he waited.

"I'll just say hello to Trix, now," he said. "Get her to come down here to dinner with me, I guess. I can leave this mess long enough for that. Wish I didn't have to work all night."

"I don't believe you'll find her there as early as this," Jennie remarked with a look at her watch. "She spoke of waiting for you, but I couldn't tell her when you were coming exactly, so she decided not to."

"If she isn't at home, where is she?" he asked, but got on his connection before she could answer. "Tell her to call me up at my office the minute she comes in," he ordered, and then hung up. "You *know* where she is, don't you?" he shot at Jennie.

"Not exactly," she admitted. "Of course that means I don't really know at all. I haven't kept track of her like that; haven't tried to. I'd better tell you from the beginning. The reason I didn't write to you about her was because I promised her I wouldn't. And I promised, at the same time, not to ask her any questions, nor to question any one else about her. That was about three days after you left, when I saw that anything else would be perfectly hopeless."

"That's a damned funny way of carrying out my instructions," he commented.

"I wasn't trying to carry out your instructions. I never was told you I would. I said I'd do the best I could for the girl, and I've done it my own way. It wasn't by being a spy, or a governess, or any of the things a girl like Trix would be sure to hate. And it's worked, Joe. No, you give me a chance to tell you about it!" He relinquished the intended interruption with no very good grace and sat back in his chair again.

Against the gloomy abstraction of his look she found it hard to hit upon the beginning she wanted for her story. She plunged, finally, into the middle of it. "She's going to school, Joe. Up in Northwestern University. It was her own idea from the start. She picked out what she wanted, registered, and paid her tuition; wrote out to Pasadena for her certificate from the High School—all before she told me a thing about it. She's working hard, and she's happy at it. She drives off at eight o'clock every morning as regular as the clock, and what with some of the extra things she's taking—swimming lessons and all—she's hardly ever home much before dinner. And she studies at night. She's been doing it now for nearly a month."

"What's she studying?" he asked, and seemed unfavorably impressed by the list Jennie endeavored to furnish him with. "What sort of reports does she get?" Jennie had seen none; no, not even of attendance. "What were her teachers like? The swimming-teacher, for instance? Had Jennie talked with any of them? No, she hadn't. The swimming-teacher was supposed to be the best man at it in this part of the country. At least so Beatrice regarded him.

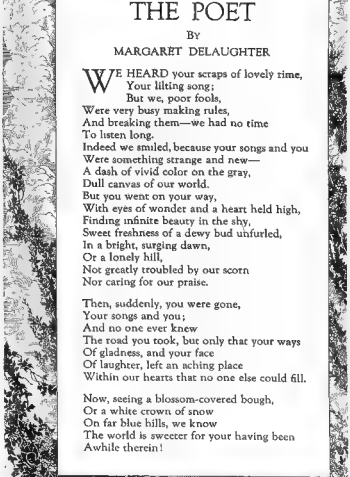
"SHE admits he's a man, does she? Look here, Jennie! How do you know she's doing anything but swimming? How do you know she's going to school at all? How do you know anything except that she drives off in the car every morning—by herself, I suppose—and stays away all day? How do you know she isn't running with Ware and his lot? Or with George Burns, for that matter? She may be picking him up on some drug-store corner every other afternoon."

"She may," Jennie admitted. "I haven't any alibi for her. But she doesn't act to me as if that was the sort of thing she was doing. She doesn't have to lie to me and she tells me a different story. She's made friends with me, you see. Make friends with her yourself and then see what you think."

"Make friends with her!" he cried, deeply affronted. "Why, my God, Jennie, I love that child as I never loved anything before in the world! But that wasn't enough to keep her safe. She needs somebody to watch her. I left that job to you. And it seems to me you've fallen down on it."

"I'm not blaming you," he added, misreading her gesture of despair over his wrong-headedness. "She doesn't mean much to you, compared to what she means to me. You can't afford to take chances. But I can't. Not after that night Burns brought her home. She'd been out all the night before, Jennie, with that rotten drunken gang. Anything could have happened to her."

"You promised to let that be bygones," she reminded him. "And in will," he asserted, "as far as she's concerned



THE POET

By

MARGARET DELAUGHTER

WE HEARD your scraps of lovely rime,
Your lilting song;
But we, poor fools,
Were very busy making rules,
And breaking them—we had no time
To listen long.
Indeed we smiled, because your songs and you
Were something strange and new—
A dash of vivid color on the gray,
Dull canvas of our world.
But you went on your way,
With eyes of wonder and a heart held high,
Finding infinite beauty in the sky,
Sweet freshness of a dewy bud unfurled,
In a bright, surging dawn,
Or a lonely hill,
Not greatly troubled by our scorn
Nor caring for our praise.

Then, suddenly, you were gone,
Your songs and you;
And no one ever knew
The road you took, but only that your ways
Of gladness, and your face
Of laughter, left an aching place
Within our hearts that no one else could fill.

Now, seeing a blossom-covered bough,
Or a white crown of snow
On far blue hills, we know
The world is sweeter for your having been
Awhile therein!

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

never speak of it again to her. Never ask her a question. But I can't help thinking about it, can I? Wondering what ...ld happen to her? She swore she was all right. Nothing's ...ppened since—has there—to make you think——?"

"For Heaven's sake, Joe," she broke in upon him, "drop it! You're all wrong. You're talking like a sentimental idiot. If you take that line with her when you see her, you'll do her a lot more harm yourself than was done her that night—even supposing she did lose her innocence!"

His only answer was incredulous stare.

"All right," she went on; "be as shocked as you like! I mean you to be. I'm trying to wake you up. Innocence is a good thing to have, but it isn't the only thing in the world. You'd lost yours long before you were as old as she is. In more ways than one mean about her. You'd run amuck. You'd got down, you've often told me, to the edge of the gutter. You're proud of it, too! Because of the way you built yourself up from there. By yourself. Without any help from anybody.

"Well, she's like you. You've said that yourself, but I told you you'd never be able to remember it. She's got to find things out for herself, even if she gets hurt, now and then, doing it. Nobody can help her unless they begin by trusting her to find her own way. And if she sees that you don't—finds you watching her and spying on her—it'll do her more harm than any drunken lover could do her at the end of a joy-ride. I mean that, Joe; literally."

His only answer, for the moment, was to say that he wouldn't have believed a woman—a good woman—could have talked like that.

She uttered a mirthless laugh. "I don't believe you know much about good women. I doubt if you know one when you see one."

"I'M NOT going North again," he said, after a heavy silence. "There were a few things I wanted to finish up, but they can stand over. I've got a job here; I can see that. I couldn't expect anybody else to do it for me. She's my daughter; that's the difference. I'm going to look after her my own way. I don't mean to spy on her. She won't know I'm watching or asking questions. But I'm going to *know*!"

"She'll see through you like so much glass," Jennie predicted bitterly. "She hasn't got your wits for nothing. But she's your daughter, as you say."

The note of finality in her voice made him look up at her quickly, with another assurance that he didn't blame her for seeing the thing the way she had nor for acting according to her lights. He hoped she'd go on giving him advice about the girl, helping where she could. Above all, he hoped she'd stay on with them in the flat.

But this she wouldn't consider. "Two people trying to do the same thing in opposite ways are sure to make a mess of it—even if either one of them could have done it alone. No, I'll pull out, Joe, and leave the wheel to you. Of *course* I'm not hurt about it! It'll seem pretty good, I tell you, to be back in my old joint again. When you've been a hermit as long as I have, you sort of need it. But by yourself."

She may, at the moment, have talked herself into a half belief that this was true, but it was not a conviction with stamina enough to last out her first evening alone in her flat. She was miserably lonely. She wanted Trix, ranging in, lugging her at haphazard, sprawling on the chair-arm or the rug, talking neither very wisely nor very wittily, at random, yawning, fondling her shoulder or her knee for a moment with a careless hand, and saying she was going to bed. Naive, pathetic, lovely, young, just beginning to find herself! What right had Joe to come trampling into this little garden, just because a momentary casual act of his, forgotten for twenty years, had begotten her? *His* daughter, was she?

Their conferences over the patent situation endured for days. It was the sense of the directors that an arrangement should be made. Crawford made a formal motion that the settlement be made, when it was made, in stock.

This put Joe in a corner. Real danger always quieted him, and his argument, tho forcible, was low-voiced and conciliatory. The fundamental difficulty about organizing this company, he pointed out, had been over the question of control. He had felt at first that since he was putting his whole fortune into the company and was to be its technical head he was entitled to full control. It had been with the greatest reluctance that he had consented to a divided control, an even fifty per cent. in his hands and fifty in the hands of the associates. He had relied upon a gentlemen's agreement that this balance should not be disturbed by the issuance of treasury stock. He felt that the payment of the inventor in this stock was dangerous to his interests as likely to disturb that balance. It would be a much easier matter for Williamson, Corbett, and Crawford, or their friends, to possess themselves of that stock than it would be for him. He urged, therefore, in the interest of fair play, that the cash price, or, rather, the best compromise they could make on a cash basis, be accepted.

"Question," Corbett murmured when they had heard him in silence to the end. But Frank Crawford, after a glance down the table at Henry Craven's troubled face, made a little speech of reassurance. The agreement was still a gentlemen's agreement, and there was no disposition on the part of any one to violate it. The control had from the first been ambiguous, and it would be no more so after the stock sale had been made. There was no reason to believe that the inventor was not entirely disinterested. Crawford was voting for a stock payment both because he did not wish the company's financial resources depleted and because he did wish the personnel strengthened, as he believed it would be by the enlistment of a man whose talents, as an inventor, had been so highly praised by their president.

The vote was then taken and the motion carried, Joe, Jennie, and Nathan voting against it. It was supported by Williamson, Corbett, Crawford—and, most unhappily, by Henry Craven. Joe shook hands with him after the meeting and told him not to feel bad about it. He'd acted in accordance with the clear understanding under which he'd been elected. He hadn't the heart to stay around, however, to talk it out with Joe and Jennie, and left with John Williamson.

"'I OWN THE PATENTS. PATENTED THE WHOLE THING MYSELF—AS AN INFRINGEMENT'"

Jennie, tired out and thoroughly dispirited, hadn't much wanted to stay and talk it out, either, but she had been detained by an imperative signal from Joe. She stood looking out the window over the lake while she waited for the room to clear. When the door had shut for the last time, she turned with what began as a smile of encouragement for her defeated boss. But it ended with a gasp.

"Joe!" she cried. He was gazing after John Williamson's back, with his most brilliant grin.

"We've got 'em, Jennie! We've got 'em by the short hairs!"

"Was this what you were working for all along? But Joe, why?"

"Lordy, yes! Didn't you see it? I hoped you wouldn't, because it made your face safer, but I didn't suppose I could get by with you. I'm pretty good when I can do that."

"I don't see, yet," she confessed, "what you've got out of it, unless this inventor you were so anxious to have them look up is somebody you—own more or less."

"HELL!" said Joe, "I own the patents. Patented the whole thing myself—as an infringement—before I patented the others. Corn-stalks was a damn good idea, wasn't it? They might have found the thing before they went in and gummed the whole game. But they didn't, Jennie. Do you think I'd go into business with that bunch without something up my sleeve?

"That stock will stay right where it is, see, until they try to pull their stuff. I may not have to show down even then, if I can get Henry. I believe I could have got him to-day if I'd wanted him. I could only use him once, of course.

"Been feeling sorry for the old man, have you? Well, next time you wait. We've got 'em by the short hairs, Jennie, and when we get ready they're going to yelp!"

Joe's misgiving about the use Beatrice had been making of her liberty was warranted. She had picked up George Burns on a drug-store corner more than once, and tho this did not happen as often as her father, with deliberate exaggeration, had suggested to Jennie, the bond between the pair was stronger than anything his speculations ran to.

On the third day after George's dismissal Trix, with an elaboration of clandestine contrivance, had met him and had a long talk with him. She'd chosen a rendezvous, unhappily, upon the Municipal Pier, a place packed that hot August day with banana-munching trippers and resonant with brass bands and the chant of barkers for the quarter-hourly excursions to Lincoln Park.

She'd come off without the car—tho Jennie had by this time licensed her use of it—partly from a fear of being spied upon and partly from an idea that she might never go back at all to her father's house. There was no hope of any real happiness for her there after what had happened. She knew, now, that she loved George, and if her distorted memories could be trusted she'd avowed the fact to him during their drive home from Glencoe. Why shouldn't they, then, run off to-day to Milwaukee or somewhere and get married? If he asked her to, she would. If he didn't, she thought perhaps she'd ask him.

But the mere sight of him was disconcerting. She'd never seen him before in an ordinary straw hat and regular civilian clothes, and a certain air which she'd regarded as inseparable from him was gone. It would be a little too much to say that he looked cheap, but he would never, for a fact, have served, like this, as lay figure to hang romances about a disguised prince upon. She suspected, too, that she had somewhat impaired herself with him, arriving afoot, hot and flushed and flecked with soot from the vomiting funnels of the little excursion-steamers.

The pair found a corner where they could sit in the shade. The fact that they loved each other got itself declared and accepted as a basis almost at once. He put his arm around her—half of the paired people out here were linked that way—and during a moment of fortuitous privacy they kissed.

But the feel of the adventure was pedestrian, not aerial. George pointed out that he hadn't a job, and, he added with a manner which struck her as a little unnatural, practically no money. She had nearly four hundred dollars of her own, she said—with her; but he told her hotly that, when they ran away to get married, it wouldn't be upon her money that they did it. She didn't contest the point; lacked the spirit to do it, somehow.

Anyway, he went on to say they'd have to come down eventually to living on what he could earn. Mr. Greer would do nothing for them, even in the way of making an opening for him. Forlornly she conceded this, too. She knew how implacable her father's resentments were, tho she was rather surprized that her lover should see so clearly.

If they'd been sitting, while they had this talk, in the big roadster, skimming swallow-like along some wide ribbon of road, or pulled up in the shade of some secluded lane, she might have been able to romanticize the idea of poverty with her lover and insist upon embracing it. A tiny cottage, a single room, anything that sheltered the pair of them together would be enough.

But out here on the pier this couldn't be done. There were too many object-lessons all about. Shrill children carrying all-day suckers on sticks, harassed mothers, a sheepish father here and there, peremptory denials of any more pennies for the slot-machines—this was pleasure! This was a red-letter day!

HER courage wasn't equal to it, nor his, either, the truth was. For the present they'd have to give it up. If a piece of luck came George's way— He had a plan in mind, but wouldn't tell her now what it was.

They exchanged some promises that day: she, never to have anything more to do with Ware or his bunch, or any one like them, and to quit drinking—as he had done, absolutely, two months before; he, never to take another job as chauffeur, but stick it out for something that looked toward the future; and not to lose himself where she couldn't find him—if she needed him.

They parted mournfully enough, but comforted somewhat by the meeting, for all that. He'd never distrust her again, he said, whatever happened. He had thought when her father fired him, that night on the way to the train, that she might have thrown him the goat.

"I never told him anything—about you," Trix asserted. "How do you suppose he found out?"

It must have been Miss MacArthur, then. George had talked to her. He'd had so much on his chest that night that he'd had to blow off to somebody. He'd realized he was giving himself away more or less, but had thought Jennie too good a friend to take advantage. So the warmest emotion Trix went home with that afternoon was a lively hatred of Jennie.

This was short-lived, of course, for it was on that very evening that Jennie offered her treaty and won a victory. This might, it is easy to believe, have been much more complete than it turned out to be; for, after all, Jennie failed.

Her failure was due to a defect rather characteristic of her sex—tho it is one they are not often charged with. She was too logical. She had taken a good line with the girl in promising to ask no questions and claim no privileges, even those of affection, but she clung to this line with a blind

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSE-PLANNING

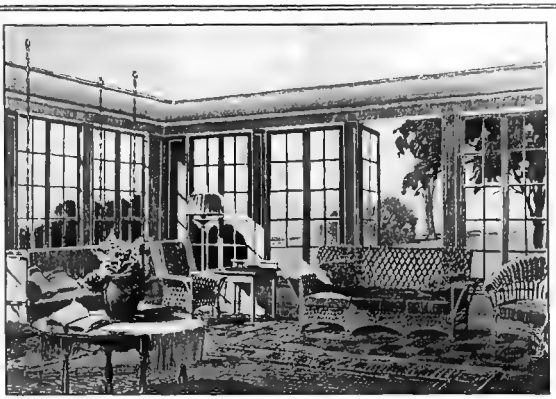
Concluding Article—Typical Sun-Parlor, Hall, and Bedroom

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

THE general plan arrangement which we adopt will, of course, determine many details of the individual rooms, but I am showing herewith three additional units, which, together with the other rooms already illustrated in previous numbers of the series, will give an idea of the principal features of the modern small house.

Styles and fads are continually changing. For instance, the parlor of thirty years ago is no longer wanted, and perhaps when another similar period has passed some of the things which are now regarded as necessary in any complete home will be discarded in the same way.

However, we can only view the subject as regards the present-day standards, consequently I am illustrating here some typical features which are popular just now.



THE SUN-PARLOR SHOULD HAVE LOTS OF SASH, SWINGING SEATS, AND WILLOW FURNITURE

The sun-parlor, generally conceded to be the most livable room in the house, is shown above. The more window surface the better; and be sure that this room has a southern exposure, if possible, as otherwise it may receive the direct sunlight only a part of the day.

This room is usually treated as an attractive outdoor porch which has simply been converted into one of the apartments of the house by the enclosing sash, and much of the success of the room accordingly will depend upon the manner in which these sash are designed and operated. This arrangement should provide for the entire opening of the porch at one time, if desired, and also for the secure enclosure on short notice in case of bad weather.

This means that casement sash should be used, thus giving the full opening when wanted. In order, moreover, to prevent the liability of leaking, these casement sash should open outward, as those opening inward are likely to allow the rains to get in under the sash and over the sill.

FURTHERMORE, if the sash open outward, the screens—that necessary evil—will have to be on the inside. These may be operated in several ways. They may be stationary and the sash operated through the bottom rail of the screen by means of any one of half a dozen or more hardware devices; or the screens may be hinged at the top so that they may be opened inward slightly when it is desired to operate the sash. Or, a third and really ideal method is to use a rolling screen, which operates in a manner similar to that of the ordinary window-shade.

With such an arrangement the screens may be left in place the year round, and can be rolled up at the top of the window where they are concealed behind the overdraperies at all times when the sash of the window in question are closed.

In fact, this even means that it is not really necessary to screen all of the windows of the sun-parlor at all, unless you happen to live in an exceedingly warm climate, where the high temperature will make it necessary to open all the windows at once. Where such economy is practicable the screens may be distributed so as to give a few on each side of the room, and perfectly satisfactory results will be secured.

To give the feeling of a porch to the room, the walls will be attractive in a rough plaster or stucco finish; and the floor of tiling, or of concrete marked off in imitation, will be most pleasing.

In the furnishing, one or even two hanging swings will add greatly to the interest, and the other pieces of willow will be most appropriate.

In the center of the page is shown a center-hall stair treatment, with walls paneled and pilasters, cornice, and beams added. The stair-landing is kept as low as possible so as to give an interesting view from below of the triple window on the landing, the headroom under the latter being gained by placing the floor level of the portion under the landing two steps below the main-floor level.

The hall here shown is of very liberal dimensions, both horizontal and vertical, the width being about ten feet and the height of the first story being assumed to be about nine feet. If, however, the house in question is to be of smaller proportions the widths of the two flights of the stairway and also the space between them may be lessened, and the space above the door openings be made lower.

Newel-posts have been omitted and instead a curved rail and an increased number of balusters are used; a highly attractive, tho more expensive, treatment.

ABOVE, AMPLE HALL; BELOW, TYPICAL BEDROOM WITH APPROPRIATE FURNISHINGS

THE other illustration shows a typical bedroom where twin beds are used. Such a furniture selection will require a room about three feet six inches longer than one admitting only an ordinary double bed.

The picture-molding commonly used in moderate priced dwellings really offers a poor substitute for a cove or cornice at the ceiling line, and as there are other ways of supporting pictures I would strongly recommend doing away with the picture-molding and using instead a small wood cornice with about three or four inches of surface showing, as the finish of the angle between wall and ceiling will thereby be greatly improved and at small cost.

If the arrangement of the openings is such that two doors can be placed on the same side of the room, with a space between of from five to eight feet, and if the furniture required is perhaps a chair alone, then an attractive plan is to place mirrors in these two doors and to hinge them so that you may have the use of the double mirror when desired.

In a large proportion of the new dwellings designed at this time there arises the question of cutting off the ceilings at some points of the second story in order to improve the exterior lines of the building, and while this may not be ideal from the standpoint of the interior, it can be done in a way which will by no means offend the eye. By this I mean that if the level portion of the ceiling is bounded by the cornice treatment just referred to and the sloping parts are decorated entirely as walls, then the cut-off portions will be far less objectionable.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Woods will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the suggestions here given or which have appeared in previous issues. Address the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Google

For the millions who love Tomato Soup!

Right from the heart of the luscious tomato comes Campbell's Tomato Soup! Just the pure delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!

12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE VOICE OF THE SOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"Is he gone? He could have come to church with us. Didn't you ask him, Yonko?"

"No, Varvarka. I was not pining for his blond beard." And he stood eying her critically. "In the city," he said, "they do not wear so many colors."

"In the city?" she repeated vaguely.

Yonko had been merely grumpy. She did not know its cause. Her dark eyes rested on his face.

"I don't know the city," she said slowly. "This I know." She made a wide sweep with her arm that took in the field and the sky. "This is all the world I know." And her eyebrows drew the thin, straight line of pride and reserve. She tucked her sandals more firmly under her arm and crossed the yard.

Yonko's face was tense. "Aren't you going to put on the sandals?" he asked.

"No," she said; "I want them clean to enter church."

He shrugged. All the ways of Sabinka had grown foreign to him.

He opened the gate, and they started in silence, looking up the long white road cast with lights and shadows. Yonko walked dumbly looking straight ahead or casting his eyes on the ground, scarcely glancing at Varvarka. His top-coat grew heavy, so he hid it in a well-marked bush to pick up on his way back.

Varvarka, too, depressed, padded along quietly beside him in the thick, hot dust with her bare feet. But gradually she seemed to have forgotten him too. Her step grew lighter. She hung her sandals by their laces over one shoulder, swung her arms freely, and gazed about. The village was now behind them, and the road lay through planted fields, of which a small portion belonged to each peasant in Sabinka. There stood a field of green oats, the heads full and heavy. There was a stretch of buckwheat, bursting into white. Here an acre of wheat, with the blue corn-flowers winking from among the stalks.

IT HAD rained the night before, and the air was sweet with the breath of the earth and the steaming grasses. She walked along, her face lifted. She breathed deeply. Winged things, yellow and blue, sprang up in swarms on each side as she went along. She was like some winged thing herself with all her colors, a part of the earth and the sky. Her face was quivering. She was smiling.

Suddenly she stood still. She was before a field of wheat. A slight breeze passed over it, and it rolled toward her in small golden ripples.

"Oh, Yonko," she cried, "how I love the fields! I love them as a man loves them." And darting in among the wheat, she appeared in a moment, her two hands full of the stalks and the corn-flowers pulled up by the roots.

Yonko had stopped too, and stood dumbly looking at her. Four years before he would have found much to say, for she looked, as she stood there, the stalks and corn-flowers upraised, like the very spirit of the fields, of the wheat. Yonko was a poetic lad. But now he could only see the hot, lonely fields. He was thinking how in the future he would have to grapple with that stubborn earth, how he with his two bare hands and his father's two white nags, would have to conquer it. Year after year, Summer and Winter. But the city! How it shone in comparison, what he had seen of it during his furloughs in the army! How easy life was there! he thought. No worry, no responsibility. You just worked the week and you had a fist full of money. And what you could do with money!

Slowly, at last, Varvarka became aware of his unresponsiveness, and her face fell. Yonko said, looking at her critically, as he did earlier, "In the city they wear made flowers, that never die."

"Flowers that never die," she repeated sadly, looking at those in her hands. Then she dropped them, all but a single blossom. This she tucked into the fold of her kerchief. And they walked on again.

Suddenly the church bells pealed. Yonko made the sign of the cross. And Varvarka sat down to put on her sandals. Straight ahead through a break in the trees the church steeple gleamed.

AT THE noon meal after church Yonko did not remain at the table to finish the barley *kashka* cooked with meat. Directly his hunger was appeased he took up his cap and went out. He sauntered about the yard aimlessly. Then he crossed the road and made toward the clump of white birches directly up the steep climb in his father's pasture. He and Varvarka used to meet there on a Sunday. When they were children they called it their "house." He picked up a stick and beat down every bush and bramble in his way as he climbed. He wondered gloomily, "Will she remember to come?"

Reaching the clump of white trees, Yonko stood a moment. From here now he could see all of Sabinka, the village, the lake, the forest, the stretch of road. All seemed quietly at rest, drowsing peacefully in the late afternoon sun. But for Yonko there was no peace, no rest.

He entered the grove. It was very much like a house. The white birches were curiously arranged in a circle, as if planted so, deliberately. The sky overhead was the roof, and ferns and tall grasses lay in a tangle over the ground. Through the leaves the sun trickled in small thin spots. A long bench about a foot from the ground stood to one side. Yonko and Varvarka had built it long ago.

YONKO sat down. This place was not changed much in the four years, he thought, except that the bench had grown so low that he had to sit with his legs stretched in front of him. He swished the grass back and forth with his stick. Again he wondered if Varvarka would come. All at once he remembered Pavial, "the cub with the blond beard," and a strange tumult rose in his breast.

"Ach," he thought, "could she not have been true?" Was it too much to expect? She was shallow! Now he felt certain she would not remember. The cub will come and entertain her. All women were the same, shallow and forgetful. Then a rustle came from a bush outside of the trees. A twig snapped, and Varvarka entered the grove and stood, a flash of scarlet against the white birches. And Yonko stared at her with admiration in spite of himself. The relief he felt at her coming loosened his tongue and softened his face. He took off his *shopka* and threw it on the ground beside him.

"Come, sit down, Varvarka," he said. "Come sit down, and I'll tell you."

She came shyly and sat down.

"You see, Varvarka," he said earnestly, "you don't know how different life is in the city, how agreeable it is."

Her eyes, deeply earnest, were on his face, her hands were folded in her lap.

"You can't conceive, Varvarka, how different. Take, for instance, an evening. You hear? You go to a *tractier* with a friend or two. A *tractier*, Varvarka, is a place where you drink *chie:* or, some drink vodka. You sit at a little table and you order a portion of *chie*."

"*Chie?*" Varvarka broke in, surprized. "Why, I saw a *stakon chie* at the home of our own Jewess, Deborah, the other day. You remember her? I went in to buy a yard of white muslin and I saw it. The table was spread with a white cloth and there was a *stakon chie* with a saucer under it."

"Yes, yes," he said, trying to be patient with her interruption and her details. "Yes, Jews too drink *chie*. They have expensive habits, like lords or city people. But this is different, Varvarka. You are a *baba*, and you don't understand. It is quite different, I tell you. You hear? This is a big room arranged with little tables, and people sit around and drink *chie*. An organ is playing, and you sit with your friends as tho it were a holiday. And the spoons tinkle against the glasses as you stir. The tea is clear, and the fine glass is very pleasant to your lips. You smell the aroma of the tea, and you sit leisurely and sip and talk."

He was silent a moment, still swishing among the grasses and looking on the ground. His pockmarked face was flushed. Varvarka, too, was impressed. "And on a Sunday," he went on after a moment, "on a Sunday morning it is pleasant too. The streets are clean and quiet. The pavement is of stone, Varvarka, not much like here. It is of stone, and it is clean. No one is hurrying to work, but many people are walking leisurely to *tzerkva*. And you can hear your boots squeak as you walk. And the church bells toll in every direction until the whole city resounds."

Varvarka's face too was flushed, her wide, dark eyes on his face. He observed her triumphantly.

"There!" he said, "you conceive now for yourself, Varvarka, how it is!"

She shook her head slightly as if to shake off the interest she felt and glanced through the trees. The dazzling afternoon was turning into a brilliant red sunset, bathing the hills and dales of Sabinka. From the road the tramp, tramp of many feet came, a muffled push and huddling of cattle, and the herdsman's fife.

"It is interesting, Yonko," she said. "But here, too——"

"Listen!" he stopped her hastily. "You have not yet heard all. It is not only the tea, Varvarka. Listen to me. I told you—or didn't I?—that of the people who sit about the tables in the *tractier* many are students, who know a great deal from books. And they talk." He turned to her with deep earnestness. "You know, Varvarka, what I have heard, that every man has a right to his own happiness."

"Every man?" she repeated slowly, thoughtfully. "Yes," he said emphatically, "every man."

SUDDENLY her deep brown eyes lit up. "Yes, I know," she said brightly. "I—that is—my——"

"No, no!" he interrupted her, fearing that she was getting the wrong meaning. "Every man, I said. That life is not for a woman. Imagine, Varvarka, you or my mother going forth in search of happiness—no—no! So, Varvarka," he continued, "the students would talk over their tea. Every man has a right to his own life, his own happiness. And you can be certain they know what they are talking about. They learn it from books."

Varvarka had listened to him patiently. "This is what I was going to say," she said, her eyes turning to the fields. "That my *Batushka* is happy—because he loves his fields. It is not where you are, I think, Yonko," she said gravely, hesitatingly; "it is—if you love something, some one. That gives you happiness. It gives you pain too. It is like the earth, Yonko; like there through the trees—lights and shadows."

His face grew sullen again. He felt injured that she had led him away from himself.

"Your *Batushka*," he said, "that is different. I—I knew you would not understand. You—you are a woman."

Her face flushed. Her nostrils quivered. But her lips closed tightly. Yonko picked up his cap and twirled it between his hands. Both were silent for a minute.

"You are always quoting your *Batushka*," he said.

"And you are always telling me that I am a *baba* and that I don't understand." She rose quickly and left the grove, and he followed her. They both swung down the hill in silence, neither looking at the other. In the road they stopped. Her anger was gone, but his jaw was still set.

"Varvarka," he said, crushing the cap in his hand and not looking at her, "will you come to the grove after *vecherka?*"

She looked at him in surprize. "Why, it will be dark, Yonko."

"No, it won't," he said eagerly. "See, there is the moon."

The moon in fact hung right over the clump of trees they had just left. "It will be light, Varvarka. Will you come?" he almost begged. Walking down the hill, he had conceived an idea. His face was deeply flushed and excited.

"Will you come? I may never ask you a favor again."

She gazed at him, troubled. "Your words are riddles, Yonko."

"Then promise that you will come," he begged.

"I promise." And they walked apart to their different *isbas*.

VARVARKA was already in the enclosure of birches when he came. She was at the farther end, leaning against a tree, her eyes on the part they used as an entrance. The full moon was right overhead, but it was still faint. It was, however, light enough even now, with a pale-green twilight lingering, and the reflection of the white trees. By this light Yonko saw plainly her look of amazement as he pushed his way inside between the trees. He wore his army overcoat, flung over his shoulders, and as he pressed to enter, it slipped and disclosed a knapsack on his back.

"Yes," he said doggedly in answer to her look, turning his own eyes away from her at once, "I am going away—to the city." He stood still, and she continued to stare. He was tortured, and he began to busy himself with his knapsack. He began tightening the straps with great energy as tho he were in haste. Suddenly the thought struck him that since he had returned from the army he had not renewed his offer of marriage to Varvarka and she had not reminded him—so far. Supposing she reminded him now—any minute! He was in a panic. If she reminded him he could not possibly go in all honor. He panted at the thought. The sweat broke out on his face, and he began to joke as he fussed with the straps.

"Yes, I am going," he said lightly, and he pulled hard at a strap on his shoulder. "I am going to Odessa. You have perhaps heard the proverb, Varvarka, 'Who in Odessa has not been, that one the world has not seen.'"

But the first words that came from Varvarka disillusioned him and stung his vanity. "You—you are leaving your parents, Yonko! Do they know?"

"Yes," he said, wounded, miserable, and on the defensive. "Yes, I am leaving them. Every man has a right to his own life. What of it?"

"Do they know?" she insisted.

"No."

"They are old, Yonko."

He looked at her. The light was fast waning, and he could no longer see her face so distinctly, and her voice came quietly. He thought bitterly, "There! She is reminding me of my *Batushka*. She herself does not care. She would as soon marry Pavial."

"Your parents are old," Varvarka's voice came again. "Your fields will go into weeds."

"Let them!" he almost snarled. And to himself he thought now he knew why she had not reminded him. She did not care! She would just as soon marry Pavial as himself, or any one, to till her father's land. "Faithless!" he muttered. She had promised to marry him four years before and now she would as soon marry any peasant—Pavial with his blond beard. And all at once it seemed to him that that was why he was going—"partly why," he was forced to add, in all fairness.

He gave a last jerk to the strap over his shoulder and took his overcoat firmly on his arm. "You don't care." The words escaped him. Supposing she reminded him now of his promise. But he could not resist the words. A twig snapped in Varvarka's direction. This was the first movement she had made. Then she was still again.

"You don't care," he repeated.

In answer he heard, "I want you to have what you want, Yonko."

"What I want?" he queried.

"Yes. You—you want the city."

Perhaps Varvarka's meaning would not have been clear to any one with her reticence of words and her barely twenty years. Yet, as *Matushka* had said, she was wise beyond her age. And Yonko's stubbornness was no secret to any one. Perhaps she too understood that when he took a thing into his head he had to go through with it. "I want you to have what you want, Yonko."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

A Burden that Should Be Lifted

¶ The Editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW in his time has written numerous personal letters to Senators and Members of Congress in the interest of various measures of importance to our readers. He is wondering if some of PICTORIAL REVIEW'S friends will not now take the trouble to reciprocate by dropping just a line—a postal card will do—to their representatives at Washington, asking them to support a bill (H. R. 11,965) to reduce the excessive war-taxes levied upon publishers in the form of high postal rates.

¶ The increased rates were imposed simply as a war emergency measure, and such a tax can not be defended four years after the cessation of hostilities.

¶ Publishers really need to have this burden lifted, and our readers can improve the chances of obtaining relief by writing to their representatives. Their help will be greatly appreciated at this time.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

A real way to save

You can cut down your food bills considerably by serving Campbell's Beans often as the main dish of the meal. They are hearty and splendidly nourishing. With their delightful tomato sauce, they are so appetizing a dish that the family will always welcome them. Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked, digestible and all ready to serve!

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE VOICE OF THE SOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

To him, however, there was no doubt as to the meaning.

"There, how cleverly she gets out of it!" he thought. "Ach, she is clever and she is sweet too. It would be sweet to have her, but——"

Presently he heard her weeping under her breath. It shook him, and he went and stood over her.

"Varvarka," he said, forgetting all else for a minute except that he was leaving her, that she had been his little *tovarish* ever since he could remember, "I can't take you, Varvarka. Upon my word I can't. The city is not for a woman. I can't."

Her outbreak was momentary. "I would not go to the city," she said, and he could discern that she stood very erect. And his mood changed in a moment. He laughed bitterly.

"Very well! You don't care," he mumbled and, bending, he peered into her face. "Well, why are you silent?" he demanded.

She coughed a little, then answered clearly, "Go, in God's name, Yonko!"

"She does not care." He choked over the words. For himself their childhood and youth rushed upon him again, meeting at the lake, meeting at the birches. They would race to it from his or her home to see who would reach there first. She had run as fast as he, her braids bobbing, her skirt flopping about her bare knees. Once, he remembered, she stumbled and hurt her foot. She must have been ten then and he fifteen. He had to carry her home across the pasture. She had wound her little arms about his neck. "I love you, Yonko," she had said, looking into his face with her earnest eyes. What was it he had said? Yes, he remembered. "You weigh nothing at all, Varvarka. I can carry you to the end of the earth." And she had laughed, her little mouth against his cheek, murmuring again, "I love you, Yonko." Then she had told him.

But now— And the madness came upon him to know, to hear her say it. Did she or did she not care? His body ached and quivered. He wanted to ask her, to make her say it. Then as quickly the feelings of the past week rushed upon him, the resentment of this life, of the earth, the desire for the city, the easy life out there, the tinkle of glasses, the music, the laughter. Ach, no! It was the city that he wanted. But Varvarka! Oh, it would be sweet to have her. And he bent and crushed her slender shoulders in his hands, and pressed his face to hers, to her hair, to the cornflower in the kerchief, wilted, and the more fragrant because it was wilted.

"Varvarka!" he murmured thickly, weak with pain and passion. "Varvarka!" And he turned and stumbled out of the enclosure and down the hill toward the road.

The moon shone clear now and it was very still. He stopped at the foot of the hill and looked back and saw Varvarka standing there, outlined against the darker clump of trees in her white linen. And he started up again a few steps. He would go back for just a moment. "Fool, fool!" something cried within him. "She might still remind you of your promise. You may not be able to get away. It is the city that you want!" Yes, it was the city that he wanted, the easy life out there, the freedom. Ach, already he felt free and light-hearted. Every man to his own life, to his own happiness.

"Farewell, Varvarka," he mumbled. "Farewell, *Batushka* and little mother." He looked in the direction of the *isba*. A light was gleaming there. "Farewell." Then he turned quickly to face the road.

IT WAS the time of the season, five years later, when the sun poured down white, baking the city streets and the earth. In the country it was the harvest season, and the peasants literally lived in the fields, toiling from daybreak till night came to cool the earth and bring them rest. And their faces were dusky, and their hair was light, and in their eyes was the glint of the ripe wheat and the dazzling sky.

In the city of Odessa the streets lay hot and still. The houses looked deserted, with the shades drawn. Those of the people who could had long fled to the seasides and Summer resorts. Of the rest, many arranged their affairs to be indoors just now, noon, the hottest part of the day.

Through one of the streets a wagon laden with sacks of wheat went bumping heavily over the cobblestones. Beside the wagon a man ran in his bare feet. His tattered blue shirt fell away from his chest. The sleeves were torn away from the arms. His pockmarked face was steaming with heat; his eyes swam in perspiration.

"Hurry!" he urged the horse. And he ran and panted, and ate from a huge chunk of black bread, which he held, together with his whip, in one hand, and a piece of Bologna in the other. But he did not seem aware that he was eating. Big drops of perspiration rolled down his neck and stood out on his chest, and the hot stones scorched his feet. "Hurry!" He figured that if he hastened he could perhaps deliver three loads of wheat which he had to carry from the warehouse at one end of the city to the ship at the other for exportation. He could, perhaps, deliver three loads instead of two and earn a ruble and a half. It was the devil's own distance, he thought, from the warehouse to the ship. Half a ruble a load, a ruble a day in the height of the season, and in the Winter the docks are frozen still.

"Hurry!" He looked up the street at the still houses with the shades drawn, and the pavement. How his eyes burned! There was no relief anywhere. From the pavement the heat rose in little white flames. He blinked his eyes and wiped them out with the back of his hand. How they ached, ached to the back of his head, as they had once ached at the vast snows in Sabinka! Yonko's mouth quivered at the thought of Sabinka, and he bit his lips to still the quivering. Again he scanned the street. No one was in sight. And he sprang upon the loaded wagon. The soles of his feet felt scorched.

But suddenly, as if risen from the ground, a *gardovoi*, who had perhaps been finding shelter in some building, stood on the walk, and his whistle cut the air.

"Ach, moujik," he cried, recognizing at once a peasant in Yonko, "*Dubena!** Don't you know the law?" He touched his sword. "Don't you know? Get off!"

AND Yonko sprang back to the burning pavement. "I know," he said derisively when he had passed beyond the hearing of the *gardovoi*. "I know the law. Do not ride on a loaded wagon. Have pity on the dumb beast. I know." And he started to trot, lifting his feet high from the pavement, but had to stop. The wagon lumbered on slowly, and he had to keep up with the horse. He ground his teeth together, and the veins stood out on his forehead and neck. His hands clenched, and the muscles of his arm moved like knots of iron. "I know," he cried, and laughter burst from him, deep, uncontrollable laughter that rang strangely through the still, hot street.

Then as suddenly he quieted down.

YONKO was the same and yet different. His blue eyes were quieter, clearer, the kind of clearness that sometimes comes when the body has washed in sweat and toil and pain. The mouth, too, was less stern. The forehead alone still knotted stubbornly.

"I know, *Batushka*," he continued his thought. "There is a law against mistreating the dumb beast. But men! There are so many!" His face raised in awe. "So many—like drops in the great Volga, like sand on its beaches—more than horses."

He looked at the mare.

"IF MY master's horse fell in the street a crowd would gather instantly. And to-morrow they would tell his story in the *Novy Mir*. And the students would read it aloud in the *tractier* and pity the poor beast who fell in the street of the heat. But men!" This time he merely smiled, touched the horse with his whip, and trotted on beside him.

A youth with a note-book in his hand met Yonko at the dock. "You are early," he said. "Where are the rest of the wagons?"

"Far behind, master," said Yonko. "It is devilish far. But I—well, I can do the work of three men."

"You are a giant." The youth observed Yonko admiringly.

"Do you think, young master, I can deliver two more loads?" He stood, his arms on his hips akimbo, his face dripping wet.

"Try," said the boy.

Yonko still stood there. "It is a shame," he finally muttered. "A ruble a day in the height of the season, and in the Winter the docks are frozen still."

"Is it my fault? Have I made the distance?" the boy queried.

"No, master. But you made the price."

"Look here, Yonko!" The boy flushed angrily. "Do you want to work or not? I can have all the peasants I want."

"Yes, I want work," he muttered sullenly. "I want work."

The youth softened. "Then work. And here, Yonko, are some copecks. Go drink."

But Yonko pushed the hand away with his great big fist. His mouth shut and he went to his wagon.

The boy shrugged. "What the devil is the matter with that peasant?"

At his wagon Yonko at once turned into a machine, a whirlwind. Catching up the sacks, he climbed the steep gangplank, bending under each load of two hundred pounds. As the ship became loaded it would gradually lower into the water. But now it rocked on the water with the lightness of an egg-shell, and climbing the plank was like climbing a straight pole, it was so steep. And presently Yonko's blue shirt dripped water. So he took it off, flung it aside, and worked without it. Looking neither to right nor to left, he walked to and from the wagon and climbed the plank, doubled under each sack of wheat, a heaving, panting mass of flesh, red, dripping. The eyes alone were clear. They looked like two blue lights in his red, blistering face.

Once as he climbed his eyes chanced to look down and he saw a strange creature reflected, looking up at him from the water. The thing was bent under a big burden, which it held onto its own back. Yonko stood still and looked at it. Half naked, with dripping body and disheveled head, it was strange and disgusting. Suddenly anger shot into his own eyes, burning anger, fury, rebellion. And he saw the creature heave and pant, and loosen the hold of its burden. It began to slip from its back. The body raised slightly. Simultaneously on the ship a bit of song broke out, hoarse, like the clink of chains—and as suddenly it ceased, and the creature, looking up at Yonko, was again passive. It jerked its burden onto its back firmly. And Yonko, continuing up the plank, laughed mockingly, "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Yonko's second load did not reach the *parachud* until dusk. So he had after all not been able to deliver more than two wagons.

SEVEN o'clock found him, dressed in boots and clean *ruboshka*, in a *tractier* in one of the darker streets. It was filled with all sorts and conditions of folk—peasants, students, shabby philosophers, dilettanti, shady characters whose trade was unknown, or known only too well. The big room was filled with noise and talk and laughter. Glasses tinkled, an organ was playing. Now and then its deep notes rose above the noise and clatter. Then for a moment it was drowned in instant babble, in song and quarrel, a shriek of laughter, a peasant weeping, babbling piteously, his head touched by vodka, his heart by the music.

Yonko sat at a table over a portion of *chie* and watched a quarrel spring up between a couple two tables away. The man at a glance showed the individual living on the dregs of humanity. The woman with him suggested perhaps the dregs lived upon. Yonko knew her. The quarrel suddenly blazed high. Yonko watched intensely.

The man caught the woman's wrist. A smart whack sounded. A stool crashed to the floor. The two figures sprang up. The woman wrenched at her hand.

Yonko stopped stirring his tea. "Leave her alone!" he growled loud enough to be heard by the two.

The man glanced at Yonko. "What is it to you?" he snarled. He was thin, with bulging eyes, and sunken-in yellow cheeks. His teeth were rotten, with rotten living. "What is it to you? Is she your sweetheart?"

"No."

"Then mind your affairs."

"She does not want your—your love-making," said Yonko.

The man laughed. "Fool peasant! What do you know what a woman wants? Go home and beat your wife." He jerked the girl forward.

Yonko left his seat and went to the table with slow, deliberate steps. He pushed up his sleeve and held his fist before the man's eyes. "For your own good, brother mine, examine this fist." The arm was a sledge-hammer of bronzed iron.

The man glared at it, at Yonko, at the girl, and threw her from him menacingly. "You will pay for this, Madonna!" He gritted his teeth and walked away.

YONKO went back to his seat, and the girl, after an instant of hesitation, brought her glass to his table. Neither spoke nor looked at the other for some moments. Yonko stirred his tea and kept his eyes on the glass. The girl sipped hers slowly from the spoon.

Madonna was pretty, or at least one side of her face was pretty. She had dark shining hair, bobbed, and the side of her face nearest to Yonko was fine and delicate. The other side was sunken in by a deep cut. The lips were pitifully reddened, and the face as a whole showed that there were not many illusions left. Yet something about her suggested that after all she had been merely an onlooker, not a participant. It was in her eyes, large, gray, kindly, with a look of detachment, rather sad eyes. When she looked at one it was not hard to guess how she came by the name Madonna.

She glanced at Yonko after a short while. "You have always been good to me, Yonko," she said. Hers was no dialect, but pure, cultivated Russian.

Yonko's sternness deepened, and he moved uneasily at the word of praise.

Madonna leaned on the table and closed her hands about the thin warm glass. "You must have loved her, Yonko, loved her well."

Yonko glared at Madonna, startled.

"Whom? How do you know?" he demanded, stopping his stirring of the tea.

"I don't know. I am guessing."

"And what if I have?" he scowled.

"Nothing. She must have been very good, because you are—so good to other women."

He looked at his tea again, and was dumb. But his face relaxed slightly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

*Mallet of oak.

THOUGHTS

BY W. M. LETTS

WHY should I write to you, my dear, why write,
When all my thoughts wing to you every night
Like homing birds? Among your poplar's leaves
Have you not heard them singing? In the eaves
Have you not seen them settling to their nest,
Content that you were near, hushed safe and blessed?
Each sunset speeds them on their happy flight—
Why should I write?

Why should I write to you? When starlight wanes
My thoughts beat wings against your window-panes,
And when high noon makes all your garden glow
They circle round your home on pinion slow.
A letter is a halting slave to these
Who bear my love, my hopes, my memories.
O, you would see them had you keener sight—
Why should I write?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

If you could read his mind—would you find there only pleasure and satisfaction?

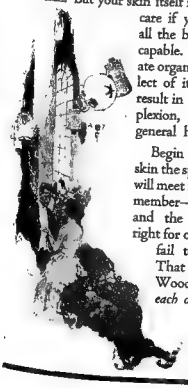
His unspoken thoughts when he looks into your face —*what are they?*

DOES he think only pleasant, flattering things? Or does some fleeting dissatisfaction—some critical little reservation—underlie his thoughts of you?

Don't allow your skin to be the subject of even momentary criticism. Any girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right care you can make this new skin what you will.

Simple rules for the care of your skin

Sleep—fresh air—the right food—all these will contribute to a healthy condition of your skin. But your skin itself must be given special care if you want it to have all the beauty of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.



Begin today to give your skin the special treatment that will meet its special needs. Remember—skins differ widely, and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. That is why the famous Woodbury treatments for *each different type of skin* have been formulated. Two of these famous treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin are contained in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—see what a difference in your complexion just a week or ten days of the right treatment will make.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 310 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Use this treatment for a very sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

A skin that is subject to blemishes should be given this special treatment

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Copyright 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Making Your Hair Improve Your Looks

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy lather as directed, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

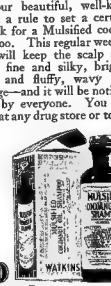
You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Digitized by Google

THE VOICE OF THE SOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Madonna spoke again after a moment. "Tell me, Yonko, have you ever heard from your people in the village? You told me once that you sent them money."

"I have sent them money again. But I have never heard from them. They can't write, and I can't write. *Batushka* and the little mother, too, must be dead, and—Varvarka——"

"So her name was Varvarka." Madonna smiled. "Tell me about her, Yonko. What became of her?"

"What should have become of her?" he muttered. "What becomes of all women? She married."

"Do all women marry, Yonko?" she asked. "But tell me, was she pretty?"

He was silent, then he looked at her. "She was not like you, Madonna. She was tall, and strong, and—her hair and her eyes were—like—like the lovely earth—like the earth that she loved." His face was flushed, and his breathing became so still.

"How do you know she married?" Madonna asked.

"Well, she was the only child. Her *Batushka* was old, even then. By now he is probably dead. And Varvarka married. She loved the land. She worked in the fields like a young man. But she would not be able to cultivate it alone. And besides——"

"And besides what, Yonko?"

"There was a cub with a blond beard." Yonko finished with an air of disgust.

Madonna laughed, then seriously again asked, "Didn't she care for you, Yonko?"

"I don't know," he muttered. "Before I went to the army she was then sixteen and I twenty-one—it was understood that we would marry. We had always been together as children. She was my little *tovarish*. But when I returned from service I could not bear it there, the old life. So I decided to go to the city."

"And did not Varvarka care; did she not want you to stay?"

"She didn't urge me to stay." He laughed bitterly. "She reminded me that my *Batushka* was old, that our fields would go into weeds. But for herself—I want you," she had said, "to have what you want, Yonko. Go in God's name." His jaws snapped together, and he stirred his tea vehemently around and around.

MADONNA looked mystified and sat silently, smoothing the glass up and down between her hands. "But what did you come to the city for, Yonko? Did you like it here?"

His lips twisted in a peculiar smile. "Did I like it here?" he repeated, then held out his hands. "Look, Madonna." Look," he said; his blue eyes narrowed, his jaws set, and the cleft in his chin looked more than ever like a deep cut. Slowly, they have crumbled stone. They have twisted iron. I have the strength of three men, and I have not lacked work. They take the strength from me as they do from a horse, and care for me less. They throw me a few copecks for food, to numb my brain, to keep me satisfied."

"But what did you come for, Yonko?"

"What everybody comes for. I was a fool!" He sat stirring his tea.

"Have you ever thought of going back, Yonko?"

For an instant his face softened. Then the old look of stubbornness settled on the forehead. "Go back, with empty hands, to weeds, to be laughed at by the villagers!"

"But you won't go back with empty hands, Yonko. You have learned a great deal here."

He was silent at this, his face turned from her.

"Tell me, Yonko, about your village. Is it pretty?"

"It is pretty," he said, his face softening at once. "It has a lake, and to-day, on a day like this, the sun plays all day long upon the water and it is very blue."

"And the women are bleaching their linens at the lake," Madonna said.

"No, not now." His forehead cleared. "Not now, Madonna. And he turned to her again. "You are from the city and you don't know. The bleaching is done in the Spring. Now the harvest has begun."

He pushed away from him his cold, untasted tea. "Listen," he said eagerly, his tones deep and soft. "The sky now is very blue. The fields are yellow with the ripe wheat, and the village is abandoned to the aged folk and the little children. The rest live in the fields. Can you see them, Madonna, scattered over the land? The scythes flash in the sun and the air is filled with music—sha-sha—sha-sha of the knives sharpening in unison. Here is one lonely one by itself—sha-sha. Here men pile the sheaves into great wagons. The horses strain with their loads. The dogs bark excitedly. Here a woman crosses a gleaned field. There a cradle hangs from a green branch. A man raises a jug of water to his lips. Can you see it, Madonna? Can you see it?" His eyes pleaded with her, he was so completely carried away.

"At noon, Madonna, they lay a bonfire. The fire is pale, so bright is the sun. The reapers sit around the fire and roast the pork. And they laugh and talk and eat. Their faces are very brown, and their eyes glint with the blue brightness of the sky."

He leaned on the table, his fist gripped the opposite edge, his chest heaved.

"And when night falls, Madonna, they start for home. A pale moon is on the road. The wagons creak ahead slowly, and our peasants follow with the scythes over their shoulders and the sleeping infants in their arms. Listen. They are singing the harvest song. Listen." A few low, deep notes broke from his throat.

His head sank into his arm. His body shook with sobs. And in the *tractier* the music played, the glasses tinkled, and the people laughed and talked.

Madonna touched his sleeve after some moments. Her face was wet with tears. "Go back, Yonko," she said. "You love the fields. Go back and you will forget this—rotten life—and—Yonko," her hand pressed down more firmly on his arm, "I am not certain that Varvarka is married. I am not at all certain."

TWO days later Yonko was on a wide road. It was noon. The city was behind him, and ahead the road stretched white and hot. He walked through the dust in his bare feet. His boots were strung across one shoulder together with his knapsack. An old cap with a long beak shaded his eyes. And as if he wanted at once to "forget" the "rotten life" he traded his city clothes with the first moujik he met for a coarse linen peasant shirt. In the next village he gave away his boots, and, turning off the road, he entered a thick green wood. He stripped some birch-bark with his penknife and sat down near a stream to make a pair of sandals. He dipped the strips of bark into the water for pliancy, and sat there, braiding the sandals and whistling softly.

At noon he ate sparingly of some black bread and cold pork. Then he drank from the stream. When the sun went about he continued on his journey in his new sandals.

One morning several days later he was out of food. Near noon he came to a field where men were making hay, and he offered his afternoon's work for some bread and *qwass*. After he ate the men gave him a long scythe. He took hold of the handle clumsily. It made his heart beat rapidly to hold it. Slowly, uncertainly, he took a few short strokes, then sharpened his scythe. The flash of it in the sun dazzled him. His strokes widened, grew more certain. Presently his arms circled the full length, and the thick, fine grass fell at his feet, filling the air with its sweet odor Yonko glanced about at the wide fields. His nostrils expanded to breathe. His heart beat to suffocation with happiness.

In the evening he pressed on again on his journey. He was still two days or more from Sabinka.

Night had fallen when he reached its outskirts. The reapers had just departed. He could hear them ahead. He was on the road where five years earlier he and Varvarka had gone that Sunday morning. Memories of that day pressed upon him, of *Batushka*, of the little mother, of Varvarka, and his throat felt as if it would burst. Presently he was opposite the very field where Varvarka had worked that morning, in her hands the stalks of the wheat and the flowers. The field was gleaned now, he saw, tho faintly. There was a moon, but it shone through a haze. He could see plainly enough the stubby ground. He bent down and felt it, and drew in his breath. The stubs were still soft and full of life. It had been gleaned lately, then, perhaps that very day. Then he scanned the great stretches on each side of the road. On the opposite side was his own acre somewhere.

Walking along peeringly, he came upon a darker patch standing out among the rest.

Its denseness showed that the grass stood high. Yes, that was where his piece was located. It was his—gone to weeds. And he stood dumbly. Then it quickly occurred to him that even so *Batushka* and the little mother might be living. Still they might be living. They could not do much, and they would naturally let this acre go. He trudged on wearily.

He had walked hard these last two days to reach Sabinka. His back ached with the knapsack and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A cream to give your skin a special freshness

and really hold the powder

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will give it that clear fresh look in an instant

SOMETHING to make the skin look its best at a moment's notice. Every woman wants to know about it.

Something that will actually make your skin feel and *look* softer and smoother the moment you apply it.

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will do this instantly. This cream is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream—made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect on the skin and by a formula that combines these ingredients in such a way that the cream is absorbed immediately.

Always before you go out or whenever you want to appear especially well, smooth on a little of this light cream. You will notice the moment you apply it to your cheeks what a freshened feeling it gives you. That tired look disappears and your skin looks clear—it will feel firm and rested.

It is indispensable for evening use as it makes your skin look its best immediately.

How many times, especially when you were dancing, you have wished your face would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on!

Powder put directly on the skin does not stay. Too much of it clings in spots. Some of it catches on little rough places and soon flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if you had not powdered. This roughness of the skin's surface is often so slight that you cannot see it, but it is enough to prevent the powder going on smoothly.

How to make the powder stay on longer

Try powdering after you have used Pond's Vanishing Cream—the soft velvety surface it gives your skin forms the ideal powder base. The cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil. You will find that the powder goes on evenly, giving your skin a natural transparent tone, and that it will stay on for hours.

No one cream, however, can contain all the properties necessary to keep your skin in perfect condition. For thorough cleansing you need a cream with an oily base, the very property that is impossible in a vanishing cream. Pond's *Cold* Cream has just the necessary amount of oil. The column at the right will tell you how it completes the care of your skin.

Use both these creams every day. Both are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores or promote the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes of convenient sizes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

A totally different cream for thorough cleansing

Unless your skin is kept thoroughly clean it will become dull or muddy looking. Dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores—too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Every day your pores collect this dirt. When you take a dusty railroad or motor trip they collect more than usual. To remove every trace of dirt and grime you must use a good cold cream with *just the necessary amount of oil*—Pond's Cold Cream. This delicate cream is very light to the touch, it is snowy-white—no greasy smell—altogether delightful to use.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty trip, smooth this cream into your face. It will work its way into your pores and out again, bringing every bit of dirt with it. Then wipe your face gently with a soft cloth—you will be astonished at the grime and realize what a thorough cleansing this cream has given you.

Pond's Cold Cream was designed not only to cleanse thoroughly but to keep your skin supple. It is when skin ceases to be supple that wrinkles form. The oil in this cream lubricates your skin and keeps it firm so that wrinkles do not form.

Be careful never to use a cream with too much oil, for such creams clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff stretch them. Pond's Cold Cream has just the right amount of oil to stimulate your skin and keep it looking youthful.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
122 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE MASQUERADE

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

1—"I wonder if that Pirate Bold
Is really trying to flirt with me;
They're desp'rate men, so I've been told,
Which shows how careful I must be."

3—With every one of this quartet
The dancing lady's such a hit;
She hasn't made her mind up yet
If the Caveman or Bill Hart is "it."

2—"I wish those kids were out of this—
Have they come here all night to camp?
With them around how can I kiss
That cute and pretty little vamp?"

4—The Clown and Hamlet both delight
In teasing Big Chief Cock-a-Heap.
He's mad enough to turn and fight
If he was *sure* the cop's asleep.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Discovery Restores Color to Gray Hair

SCIENCE has discovered why hair turns gray! It is not only because of advanced age, as so many seem to think. A wonderful discovery proves that if it weren't for the fact that certain cells in the hair roots become affected, the hair would retain its natural color.

The hair derives its color (black, blond, brown, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter, or pigment, in tiny cells at the root of the hair. Through the natural process of pigmentation this coloring matter is sent up into the hair. But when shock, sorrow, ill-health or other causes interfere with this natural process, pigmentation ceases. No coloring matter is sent up into the hair, and it blanches—or becomes gray.

Science has been directing its energies towards finding a way to restore the natural color—*and has succeeded!* An amazing new scientific discovery has been made through which the full lustre and beauty of your natural color is quickly restored.

This is an exact illustration of a gray hair, magnified many hundreds of times. A indicates the hair shaft which springs from the follicle E. The pigment that supplies the hair with color is given off at the tip of the papilla H.

Although gray hair is not always a sign of advancing age, it cannot help but make you look older. Restore the natural color of your hair and face on a new youthful appearance. Science has found the safe, natural way to restore the original color.

And Now—Goodbye to Gray Hair!

Gray hair is not really "gray" hair at all—but *hair without color!* The grayness simply indicates an absence of pigment in the cells. Therefore, if your hair is gray, it has *blanched*. This means that its root sheathes have become dry; that its pigment cells have ceased to function.

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, restores the colorless hair to its true, original shade. It does not discolor the hair—it re-colors it through a simple process.

Tru-Tone is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant and simple to use—none of the muss and trouble of an ordinary color restorer. It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown blond or auburn — Tru-Tone works equally well, making the hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is — Tru-Tone will restore it, and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

In other words —*gray hair is simply hair without color.*

Science has discovered further that when only one single pigment cell begins to fail, it is only a question of time before every one of them will fail to function, as pigment cells have a tendency to affect the other cells surrounding them. One gray hair is an indication that the particular cell in which this hair is rooted has failed to function properly, and that shortly the remaining cells will become affected.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair, but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time.

Our $10,000 Guarantee

So confident is Domino House of its wonderful discovery that the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia has been asked to back its guarantee. A deposit of $10,000.00 has been placed with this bank to protect every user of Tru-Tone. It simply must restore the color to your hair—or it costs you nothing. Every man and woman with gray hair, or hair that is beginning to turn gray, is urged to try this remarkable discovery at once.

Our Special Offer to You

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very unusual special offer.

If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money just the coupon. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; this marvelous discovery restores the hair to its own, natural color.

ONLY $1.45

If You Act At Once

When the postmaster delivers Tru-Tone to your door, when the bottle of this amazing liquid is in your hands, give him only $1.45 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test of Tru-Tone you are not delighted with the results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Mail This Coupon *Now!*

Don't delay. Take advantage of this unusual special offer. Let us send you your bottle of Tru-Tone at once. Clip the coupon and mail it now before you forget. A postcard will do if you prefer it.

Bear in mind that this is a special introductory offer, and that the test of Tru-Tone need cost you nothing if you are absolutely not delighted with results in every way. Your bottle of Tru-Tone will come to you direct from the laboratories, freshly compounded, and in a plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents. Don't put it off—mail this coupon at once. Domino House, Dept T-1510, 269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. T-1510,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

If you wish, you may send money with coupon (Price outside U. S. $1.60 cash with order)

Digitized by Google

What is Time Doing to Your Skin?

DON'T you wonder sometimes how you will look ten years from now—if your complexion will retain its youthful radiance and natural glow of health?

The answer rests largely with you. Every day your skin is changing. *What are you doing to safeguard it?*

Let Resinol Soap solve your problem. If time has already left its first trace, and your complexion is becoming blotchy, sallow, rough or coarse—don't be discouraged,—now is the time to prove the worth of this delightful toilet soap.

Look in the mirror after the first treatment with Resinol Soap —see how visible the improvement is! Roughness and sallowness gone, and in their place the glow of returning skin health.

You feel at once that here is a soap whose regular use helps to overcome skin defects and preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

Resinol Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Its satisfying Resinol fragrance makes it a favorite.

WHY NOT LET US SEND YOU A FREE SAMPLE? A postal will do. Address Dept. 8-J, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

RESINOL SOAP
Resinol Chemical Co.

HOW ABOUT THE WOMAN'S BLOC?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

ancient glue-pot track backward. All men thought once that to be different from them was to be inferior — and most women pretended to agree with them. But now, with so many men getting out of that bad habit, there is no reason why women should grant that because a woman's way of buttoning her knickers is different from a man's way of buttoning his it is, necessarily, inferior.

But if the expression, "the woman's point of view," offends, it can be eliminated here while leaving the situation exactly the same.

We rightly laugh at the old biological wee-winings about women. For biology has somersaulted, and we are coming to understand that the principal differences between men and women, apart from certain important functional ones, are due to their different occupations through the ages.

"Occupations!" My own experience in a legislative body convinced me that the wider the number of occupations, or interests, represented among lawmakers, the better balanced, on the whole, is the legislation. A Congress made up exclusively of farmers, or of lawyers, or of business men, or of college professors (each wiser than Solomon) and our last state would be worse than our present one. There should be working men in Congress as well as business men and a bloc of women to balance the financial bloc.

All of which does not mean, however, that women in Congress have an exclusive feminine rôle. Or that women's affairs can be separated from citizens' affairs.

There are no water-tight compartments between so-called "great political-economic questions," like the tariff, and human questions, child questions. No partitions, like the glass ones in aquariums against which fish of separated species sometimes bump their heads. No water-tight compartments between the justice or injustice of taxation, the relations of capital and labor, the immigration problem—and the going to school of a little nine-year-old girl in one of the beet counties of Colorado.

To be sure, very few Congressmen have found that out yet. So they go on laming their heads against imaginary partitions.

SO MUCH for the "why" of a woman's bloc—and the cement. Next comes the very practical question: How can women be nominated and elected to Congress under present political conditions?

There are many obstacles in the way.

To begin with, there are 434 obstacles in the present House of Representatives, with its 434 men and one woman.

If Miss Robertson retains her seat, then to elect twenty women to the next Congress nineteen seats must be captured from men, most of them the present incumbents.

In this connection I quote from the Hon. Alice Robertson's letter to me: "The men in the House say there ought to be a number of women like me, but I notice not one of them seems to be running around looking for some woman to take his place."

The chief duty of the average Congressman, as he sees it, is to be reelected. That is why a Congressman is so often knock-kneed. He gets that way trying to keep his ear to the different corners of ground covered by his constituents.

Another obstacle is the covert unfriendliness of party managers to women candidates—at least for high office. Men leaders in the two dominant parties bear the defeat of women on their own tickets with great stoicism. And in the bipartisan deals and trades now so common between the two machines a woman candidate is generally the first choice for sacrifice.

I recall a case in my own State, several years ago, where a fine woman candidate for a State office was plainly "traded off" by her party chieftains. And when I genially charged the State chairman with the fact, he denied any responsibility, of course, but added with high good humor, "I will say, tho, just between ourselves, there's many a funeral I haven't gone to that I've approved of."

Would it be better, then, for women aspirants to Congress to run independently?

"No," say all the women I have consulted—except those whose relations with politics are purely Platonic.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton of Ohio, vice-chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee, says in a letter that lies before me, "As I see it, women will have to be nominated and elected by party. Just now we are in a transitory state. I think it is not going to last long. Eventually parties will know women to be assets. When we have established that then we can get things done."

But that happy time when women, as party assets, will be awarded nominations to Congress, even Mrs. Upton, most delightful of party optimists, plainly indicates will not be at the next election.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS EDSON

The Hon. Alice Robertson, Republican, represents a district always, until November, 1920, classed as "hopelessly Democratic." She won her nomination in the primaries quite easily. At that time the rumblings of the Harding landslide had not reached the Second Oklahoma. The women members of the Republican Executive Committee (I dare hint in passing they did not know Miss Robertson was a more or less unconverted sinner) urged the committee to put money into her campaign. They did so.

Mrs. Katherine Philips Edson of California, one of the four women appointed by President Harding to the American Advisory Committee of the recent Limitation of Arms Conference, and a woman of wide experience, said:

"I think it will be extremely difficult to send a woman to Congress without the backing of one or the other of the two great parties. And I think I know politics well enough to know that whenever either party has a cinch the politicians will see that men get it."

THE best chance for sending women to Congress, she thinks—and she believes that chance well worth trying—is to select for the primary try-outs, in States that nominate at direct primaries, a district normally Republican, for example, where for some reason there seems to be a slight fighting chance for the opposition. Then let a temporary organization of strong women get behind a Democratic woman candidate at the primaries. A woman, not a narrow partizan, who is widely and very favorably known. A woman of recognized ability and of exceptional personal popularity. A woman, in other words, who can mass the votes of women of no party and, to a great extent, of all parties behind her on election day.

"It is even possible in such a case," added Mrs. Edson, "that the regular Democratic organization—or Republican with the case reversed—might favor her in the primaries."

The Hon. Jeannette Rankin also gives some shrewd advice as her contribution to this inquiry. When Montana elected Miss Rankin to Congress the State had two members in the House, both elected at large.

Happening to be in Montana during the campaign, I made occasion to hear Miss Rankin and was impressed with her deftness in using the fact of two Congressmen-at-Large to her advantage. A candidate on the Republican ticket, she showed how a Democratic woman might vote for her and still have one vote left to give a Congressional candidate of her own political faith. And how a man might cast one Congressional vote for a man and yet give a woman a show also.

Then, with her eyes fixed on the projected increase of the House membership from 435 to 460, Miss Rankin continues,

"So long as we have single-member districts it will be very difficult for women to be elected. If there is a change in the representation to Congress, and so a reapportionment in some States, more leaders in those States should be on the alert to have them divided into larger districts, with two or more members from a district. Then it might be possible to elect a woman from each of those districts.

"Englishwomen," adds Miss Rankin, "seem to be getting along much faster than Americans in securing the seats in Parliament."

The English situation, with three women already elected and two sitting in the House of Commons, is referred to by several correspondents who point out that the Viscountess Astor was "adopted," or nominated, by the Coalitionists in a fairly safe Coalition constituency. And that Margaret Bondfield has been "adopted" by the Labor Party in Northampton as their candidate at the next general election. That is, the party waiving their claims to the seat in her favor in a constituency where they are almost sure to win."

"A sense of political fair play is evidently less developed in American men than in English men," adds a prominent member of the League of Women Voters.

Maybe. On the other hand, perhaps American women, tho they generally grant they are cleverer, are not so intelligent, politically, as English women. They certainly are less experienced.

JUST as the inquiry was drawing to a close, along came Rose Schneiderman, president of the New York branch of the National Trades Union League, and threw a monkey-wrench into my summary.

"How about a woman's bloc in Congress?" repeated Miss Schneiderman, who was the candidate of the New York Farmer-Labor Party for United States Senator at the last election. "It all depends on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Vacuette
Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner

A vacuum cleaner that uses no electricity and costs not a penny for operation—that is the wonderful ***Vacuette*** which has freed more than 200,000 women from drudgery, and which you can have demonstrated free in your home.

The ***Vacuette*** is as easy to use as a carpet sweeper and it has no attachments for you to adjust—no wires, no cords, no plugs or other outside equipment to handle. Its work is all done with its own self-contained mechanism.

Just push the ***Vacuette*** over rugs and carpets and see them actually glow with cleanliness. Wherever the ***Vacuette*** has passed the dirt and dust are gone—drawn into the bag by the swiftly revolving brush and the powerful air suction. All this in so little time that your sweeping is done almost before you realize it.

The ***Vacuette*** makes leisure time possible by helping you to get your sweeping done more quickly than you can do it in the old fashioned ways—more easily than you could do it with a heavy, complicated machine—and at no cost. Nothing to pay for electricity.

No Electricity

When the ***Vacuette*** was announced women everywhere welcomed it as the work saving device they had so long been looking for. In thousands of homes where it has been used over and over again, it is pronounced the simplest, most practical of all vacuum cleaners. It is light, efficient, automatic.

Examine the ***Vacuette*** critically. Notice its compact form, strong construction, and wonderful simplicity of its mechanism. Nothing to get out of order, no unnecessary weight. And with all its advantages—its price is only about half what anyone would willingly pay for a really good vacuum cleaner.

Free Trial in Your Own Home

To realize what the ***Vacuette*** is and what it will do, you must see it at work and we invite you to put the ***Vacuette*** to the test—and this right in your own home.

We have local representatives everywhere. Ask the one in your locality or write to us and we will arrange for a demonstration on your own rugs and carpets. You incur no obligation. You promise only to watch the ***Vacuette*** work.

Local Salesmen Wanted

We have a large sales organization already in the field, but so great is the demand for the ***Vacuette*** that we need a few more active men to demonstrate it and to make sales direct to the user. This is an opportunity of the kind that ambitious, active men are looking for—a proposition of the kind that seldom comes to a man more than once. Write today for full information.

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY
Dept. 20
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Limited, Miller Bldg., 48 York St., Toronto

★Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

Google
Original from

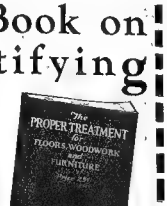
FREE—This Book on Home Beautifying

This Book contains practical suggestions on how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting. Explains how you can easily and economically refinish and keep furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum in perfect condition.

Fill out and mail this coupon for a free copy to:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P.R. 10, Racine, Wisconsin
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing. I usually employ the following:



Painter .....

His Address .....

My Name .....

My Address .....

JOHNSON'S
Paste - Liquid - Powdered
POLISHING WAX

Every room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, wood-work, floors and linoleum, and give your home an air of immaculate cleanliness. Johnson's Polishing Wax imparts a velvety, artistic lustre of great beauty and durability. It gives a hard, dry, disinfecting polish which will not collect dust or show finger prints.

Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color and protects linoleum from wear.

Johnson's ***Liquid*** Prepared Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It imparts a clean, dry, oil-less polish to which dust and lint cannot cling. It takes the drudgery from dusting. Protects and preserves the varnish.

Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in three forms—Paste, Liquid and Powdered.

Use Johnson's ***Paste*** Wax for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble, composition, linoleum, etc.

Use Johnson's ***Liquid*** Wax for polishing furniture, pianos, phonographs, wood-work, linoleum, leather, shoes and automobiles.

Johnson's Powdered Wax makes perfect dancing floors.

For Sale at All Good Stores

Use This Coupon for a Trial Package

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R. 10, Racine, Wisconsin
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me postpaid the item checked below. I enclose 10c. to cover mailing and wrapping cost.

☐ **A Trial Can of Johnson's *Paste* Polishing Wax. (Sufficient for a small floor or piece of linoleum).**

☐ **A Trial Bottle of Johnson's *Liquid* Polishing Wax. (Sufficient for polishing several pieces of furniture).**

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Dealer's Name .....
(If you want a package of both the ***Paste*** and ***Liquid*** Wax, send 20c)

HOW ABOUT THE WOMAN'S BLOC?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

kind of women the bloc would be composed of. Their outlook on life. Reactionary women, for example, are worse as legislators than no women at all because, as women, they assume to speak in the name of women. And of course their men colleagues naturally feel that in legislation affecting women they must follow women with a mandate like that—when following suits them, anyway. Men are queer creatures."

"Yes," I murmured, "aren't they? And women, too."

At least our present system of nomination and election assures us that a woman weakling can hardly win to the Congressional goal, modeled as that system is after the savage custom of making chosen victims "run the gantlet," the favorite outdoor recreation of aboriginal Americans.

And always, perhaps because our globe is tilted, there remains the further truth that a woman office-seeker has to be better than a man to be as good.

FALLING IN LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Such a case is that of the ambitious man who has sworn to rise high in the world. If this man marries young he may discover that his wife, through no fault of her own, is incapable of rising with him. Too early marriages have marred the lives of countless ambitious men—and of not a few ambitious women.

LET us assume that a young man is in a position to marry, and that he has reflected, not unfavorably, about the state of marriage, and that he has the ordinary facilities for encountering young women. That young man is almost certain to meet fairly soon a young woman concerning whom his first thought will be, "She is not a bad sort." We say, "He has taken a fancy to her," but the situation would be more correctly described by the words, "His fancy has been taken."

Now, here is the moment of peril. If at this moment circumstances arose which prevented him from ever seeing the girl again he would not suffer. No harm has been done. The strange little microbe is only on the surface as yet; it has not penetrated into the system; it can be brushed off. Reason and judgment are still in control of the proceedings. The young man ought to realise, and can easily realize by an effort of detachment, that he is playing with fire. He ought to realize that he may be in peril of his life, and that within the next few weeks things may have happened in his heart which will affect profoundly the whole of his career. He ought not to conduct himself lightly.

Yet few young men do in fact realize these matters. The average young man just goes carelessly on, listening to his fancy adore. He will see that girl again. He does see her again. In a couple of months, even if not betrothed, his affections may be so deeply involved that reason has ceased to be in command of the proceedings. He no longer sees the girl as she is; he sees the idealized image of her which love has created in his heart. He no longer sees the pros and cons, the tremendous and endless enterprise which we call marriage; he sees only the pros, and he sees them greatly exaggerated.

The affair of course may turn out excellently well; but if it does he is lucky—not merited. Because he has neglected the early precautions which he ought to have taken.

The reason is: that if reason is to act in a love-affair, it must act in the earliest stages, or it can not act at all. By deliberate will and intention reason can be made to act, and its operation will be invaluable.

How should reason act? At the very start, before the matches have even been brought into the chamber where the powder-barrel lies, the young man should say to himself:

"I am thinking about that girl. Before I go any further let me think seriously and widely. Her dreamily sweet charm, attractiveness of her is not serious thinking. I must stand on one side and try to see the situation as a third person would see it."

The first point for his attention is this: From the inception of any love-affair a continuous process of falsification is going on.

The girl is showing the best of herself and hiding the worst of herself. She can not help doing so. Sometimes she does it unconsciously, but as a rule she does it quite deliberately. She is anxious to please; she is anxious to be esteemed and liked—whether or not she regards the young man favorably as a suitor. He is not seeing the girl in full, and it is impossible that he should see her in full. And even the carefully selected portions of her individuality which he does see are seen by him through the rose-colored glasses of his excited fancy. The inevitable result of her is certain to experience disillusion, because he has been asking for it.

Further, the young man himself, precisely like the girl, is showing the best of himself and hiding the worst of himself. Both parties therefore are being continuously misled, and the disillusion will be mutual.

Let the young man reflect upon this, so that his enthusiasm may be duly tempered. Let him also reflect that, just as in the project of marriage he is "out" mainly for his own interests, so is the girl "out" for her own interests. Drawing-room ballads notwithstanding, love and self-interest are quite compatible. The simple realization of this unquestionable truth will help the young man to judge with more reason and less passion than otherwise he could do.

A great deal depends upon the circumstances in which the first meetings occur. If these, as often happens, are in a resort of pleasure, the difficulties of true judgment are gravely increased. A girl who is ideal at a social entertainment may be a very different girl in the eternal dailiness of marriage. (And be it ever remembered that marriage is about seventy-five per cent. humdrum, twenty per cent. troublesome complications, and a bare five per cent. festivity of one kind or another.)

The girl is excited. The young man is excited. The material available for wise judgment is very meager. The young man, however, can trust to, at any rate, three symptoms. If she is obviously a devotee of pleasure, beware, for she can not fail to be disappointed, with the usual results upon character. If she shows no thought for what he is spending with her or on her, beware, for either she is selfish or she is incapable of putting herself in his place. Thirdly, if she speaks ill of women in general, beware, for she is a woman herself. And in this connection I will add that if the young man catches himself thinking that by a most fortunate chance she is free from the characteristic feminine faults, let him rule out the notion instantly. She is not. No woman is. A woman may have these faults in a greater or less degree, but she has them, and if the young man does not discover this soon he will discover it too late. The same, naturally, is true of men. (Yes, young man; all men, including yourself, have characteristic masculine defects of character!)

If the early meetings occur in a place of business, under business conditions, the chances of a sound judgment are considerably strengthened. But the young man should see the young woman in her own home, difficult tho this often is to arrange in the preliminary stages. And if her own home is not satisfactory, let him guard against imagining that she has escaped all the faults of her family. She hasn't; and to imagine such an absurdity is a sure symptom that the young man is losing his head and his reasoning faculty about her.

In any case the young man should take measures, however awkward they may be, to see her in prosaic circumstances and circumstances which are apt to be trying for her, circumstances which ordinarily do bring to the surface the roots of the character. He can even create these circumstances himself.

AND, lastly, he should meditate upon the possibility that he is not the seeker, but the sought. He may fancy that he is about to choose the girl, whereas the fact is that the girl is about to choose him. He may conceive himself as playing the active rôle, whereas in truth he may be playing the passive rôle. The nature of men and women is such that a girl can just as easily select and mark down and capture a man as a man can select and mark down and capture a woman. Provided that a girl has a fair amount of charm and is suitably situated as regards material conditions, she can, in my firm belief, win almost any man she chooses—and this without in the least departing from the rules laid down by society for the deportment of nice girls.

There are those who will here protest, and perhaps solemnly, that in spite of my previous assurances to the contrary, I am as a fact, in the above suggestions, committing an outrage upon love, trying to make love a matter of cold calculation, and Heaven knows what else. But it is not so. I wish merely to insist on the fact that love is not uncontrollable in its first manifestations, and, second, that, while it is controllable, it ought in the interests of individual and general happiness to be controlled so far as possible by the guidance of reason.

Love is, I believe, the greatest and the finest phenomenon in human life; its influence is tremendous; nothing transcends it in importance. Why should reason and deliberate judgment be excluded from it at the very moment when they can make themselves useful? Some people seem to think that it is a grand thing to throw oneself blindly into romantic danger and to risk the welfare of a lifetime in an hour of abandonment. I do not agree.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Beauty in 30 Minutes

Amazing Domino Clay Discovery is Giving New Complexions for Old

Blemishes are lifted right away, sagging muscles are made firm again, tired lines and wrinkles are miraculously smoothed away. The whole face is given a youthful, radiant charm!

WOULDN'T you like to exchange the complexion you now have for one of clear, fresh beauty? You can — through the discovery of a remarkable new kind of clay.

Science has found that when certain elements are combined in certain proportions, the result is a smooth, cream-like clay with unusual potency. When it is applied to the face every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin, no matter how deeply imbedded in the pores, is forced to let go—is drawn out and lifted away just as though millions of tiny magnets were at work. Gently, firmly the pores are cleansed, the blackheads and blemishes are absorbed, and when the clay is removed the complexion is found to be as clear and smooth as a child's.

Is it some new kind of magic? Is there some mysterious power in this new cream-like, perfumed clay? What can it be that so quickly gives new beauty to the complexion?

How Hidden Beauty Is Unmasked

Science explains it all very simply. The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When bits of dead skin and dust clog the pores—as they do every day—the impurities cannot escape. *They remain in the pores.* Impurities form in the clogged pores, and soon the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads.

Washing, creaming and other ordinary methods cannot clear the stifled pores—cannot remove the tiny masses of accumulation beneath the surface of the skin. The true beauty of the complexion is simply covered up, buried. Before it can be brought to the surface again the blackheads and pimpleheads must be removed, the stifled pores cleared of impurities.

Domino Complexion Clay, the new scientific discovery, absorbs blackheads and pimpleheads as a blotter absorbs a drop of ink. It is applied to the face just as an ordinary cream would be applied. In a few moments it dries and hardens into a fragrant mask, and as it hardens you feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves of the stifling impurities. It is like feeling the new beauty coming!

The remarkable Clay works on every inch of the face. Not a pore can escape, not a bit of dead skin or dust can remain. As Domino Complexion Clay hardens into a mask on your face, all blemishes, skin poisons and impurities are absorbed in it—and when you remove the Clay mask, at the end of thirty minutes, a complexion of clear, fresh, radiant beauty will be found underneath!

An Introductory Offer to You

Full size jars of the new Domino Complexion Clay are being shipped to women throughout the United States, direct from the laboratories where it is freshly compounded every day. From these women—and from many men too—come letters telling of amazing results.

So elated are the discoverers with these reports that they are eager to have every one try Domino Complexion Clay, and they are making a most unusual introductory offer.

Just mail the coupon below, or a postcard if you prefer, to Domino House at once. A full-sized jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you direct from the laboratories. No money is necessary—just the coupon or a postcard.

When the jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for two months of beauty treatments, is in your hands, give the postman only $1.95 (plus postage). This is a special reduced price made for introductory purposes—Domino Complexion Clay is a regular $3.50 product.

Let Domino Complexion Clay unmask *your* hidden beauty; let it lift away the blemishes and impurities and reveal the clear, radiant beauty underneath. Send for your jar at the special reduced price at once. If you are not delighted with the results in every way, you may return it and have your money refunded. Our $10,000 bank guarantee protects you absolutely.

Mail Coupon Now—No Money

You want a beautiful complexion –every one does. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you *can* have a complexion that is smooth and clear and charming. You take no risk whatever—Domino Complexion Clay simply has to do what we say it will. It is only because we have such absolute faith in this new discovery that we make our unusual money-back offer.

ONLY $1.95 *If You Act at Once*

Don't fail to take advantage of this special reduced price offer. Mail the coupon now while you are thinking of it. See what one 30-minute application of Domino Complexion Clay will do for you. See how the blemishes disappear, how tired lines are smoothed away, how a fresh new coloring is acquired. Don't miss our introductory reduced price offer—mail the coupon *today*. A postcard will do. Domino House, Dept. 1510, 269 So. 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

Our $10,000 Guarantee
Producers and Consumers Bank
Philadelphia, Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
The proprietor of Domino House has protected this Bank in the sum of $10,000 so that we may in turn guarantee to the customers of Domino House that this firm will do exactly as they agree.
If they fail to do so, this Bank hereby agrees to return to the customers of Domino House the total amount of their purchases from them, said amount at no time to exceed in the aggregate the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars.
Yours very truly,

ASST. TREASURER

Not a Test—Read These Letters

Although Domino Complexion Clay is a new discovery, it has already been used successfully by thousands, and the following excerpts from letters are only a few of those we have on file:

I received my jar of Domino Complexion Clay, and I am very much pleased with it. My face was full of black heads, wrinkles and large pores, and there is a great improvement already. I cannot say enough for it, every woman who has facial troubles ought to give it a trial. It's wonderful!
Mrs. A. B. Scott, Geneva, New York.

I am perfectly satisfied with your Complexion Clay. It is just wonderful. I wish to be a regular customer; also my friends, as they are so surprised with the results.
Miss Rose Dunaway, Box 464, Vinton, Va.

Your Complexion Clay is just what I was looking for. My husband has also tried it. We both think it a most wonderful discovery. My friends have been noticing my complexion, and I told them they could have the same.
Mrs. R. Wilson, 542A Hancock St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Domino House Dept. 1510
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman only $1.95, plus postage, on arrival. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price I am purchasing this jar with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days, and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

(If you wish, you may send money with coupon)
(Price outside U. S., $2.10 cash with order)

Digitized by Google

Win Freedom from Drudgery with the HOOSIER

You may not realize it—but the average woman walks over two miles a day in the trying atmosphere of a stuffy kitchen. Surely this is one reason why so many women complain about the hardships of keeping house.

And it is one reason why you will see such a big difference in the way you feel, once you put the step-saving HOOSIER in your home.

The HOOSIER concentrates your work in a compact spot, equipped with the most modern labor-saving conveniences.

It enables you to work seated—at your ease. It saves miles of steps and hours of time each day. Before you know it, your kitchen work is done and you are ready for the pleasures which are now denied you.

Even backaches are banished from the HOOSIER kitchen, because HOOSIER is the one cabinet which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

How Two Million Women Proved That the HOOSIER is Their Best Kitchen Convenience

Two million women now use and endorse the HOOSIER.

Most of these women bought their cabinets on easy terms under our guarantee "Money back if not delighted." If—after they had used the HOOSIER—these women had found it less helpful than we claimed it to be, it would have been a simple thing for them to have returned their HOOSIER.

But they did not do so. Our files are literally full of letters from happy HOOSIER owners telling us that our advertisements have never begun to state all the help and happiness that is to be had from the HOOSIER. Many of them tell us that they would sooner part with any other piece of furniture in their homes than to have to give up the HOOSIER.

The HOOSIER stays sold because it is without question the most helpful convenience a woman can put in her home.

Modern Kitchens Need Hoosier Most

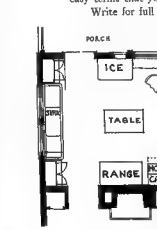
With the passing of the pantry, it is more necessary than ever that the helpful HOOSIER be used as the central work unit of the kitchen—because the sole idea of the pantryless kitchen is to reduce the work and worry of housekeeping.

A kitchen which is planned with a place for the HOOSIER requires much less storage equipment than the kitchen which attempts to get along without one. It is less expensive to build and equip, and less expensive and more pleasant to operate.

Get Your Hoosier on These Easy, Liberal Terms

Most HOOSIER dealers will gladly put the HOOSIER in your home on such easy terms that you will never miss the money.

Write for full information—and our illustrated folder.



Get the FREE Book

of kitchen plans, if you expect to build or remodel. It contains plans and pictures of model kitchens—each selected from drawings submitted in competition by 345 leading architectural draftsmen. A postal card will bring it.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
MAIN OFFICE: 1022 Pleasant Street, Newcastle, Indiana
BRANCHES: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco
504 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada
IDEAL FURNITURE POLISH: 74 Church Street, Liverpool, England

FALLING IN LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

and I doubt whether the said persons are wholly sincere. I behold them as the victims of the sentimental drawing-room ballad. Reason, I admit, can not do everything in love. No man, however young and omniscient, can completely arrange his heart's destiny by taking thought. Love can not be treated as an algebraic equation. But reason can emphatically do something—and something worth doing—to lessen the risks of a disaster, if only she is called into consultation soon enough.

SO FAR I have, at any rate in appearance, regarded the matter from the man's point of view; and in the acid judgment of ardent feminists I may have had the air of treating the wonderful preliminaries to marriage as a struggle of calculation in which the man should be encouraged to do the very best he can for himself while ignoring the claims of the woman.

Such is not my attitude. Nearly all the suggestions which I have offered for the conduct of young men I would offer with equal vehemence for the conduct of girls in this great matter of love; and, indeed, with the necessary changes of detail, they can obviously be applied with at least as much force to the woman's case as to the man's. If a man should give heed, a woman should give more heed.

Some say that modern social conditions have fundamentally changed the girl's relation to the man. They have changed it, but not fundamentally. In essentials it remains the same as it was. A girl can now earn her own living; she has freedom, including the freedom to think for herself; she is not so afraid as she used to be of becoming an old maid. She has a far larger choice of men than her ancestress, merely because she can meet more. True! But she can not earn her own living as well as a man; with all her new freedom she has not the same freedom a man; and she still has a horror of becoming an old maid, whereas men still contemplate with perfect calm the prospect of becoming old bachelors. The crucial fact is that maidens still hanker after the wedded state a great deal more than young men do. Further, there are more maids than young men.

The theory, launched in various quarters, that girls are no longer particularly interested in marriage, that they prefer their salaried work to the hard labor of housekeeping and rearing children, and that if the truth were known they would prefer not to marry—this theory does not at all accord with the daily evidence of my eyes. I am quite ready to call it a grotesque theory, invented by persons whose visual organs are in dire need of an oculist. The differences of sex survive, and are likely to continue to survive for quite some years.

Girls have immense advantages; on their own ground men can not touch them. A beautiful or charming girl, in order to be admired, has simply to *be;* a man, in order to be admired, must *do*. And the husband, in the majority of marriages, has the sole financial responsibility; the wife's responsibility in spending is less serious. On the other hand, girls have immense disadvantages. They grow old. For many of them, if not for most, this is a genuine tragedy. And the risk and the great business of producing the next generation is incomparably heavier than that of men. And also, whereas their financial independence may have been before marriage, they generally lose it after marriage. Financially, the average wife is little better than helpless.

ON THE whole I consider that the disadvantages of being a woman outweigh the advantages. I think that women, during the major part of their lives, have a somewhat harder time of it than men. I have not yet met a man who really regretted that he had not been born a woman; but I have met many and many a woman who really regretted that she had not been born a man.

Finally, marriage is always a captivity; it may be and often is delightful, unique in its satisfactoriness; but it is a captivity, and sometimes a very irksome captivity. And nearly invariably it is more of a captivity for the wife than for the husband.

Hence we arrive at the triple conclusion—that maidens desire marriage more than men do; that, being more financially superior, they have a more restricted choice than men; and that as a consequence of her financial dependence and of her liabilities as a mother, an unsuccessful marriage will bear more hardly upon the wife than upon the husband.

I maintain, therefore, that the girl has more cause even than the young man to bring her reason into play immediately and without the slightest delay when her affections begin to be engaged. I doubt whether a woman is less calculating than a man before her affections are caught, but I am quite sure that, once her affections are caught, she can be more devoted than a man, more sacrificial, and more capable of grief.

It would be absurd to attempt general advice to women about men. Tastes differ infinitely, and there are mysteries in marriage incomprehensible save to the two people chiefly concerned. No one can safely predict that a given man will not prove satisfactory to a given woman.

But one generalization may be suggested without excessive rashness. Beware of any man whom men do not like. Such men often please women; they absolutely fascinate women, they seem to mesmerize; they are adored to the point of ecstasy. But never, for long. A moment always comes when the woman learns, as a rule to her cost, that the general masculine judgment was right. There may be exceptions to this rule, but for myself I have not met one.

I would venture no other generalization. All else that can be said in this connection amounts to a vague warning against shutting the eyes and rushing forward until the heart has obtained complete control and reason has been reduced to a nonentity.

A queer false shame adversely influences the earthly relations of a man and a girl who have at the back of their minds some idea of ultimately marrying each other. And the girl usually has more of this false shame than the man. Conversations, instead of being serious, are superficial; and the exhibition of a legitimate curiosity on vital matters is genteelly avoided. The girl should acquire knowledge concerning not merely the financial status of the possible man, but about his health and about his tastes, particularly about his tastes. For she will be more at the mercy of his tastes than he of hers.

OF COURSE no social interchanges can go on without some useful information being obtained. And yet it is astonishing, it is pathetic, the small quantity of information that actually is obtained. Lots of couples enter into the most solemn compact that exists, and they know no more of each other than their respective preference in furniture and in theatrical entertainments. And even this they would not know were it not necessary to pass evenings somewhere and to buy furniture for houses and flats. I would blame the girl a little more than the young man for this mutual ignorance, because—especially in the first stages of acquaintance—the relations are directed mainly by the girl, whose wishes are by convention deferred to, and who also is more likely than the man to keep her head in any social encounter.

And now, when, for good or evil, the choice has been made, and the compact sealed, and such subjects as house-rent and suitable quarters for residence and even dates for weddings have become commonplaces of conversation, the young woman should bethink herself, conscientiously of a matter which has a greater influence upon the success or failure of marriage than anything else lying near the affections. Before he is accepted as a fiancé, the young man must put his cards on the table. He must reasonably demonstrate his ability to maintain a wife and a household in a satisfactory manner.

If he can not demonstrate this there is trouble, and he may be asked what he impudently means by expecting a girl accustomed to comfort and all the properties to entrust herself to his incompetent arms. He expects to be called upon for this demonstration, and he and his and anybody else is surprised at the insistence on the ordeal.

But supposing that, when the couple had arrived at an unspoken or spoken understanding, the young man's mother were to send for the young woman and say to her, "You want to marry my son, which means that you will have to run his house for him and bring up his children. I must request you to prove to me that you can run a house, manage servants, buy food economically, cook it attractively, make rooms attractive, be punctual," etc.

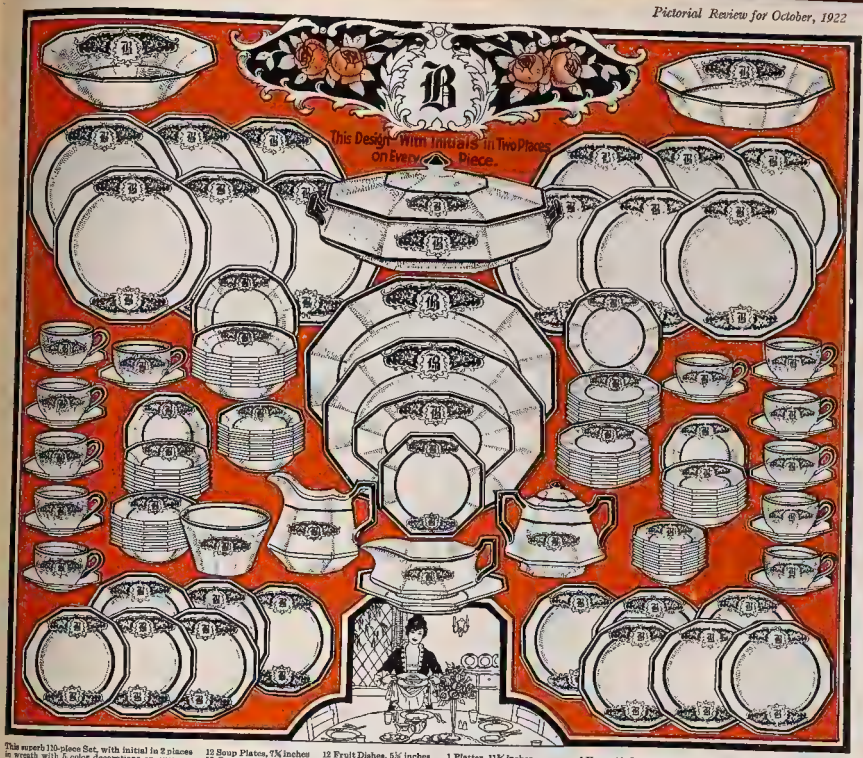
Naturally the girl would be startled.

But she would have no right to be startled. The error into which unmeaning girls fall is of expecting the man to bring various important things to the marriage while forgetting that they, too, have responsibilities to discharge and duties to fulfil in an accomplished manner. Girls are too apt to imagine that in giving their hearts they have given all that the mutual bargain of marriage demands from them. It very emphatically is not so.

Love is enormous; but love is not enough. To be wife is a profession, and a skilled and a learned profession at that. While she is engaged in loving, the young woman should also be engaged in more material and earthly affairs. And you may cry out against reason and practicality and mechanical household efficiency as much as you please—there is nothing like these for supporting and preserving love in its fight against time.

The tendency of the age is toward marriages of reason. A good tendency! But courtships of reason are equally to be desired.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places in wreath with 5 color decorations on every piece, and gold covered handles, consists of:
12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches
12 Soup Plates, 7⅞ inches
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 5½ inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¾ inches
1 Platter, 13⅜ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8⅜ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10¼ inches with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8⅜ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7¼ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

$1 Brings this 110-piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set

Hartman wants you to put this superb gold decorated, initialed Dinner Set on your own table on *free trial*. Only by actually seeing the beautiful, famous **Martha Washington pattern** can you realize how wonderful it is. Send only $1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use the dishes 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with them, return the set and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, **take nearly a year to pay** on our easy terms. Send the coupon today.

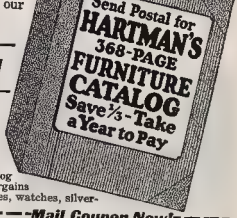
Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece—5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold

Wonderful artistic effect is given not only by the new and attractive shape of every dish, but by the rich design surrounding the initial. Your initial with these superb decorations of scrolls, leaves and roses in natural colors, put on by special fired process, appears in two places on every piece. As handsome as the enameling you see on fine jewelry.

All Handles Covered With Gold

Important! Hartman guarantees that every piece on this set is absolutely first quality—no seconds. This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for 3 years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once. No delay.

Every handle is covered with polished gold such as you see on the most costly imported dishes. The ware itself is beautiful, lustrous, snowy white, and besides the initial, floral decoration and gold covered handles, every piece has two gold border lines as a finishing touch. No other pattern to equal the famous "Martha Washington." A set you will be proud to display before your guests. Elegant, refined, artistic, and yours now at a bargain price. And all the dishes you need—110 of them—yours, first on free trial, then easy payments. Shipped on **30 days' free trial** direct from our Chicago warehouse. Shipping weight about 90 pounds. You must not miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon today.



FREE Bargain Catalog

This great free 368-page catalog gives you the most amazing bargains in **Furniture**, rugs, linoleum, stoves, watches, silverware, dishes, washing machines, sewing machines, aluminum ware, phonographs, gas engines, cream separators, etc.—all on our easy terms—30 days' Free trial on everything.

Be sure to send a postal for this big Free 368-Page Bargain Catalog today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Order by No. 324DDMA13. Bargain price, $32.85. Pay $1.00 now. Balance $3.00 monthly.

—Mail Coupon Now!—

Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 4631 **Chicago, Illinois**

I enclose $1.00. Send 110-piece Golden Martha Washington Dinner Set No. 324DDMA13. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my $1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep it, I will pay $3.00 per month until full price, $32.85, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name .....
Street Address .....
R. F. D. ..... Box No .....
Town ..... State .....
State Your Occupation ..... Color .....
Give Initial Wanted (Any One Letter) .....

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
DEPT. 4631 Copyright, 1922, by Hartman's, Chicago **CHICAGO, ILL.**

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Google

© B. B. C. Co., 1922

The NEW HALL OF FAME

OF CONCERT AND OPERATIC STARS

As acclaimed by EUROPEAN *and* AMERICAN *Critics*

The pages of musical history are constantly turning these days. The concert and operatic stages are embarked upon a new era. And world's critics have acclaimed a new Hall of Fame — great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Chamlee, Easton, Danise, Godowsky, Dux, Ney, Rosen, Huberman—Richard Strauss—are names high in those comprising it. Names on the lips of cultured people the world over.

To know them is to be conversant with the events of the day; to be musically well informed.

All Exclusively Brunswick

Without exception these artists, in common with the present trend of artistic acceptance, have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means of perpetuating their art—a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the *premiere* recordings of the great artists of today.

The Reason

By means of exclusive methods of recording and of reproducing, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression. Brunswick records are known as the *clearest in the world*. A difference so great as to be amazing.

The Brunswick Phonograph, presenting a method of reproduction obtainable on no other make of instrument, achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones, attaining even Soprano High C without slightest metallic suggestion or vibration.

For those reasons the Brunswick Phonograph is in the homes of foremost musicians, critics and educators, both in this country and abroad. And greatest artists are recording exclusively for Brunswick Records.

Hear—Compare

Your nearest Brunswick dealer will gladly give a demonstration.

Brunswick records play on any phonograph. The Brunswick plays all makes of records.

Incidentally, famous artists' selections are now offered on double-faced records — a recent Brunswick innovation which enables one to quickly and economically obtain a representative record library.

Hear The Brunswick.
And compare.

Brunswick affords the wide choice of 15 distinctive models; Cabinet and Console. Included are authentic Period designs, in which the artistry of centuries that have passed is combined with the supercraftsmanship of today. Prices range from sixty-five dollars to seven hundred and seventy-five.

The Beaux Arts

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers — Established 1845
Chicago New York Cincinnati Toronto

BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DOLLY DINGLE'S LITTLE FRIEND BARBARA

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

BARBARA HELPS WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER
BARBARA'S DAY DRESS
GGDRAYTON ©
BARBARA
PARTY DRESS.
BARBARA'S HAT. CUT ON DOTTED LINES.
BARBARA DUSTS ORNAMENTS.
BARBARA LOVES TO HELP MOTHER SCRUB FLOORS AND EVERYTHING.

Google

ANITA STEWART who is one of our most popular film stars.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD H. ATS & BONNOR

MARTHA LORRLR leads several beautiful ballet numbers in Ziegfeld's Follies. PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR GRONO

JANE COWL will appear this FALL in a new play under the direction of Jut Selwyn. PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGENE A. & EMILY HARWOOD

Google

Satisfy that hankerin' for the old-time maple taste

PANCAKES—and maple syrup! The old - time breakfast! Doesn't the very thought of it make you hungry?

The pancakes you'll have tomorrow morning. But the syrup, syrup with the real old-time maple taste—how about that? You haven't had it for a long time, have you? And you're hankering for it!

Well, tomorrow morning you *can* have it. It's at your grocer's in a quaint log-cabin-shaped can.

Maple? Remove the cap and see what woodsy fragrance is released to you. It's as if you were back again in the old sugar bush when the sap was "boilin' down". . . at night!

One whiff of Log Cabin's sweetness—and your mouth will water for the taste.

Let your tongue tell you

Pour from the can a luscious spoonful of this syrup and put it on your tongue. Let it linger there. Maple? Sure as you're alive, it's the old-time taste!

It was for you and millions like you who, far from the favored localities where the sugar maples grow, still crave the taste of maple—for you that P. J. Towle, back in the 80's, perfected Log Cabin Syrup.

And it *was* a perfecting work, for he knew from boyhood experience in the sugar camps that maple syrup is variable in quality.

He sought to keep in all his product the mellow flavor that "old-timers" got in syrup from first-run sap.

Absolute purity, clear golden color and easy-flowing "body"—these, too, he set as his goal. And this is what he did.

How Log Cabin Syrup gets its rich, unvarying flavor

He combined the choicest of New England maple with the best from Canadian groves, got the real *sugars* of maple in which the flavor is most intense. And he blended with this just enough pure sugar of cane—nothing else—to mellow and enhance that delicious maple taste.

With a special refining process he found it possible to get always a uniform maple taste in syrup clear and golden in color, absolutely pure, and of just the right consistency for table use. Log Cabin Syrup sprang instantly into favor. Today it is the "Standard from Ocean to Ocean."

Tomorrow morning have pancakes or waffles—with Log Cabin Syrup. Revel, as did the children of Colonial days, in the richness of the maple taste.

Maple Nut Frosting

Boil 1½ cups Log Cabin Syrup, 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water until it threads. Pour over two stiffly beaten egg whites and beat one or two minutes. Place over boiling water and steam, beating constantly, until it begins to grain on the sides of the pan. Spread between layers and on the cake, decorating with nuts

Let Log Cabin put new delight for you in hundreds of dishes from breakfast cereals to supper desserts the whole year around. Fritters, French toast, baked apples, candied sweet potatoes, puddings, cake frostings, ice cream and candies—all call for it.

'Phone your grocer now for a can of Log Cabin. Genuine Log Cabin Syrup, remember, comes only in log-cabin shaped cans. 3 sizes.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—*the center of North America*
ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT—*in the virgin maple forests*

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

In the log-cabin-shaped cans—3 sizes.

© 1928, The Log Cabin Products Company

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Scranton *Super-Filet* ~ A new curtain

You will find exquisite creations of Scranton quality, in lace or net, a wonderful help in draping your windows. But fine materials alone do not make attractive curtains — orders they are tastefully chosen, perfectly suited to the window, arrangement and decorative scheme of your own rooms. Let us assist you — with our books or our service department.

Every woman, when selecting window draperies for her house or apartment, considers *design* and *quality*.

In introducing the new Scranton Super-Filet, we, too, had these things in mind: Designs of compelling beauty in patterns of delicate cream tint; construction heavier than ordinary filet, made for a long life of service.

The Scranton Counter Book

A new edition, revised and enlarged, is now in curtain departments of the better stores.

This book suggests, in colors, some thirty ways of making your *house more beautiful* by the use of Lace Curtains. Several appropriate Scranton Patterns are shown for each room, with clear diagrams for making and hanging the curtains.

New Outlooks for Every Home, a reproduction in black and white, will be sent gratis. Just send us your name on coupon or post-card.

Look for this Scranton trade-mark sewed in every pair of curtains

THE SCRANTON LACE CO.,
Dept 107 Scranton, Penna.

Please send me free sheets showing exact reproductions of patterns checked below:

Lace Curtains	☐	Dimity Bedspreads	☐
Filet Nets	☐	Crochet Bedspreads	☐
Super-Filet Nets	☐	Satin Bedspreads	☐
Novelty Curtains	☐	Embroideries	☐
Shams and Scarfs	☐		

Also please send your free booklet, "New Outlooks For Every Home," showing the newest ideas for draping windows of all types, with many illustrations and details.

Name_____

Address_____

If you have a difficult problem in curtaining, write to our Service Department about it. Without charge we will gladly send you our advice.

SCRANTON

FILET NETS · LACE CURTAINS · COLORED DRAPERIES · BED SPREADS · EMBROIDERIES

Google

BETTER MARRIAGE LAWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

tance laws are confused; and the married state is labeled "marriage," "no marriage," or "bigamy," according to the State in which the law is invoked.

In such a hodgepodge, family life ceases to be a sacred thing or even a permanent institution. It is the plaything of forty-eight State Legislatures, with regulations swinging all the way from the narrow standards of North Carolina to the too elastic code of Nevada.

We can scarcely expect our young people to regard marriage seriously when the law does not.

Just as the only way to produce fine children is to begin with their grandparents, so the only way to make operative the best of laws, if we have them, is to begin with public sentiment. A law, particularly one that touches morals, is effective only as it has emotional and intellectual backing. America just now needs a great spiritual awakening. And behind our marriage and divorce laws we need what Dr. Cabot so felicitously calls "the consecration of the affections" to crystallize better laws into rational customs.

The many experiments in marriage legislation indicate that when marriage is made too difficult we get increased illegitimacy. Nevertheless society ought to protect itself against the marriage of the unfit. The insane, the physically or morally degenerate, those that are below normal in mind and body, should not be creators of new life. The welfare of the race necessitates that we deal sternly with emotionalism. Violation of this principle is filling jails, hospitals, and institutions with the helpless, who, for their own sakes as well as that of society, should never have been born.

Studying the divorce problem, many times I have attended the hearings in divorce courts and have watched the judge grinding out separations at the rate of one in seven minutes, and this through many hours. The casual way in which pairs of young people, apparently regarding their marriage as the joke or the misfortune of a moment, their unwillingness to undertake the responsibility of children, the histories of drifting from boarding-house to boarding-house—all these convinced me that there is something very wrong with our system of marriage and divorce.

I do not think it should be so easy to remarry after divorce. Even the some individuals must suffer from such restrictions, yet it would be better for the race. Unfaithfulness, crime, real cruelty, are legitimate reasons for divorce, but those which come under the general head of incompatibility might be sufficient for separation without the permission for a second marriage. At least we should demand a long period of living apart from such causes as incompatibility before divorce could be secured.

My recipe for better family life is: Begin at home to build up purity, unselfishness, tenderness, responsibility, for there the well-springs of life are touched. Make training for noble human relationships a part of education; surround adolescence with normal and wholesome pleasures. These should be followed up with a national uniform marriage and divorce law, excluding the unfit from mating and standardizing divorce so that it will work justice for all, and then, I am sure, public standards will make a proper response.

Render Marriage More Difficult

BY MRS. LENA LAKE FORREST

President of the National Federation of Professional and Business Women

I DID not know that any one any longer questioned the necessity for a national uniform marriage and divorce law. Its need is obvious. Particularly am I sure that marriage should be very much more difficult than it is. Divorce, I feel, should be regulated, so that it may not be secured so easily, but be open and free to all those whom injustice or cruelty has driven to the law for protection and shelter.

I think we should start to adjust the situation with making marriage more difficult. I believe that banns should be published three months before the issuance of a marriage license. Both parties to a marriage should apply in person, together, for the license. No parent or guardian should be allowed to consent to the marriage of any girl under eighteen or any boy under twenty-one. Neither should mental defectives be permitted to marry.

Much that is wrong in marriage is due to the ease with which the young and immature are permitted to marry. Personally, I don't think any girl should marry unless she knows something about domestic economy, and is willing to make marriage her job. This means that she is willing to bear children and willing to make a home for her husband. When her children are beyond the infant stage, she can then go into business if she can find some one to take proper care of her children, but the young mother's place is in the home. But even if a woman is in business, if she is married her home should be her paramount consideration. But of course that can not be provided for by law. It must come from within.

As for divorce, I think it should be granted in every State on the grounds of infidelity, physical cruelty, abandonment, and failure to provide. In order to prevent divorce for the purpose of hasty second marriages, the decree could be interlocutory, becoming final only at the end of six months or a year. This, of course, would be a matter of States' rights and control. The national law should set a minimum of grounds, leaving it to the States to increase but not diminish them, and should declare that each State must recognize the laws of all other States.

Discriminations Against Women

BY ALICE PAUL

Vice-President of the National Woman's Party

THE Woman's Party maintains that the grounds for divorce should be equal for men and women. In some of our States, as Mississippi, Alabama, and Virginia, for example, the law discriminates against the wife in regard to the grounds for obtaining a divorce. We are working to see that discriminations against women in the field of divorce, as in other fields, are removed, and we are heartily in sympathy with the campaign of PICTORIAL REVIEW in so far as it is striving to bring about this same end.

Keep the Parents Together

BY MARY GARRETT HAY

Chairman of the New York City League of Women Voters; Formerly Chairman of the New York City Woman's Suffrage Committee; President of the Women's City Club, New York City

ALL thoughtful people believe that a uniform marriage and divorce law is absolutely necessary in this country if the law is to be respected and enforced, and if complications, often of a serious character, are to be avoided by our citizens. It is also advisable that some plan be devised to keep the heedless, the ignorant, the youthful, the diseased, and the vicious from rushing into matrimony without proper thought or provision, and to permit men and women unhappily married, who can not practise a reasonable control over their speech and actions, to sever their relations.

Some conservatives have a curious way of reasoning, fearing that if marriage is made harder and divorce easier, there will be a dearth of the former in this country. They have little faith in nature's great law of attraction and little faith in the sane and decent instincts of mankind. I am convinced that civilized people have a firm belief in monogamous marriage, realizing that we build up under this method a stable society and that under it children fare better than under other systems of mating. We should, therefore, have no fear of changes in our laws and customs.

Legislation, which can only supplement education, should be carefully planned. Nothing should be done to discourage marriage among the normal and the fit. Only the unfit should be restrained, but they should be thoroughly restrained. We can not legislate people into happy marriages, but we can keep some of them from being as foolish as they might otherwise be.

Divorces should be granted for many reasons, but public opinion, which has grown rather lax in regarding this question, should strongly discountenance the easy divorce and the quick remarriage. Serious effort should be made to keep the parents of children together, and a thorough investigation of conditions should be made by a court officer before they are allowed to part and break up the home.

Marriage at present is in a transition stage. Many people believe that it will be abolished, many that a new kind will be evolved which will be more suited to modern conditions. The latter seems to me to be more reasonable than the former, and I look forward to a gradual change as a vital character that will be opposed by conservatives and pushed by progressives in the time-worn manner characteristic of all reforms.

We Should Act Quickly

BY GENE STRATTON PORTER

Author of "Laddie," "A Girl of the Limberlost"

I DO know absolutely that a uniform marriage and divorce law should be framed for the whole country as soon as possible, but because I have not given the subject deliberate and authoritative investigation, I can not make a pronouncement as to the function and form of such a law.

Cruelty Warrants Divorce

BY MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

National Vice-President of the Young Women's Christian Association

WHILE theoretically I am opposed to divorce, because I think marriage should be a happy and harmonious state, and a permanent one, I realize that in the present stage of human affairs it is often necessary and justifiable. I am indeed in favor of a national uniform marriage and divorce law. I think marriage should be made much more difficult, and I think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

HEINZ Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

EVERYONE likes spaghetti—if it is prepared right. Everyone likes Heinz Spaghetti, for it is prepared *just* right.

The dry spaghetti is made in the Heinz spotless kitchens. So is the famous Tomato Sauce. The cheese is a special selection. The recipe by which it is cooked is that of a famous Italian chef.

It comes to you in a can ready to heat and eat. No work or fuss on your part. Keep a supply of this delicious food on hand. Serve it often—for guests and for every day meals.

Some of the **57**

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Make this gown yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost not to exceed $12.75 for Beldsng's Chiffon de Chine, $12.20 for Belding's Satin Circé Charmeuse, $18.75 for Belding's Crêpe Faille. Use Pictorial Review Pattern No. 1241 requiring for size 36, 4¼ yards of Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, or 3¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Satin Circé Charmeuse or Belding's 40-inch Crêpe Faille.

POOR silk at any price is an extravagance—Belding's Silks, even should they cost a little more, are a very evident economy because their wearing qualities are fully guaranteed. All the original strength of the pure silk is conserved for you by the Belding method—every silk with Belding's woven in the selvage whether for gown, lining or lingerie, will give you long service and enduring good looks. The Belding tag gives you a similar assurance when you buy ready-to-wear garments.

Our new book "Enduring" will help you to buy silk for value's sake—write us for a free copy. Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York.

Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie

BETTER MARRIAGE LAWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

that divorce should be granted upon the grounds of physical cruelty and abandonment as well as upon that of infidelity. I can think of nothing more unjust or cruel than keeping a woman tied to a man who mistreats her. In many instances cruelty is a far more justifiable ground for divorce than infidelity, for I have known of many men who were faithful to their wives who made their home life an eternal purgatory for both wives and children.

Protect the Rights of Women

BY JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN[1]

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Eleventh Judicial District, Cleveland, O.

MOST people, I believe, realize that many discrepancies and injustices result from our present system of law relating to marriage and divorce. The anomaly of being able to get a divorce in New York State on one ground only, and of being able to travel a relatively short distance and receive a divorce upon one of eight or ten grounds in other States, is obvious.

There can be no doubt that marriage and divorce laws should be uniform. They could be made uniform in two ways. First, an amendment could be inserted in the United States Constitution; or, second, uniform laws could be passed in all the States.

In my opinion the latter method is the more feasible. The tremendous difficulty of amending the Constitution of the United States is clear in the minds of the women who did the work of having the Susan B. Anthony Amendment passed. It would not be any more impossible to have uniform marriage and divorce laws than it is to have uniform negotiable instrument laws, which have been passed in the various States. Business men realized that it was to their advantage to have uniform laws in every State of the country in regard to checks and promissory notes, and they framed and had passed the negotiable instruments laws which are now in force in forty-six States.

The disadvantages of the present marriage and divorce situation are so patent, and the country is so alive to them, that little pressure would be needed, I believe, to bring about the enactment of marriage and divorce legislation in the various State Legislatures, especially if this pressure were brought to bear by men and women of standing.

The law should be drawn so as to protect the rights of women more than they are protected in many States at the present time. The fact that it is always very difficult for a woman to prove adultery against a man should be borne in mind in deciding whether adultery alone should be the ground of divorce. The freedom of a man's habits renders him less open to scrutiny and enables him more successfully to avoid testimony as to his misconduct than is the case with a woman. Many women suffer terribly from the physical brutality of their husbands. The interests of such women should be protected.

I did not favor the enactment of a uniform marriage and divorce law before the enfranchisement of women because I feared that such a law framed at such a time would necessarily fail adequately to protect the interests of women. I now am in hearty accord with every movement designed to bring about a uniform marriage and divorce law, provided that the divorce law contemplated does not result in injustice to women, who sometimes suffer incredibly in their married lives.

Make Marriage Difficult, Divorce Easy

BY MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Chairman of the New York State League of Women Voters

THE inequalities of the various State marriage and divorce laws are detrimental to national family life. As the country is still in a state of development and people move about from one State to another, the discrepancies in the laws can not help but work both havoc and hardship in families. The time has come when the country must take up the question of a uniform national marriage and divorce law. Marriage should be made extremely difficult; divorce should be made extremely easy.

A strong stand should be taken against the marriage of the mentally subnormal, and thereby the birth of the mentally subnormal. If such marriages were to be strictly controlled for one generation, the lower stratum which produces the greater part of the criminal element would be wiped out.

Girls under the age of eighteen and boys under the age of twenty-one should not be allowed to marry, even with the consent of parent or guardian. A marriage license should be issued a month before the marriage can take place; or else bans should be published for that length of time before the license is issued. Both parties to a marriage should be present when the license is issued.

No marriage license should be granted unless both parties have a certificate from a reputable licensed physician stating that they are physically and mentally competent to marry and bear children. Such provisions would serve to eliminate the marriage of the unfit, the hasty marriages of the immature, which lead to misery both for their children and for themselves.

As for divorce, it should be granted to all those who have proved by their incompatible natures that they can no longer maintain the obligations and responsibilities of marriage. Where there are children, their good should be the dominating issue in a divorce suit.

If the parents have sufficient cultivation to live in a state of armed neutrality, to control their feelings and their outbursts so that their children may have the benefit of harmonious surroundings; if their unselfishness and self-control can be made to work toward the good of their children, then I do not think divorce is beneficial. But I do not think that parents who are discordant and are continually wrangling, mothers and fathers who go separate ways, should be kept together when it is for the greater good of the children that they should separate.

Agitate for Uniformity

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Business of Being a Woman," etc.

YOUR desire to straighten out what you call justly the present hodgepodge of laws and counter-laws in regard to marriage and divorce is, according to my way of looking at things, highly commendable. That these laws should not be uniform seems to me fantastic and of course works all sorts of confusion and injustice.

As to how the matter is to be remedied, I have not thought enough about it nor have I a sufficient basis of knowledge to give an opinion that would be worth anything; but a continued emphasis on the present confusion will, I am sure, create a public opinion which in the end will find some way to bring about uniformity. Strength to your campaign!

An Immediate National Law

BY MRS. PERCY V. PENNYBACKER

Former President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Now Chairman of the Women's Section of the Chautauqua Circle

I DO not see how any well-disposed and logical person can fail to see the immediate need for a national uniform marriage and divorce law. It is not fair for women, or men, who have led harmonious lives, untouched by discomfort or incompatibility, to say that those who are not happy and harmonious should be made to remain married to one another.

Before I went into suffrage work I was somewhat disposed to frown upon divorce, because it had never touched my life nor my family in any way, and all of those within my immediate environment were perfect in their family life. But I soon saw that all women and men were not so fortunate in their choice of life companions, and that women, particularly, suffered deeply because of the injustice and inadequacy of the divorce laws. And I changed my mind at once.

I believe that divorce should be granted on the grounds of infidelity, physical cruelty, and abandonment. While I could not accept the thought of second marriage for myself under any circumstances, I am just enough to know that, because a man or woman has been cheated out of domestic happiness, which is the greatest happiness, is only a reason for their being free to seek further for that happiness.

Of course I feel that the real answer to the present increase in divorce and the attendant muddle brought about through the variance of the State laws, is proper education for the young. However, we can not wait for that, as it is a matter of successive generations of training and thinking. Therefore I think we must have an immediate national law, requiring publication of marriage bans and forbidding the marriage of those under age and below mental and physical par.

Then, if marriage failed, divorce should be made comparatively easy, and should be uniform in its provisions.

TRUE stories of the grievous injustices wrought by our "48 varieties" of marriage and divorce laws in individual cases; instances of particularly unfortunate laws in certain States: these will be included in Mrs. Parkhurst's November article, the second of this series in Pictorial Review's great campaign for "Better Marriage Laws."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your little girl will never complain that Carter's Knit Underwear "prickles." Made of yarns as soft and fine as fleece, and thoroughly shrunk and sterilized before it leaves the factory

The standard Carter vest for little babies chosen by millions of mothers. It is knit by a special process that makes it smsssually elastic. It never pulls or binds, but adapts itself perfectly to all a baby's movements

Designed to wear with an afternoon frock

This union suit represents one of many individual Carter styles

IT is specially designed to wear with an afternoon frock—this daintily knit Carter suit, with its slim lines of elegance and ease.

Under the sheerest, most diaphanous gown, it shows not a line or a wrinkle. It never pokes up, never slips into view at shoulders or neck. Skillfully knit to follow the lines of your figure—it fits you as smoothly as a well made glove. And because it is knit by a special process, which makes it wonderfully springy and elastic—it does not pull or bind, but gives to your every movement.

Every one of Carter's Knit Underwear styles for women is designed to suit a particular type of gown. No longer that struggle to tuck a high-necked union suit under an evening gown!—in Carter's you can find models especially designed for evening wear, soft and sheer, yet cozily warm, knit so that they can be worn under the frailest dinner dress. And for the out-of-door costume—there are high or Dutch-necked, long-sleeved, ankle-length models that protect you against the bitterest cold, yet fit so smoothly and snugly that there is never an ungainly bunch or fold.

Each Carter suit is daintily finished to the minutest detail—flat seams, reinforced buttonholes, and the double-crocheted shell edging that is found only in Carter's. Each suit is thoroughly shrunk and sterilized before it leaves the factory. No matter how often you wash it—it stays silk-soft and milky white.

You can get Carter's Knit Underwear at your favorite store, in styles for women, men, children, and infants; in all weights of cotton, cotton and wool, wool, silk and wool and silk.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District); Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.

With its special elastic reinforcement at the shoulder, a roomy seat that keeps its shape, specially knit cuffs at wrist and ankle, a soft springy fabric that yields to every movement of the body—this Carter one-piece suit is especially popular with men

This Dutch-necked, ankle-length model is especially designed for an out-of-door costume. Skillfully knit to follow the lines of the figure, it fits without bagging or wrinkling

Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS COUPE

A perfect combination of smartness and serviceability.

Women are immediately won by its grace of design, and by the convenience and good taste of the appointments.

They are impressed, too, with its practical features; the light, sturdy all-steel body—an absolutely new principle in coupe construction; the enduring quality of the enamel, baked on the surface of the steel at high temperature; the genuine grain leather upholstery; the roominess of the luggage compartments; the unusual width of the doors.

The price is $980.00 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS

GOLF-WIDOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the golfers, she would have to control herself and be broad-minded. Woman's province seemed to remain unshifted, no matter how often she shifted men! Here she was, at the same old job of showing interest.

"If I hadn't interrupted you yesterday afternoon, you might have been able to buy a Marconi rig," she said brightly.

"There you go again!" retorted Holly. "I should think you would be more careful how you skid words at me. I might put an end to all this by throwing you overboard right now if you madden me sufficiently."

In the brisk breeze that dawn had left on the waves they had started off at a good clip. And now he turned to glare at her with such intensity that it prickled her with a pleasurable thrill. Just when she almost thought she was impressed enough to scream, he opened his mouth and roared at her—"Hard-a-lee!"

Yes; it was flat, sailing. In the first place there was nothing that Holly could talk about except that Marconi rig. Now that his past career was tabu, what else was there? That was one thing about Don. When they had first known each other, and gone on sails and so on, he had made himself interesting, if he *had* let up on it after two or three years of married life. Before an hour had passed, Mary Jane admitted to herself that sailing with an unattached young man who has ceased to be energetic was a mistake.

LUNCHEON was an event in the wet, bright day. It gave them something to talk about, and also brought relaxation in the thought that the end of the sail was near. After they had eaten everything for the sake of being busy as long as possible, they sat and chewed on olives, seeing which could skip the stones most deftly over the water. It was in this temporary relapse from the duty of enjoying their sail that something came up and hung over the waters, something that at first they did not notice. They had been coasting from side to side, rolling a little, rocking a bit. But now——

"Of all the darn luck," said Holly suddenly. "Look at that!"

Mary Jane looked. An even, turgid calm was spacing itself over the waters, and their sailboat was no longer buoyed along. Instead it rested on the bosom of the deep—quiescent—placid.

Holly dove down to the engine. "We'll have to set this blooming old thing going and chug in," he threw back at Mary Jane.

But the blooming old thing would not chug. A moment of frenzied investigation, and Holly raised his face, frantically smudged.

"Do you realize what's happened?" he demanded, in accusing tones. "This thing won't start."

"Oh, yes, it will," Mary Jane consoled. "You haven't got yourself dirty enough yet."

His head was down in the engine once more; he was throwing out tools, burrowing and grubbing away with passionate interest. Soon he again confronted her, his face a riot of grease and consternation, his hair starting away in agitated little tufts from the paths laid out for it.

"I tell you it won't start! Haven't had to use it all Summer—engine's absolutely dead!"

His tone was still accusing, and Mary Jane rose in awful rage. "Holly Crowthers," she said icily, "either you start that engine, or do you know what I'll think? I'll think that you lured me out here with a dead engine on purpose!"

It was too much for Holly. He slipped in the grease and fell in it, staring up at her with mouth dropping open. "I lured you out here—" he stuttered. "Who's blackmailing who to lure whom, I'd like to know?"

"I knew you'd say that, so I thought I'd get my idea in first," Mary Jane returned. "Get up—you'll never get that grease off your trousers."

He refused to get up. He turned and worked greasily on the engine, at close range. Mary Jane sat and looked off over the waters—the waters that were so smooth they looked frozen. It was really terrifying.

"We may be marooned here for days and days," she said, struggling for calm. "Compromised forever—and you couldn't marry me to hush up the scandal, the way they do in the movies!"

"Compromised, the devil!" Holly exploded from the depths of the engine. "We won't *live* to be compromised if we're marooned here for days!"

And then there was a long, glassy silence.

Everything was silent.

The sun trailed derision upon them; its rays chased themselves merrily down into the west, with soulless enjoyment, while Mary Jane suffered and Holly toiled.

It was hours before Holly gave up working on the engine. He then sat opposite Mary Jane, and glared smudgily upon her. She glared back upon him and wondered what would happen if feminine Rocky Beach could see him now.

"Don't you often *wonder*," she mused, "why certain people are considered attractive?"

"Supply and demand's the secret," said Holly, malignantly. "Any one who makes himself scarce enough is attractive."

"I don't think that's a very nice thing to say, under the circumstances," she told him coldly.

"Well, I bet what you were leading up to wasn't a very nice thing to say under the circumstances, either. Let's have it."

She turned and gave a despairing look at the fast-vanishing sun. "And this is what I get—for aiding a criminal—for giving you a new start in life!"

"Start in life! As far as I can see, we've finished!"

"Is your past floating before your eyes in a series of safes?" she inquired.

He washed his hands in the peaceful sea and dried them on the snowy sail, by way of reply.

"There you go, getting primeval already," she reproached.

"Might as well now as two days from now," he retorted.

The sun set, in banks of clouds, in streaks of glory. And darkness brought complete despair to Mary Jane.

"Won't they come and look for us?" she quavered.

"They'd never find us if they do," Holly comforted.

"Besides, the golfers won't be back till after sundown. Then every one will have rounds of cocktails. It'll be hours before they start thinking we're not just plain staying out to have a good time and get them sore. By that time they'll be so peeved they'll all go to bed."

She heard his little message of cheer through to the end, then looked at him with eyes whose glare could not carry through the gloom. "If I *had* to lose my reputation," she said bitterly, "I wish I had chosen some one who was more fun to lose it with!"

"I notice you admit you *did* choose me," Holly retorted. "This is nothing that I implored you into."

Another of those silences. It grew darker, and cold. In her white sport-clothes Mary Jane shivered, and kept on shivering.

"Sorry I didn't wear a coat, so I could heroically strip myself and drape it over you," Holly contributed by way of first aid.

The evening continued, whether they would have it or no. They dropped a few staccato sentences of annoyance at each other for eating all the lunch. When it is dark and cold, cold with that penetrating damp chill that lies on water after sundown, it is hard not to mind skipping dinner. Mary Jane's teeth chattered. It was all she could do to refrain from sobbing aloud.

"Wh—why is it," she asked to the mournful accompaniment of her chattering teeth, "that when people get stuck out together all night, other people think they wanted to, and the—therefore say the—they're compromised?"

"Oh, for Lord's sake, quit thinking about your darn rep," Holly snarled. "What's a reputation when you're starving?"

"It t—takes your mind off your starving!" Mary Jane wailed.

"Do you want something to take your mind off? All right, I'll give it to you." He pushed his face forward toward her through the gloom, and rammed the blow home: "This is the worst end of a joke I ever knew. But it's true, just the same, that that safe you saw me cracking isn't a safe—it's Sister Clinton's cellaret!"

Mary Jane stopped chattering long enough to laugh.

"I WAS wondering how near starved you'd have to be before you parted with that information. The joke, Holly dear, is that I knew it all the time. The minute I saw you at that safe I knew it must be the cellaret."

A gurgling gasp was all that Holly could achieve for the moment. Then he gathered power: "Do—you—mean to say—you knew all along——"

"Certainly I did! I needed you—and I used you! I knew you'd be fool enough to keep up the joke on me, so I pulled it on you!"

He moved nearer so that his glare could reach her, and they glared at each other in sustained unfriendliness. Finally he spoke.

"That," he said slowly, "is just about the absolute limit. What in blazes are we coming to—if a married girl has so little to take up her time that she fakes up a situation, and blackmails, in order to—to get 'somebody to do nothing with'?"

"Oh, shut up!" Mary Jane snapped. Gone was Bostonian veneer. "Shut up, will you? Men make me sick. What do you think you'd do if your husband went off and played golf every minute of the time he had from business? It's all very well to *say*—but what *would* you do?"

"I'd find something better than fooling around with a bunch of fools!" Holly came back hotly. "I'd keep myself busy and content some way so that my husband wouldn't think of me, 'Poor girl, she has nothing to take up, put in, or take out of her mind!'"

"One's husband doesn't think one way or the other!" she retorted. "That's just it!"

"Oh—doesn't he?" Uncalculated, Holly's words rushed from him. "Let me tell you what happened last night when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pictorial Review for

Keep Your System Regulated
Eat Dried Peaches and Figs
and Fig Products

HEALTH-FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA

Here is a Great Truth!

Without regulation, no watch or clock could keep perfect time,—no mechanical apparatus would operate satisfactorily. The human system would fail to function properly. Secure regulation of the human system by eating California Dried Peaches and Figs, which are full of mineral salts which carry away impurities. Then, too, these fruits contain a balance of protein, sugar, acids, and other properties which contribute to the health of all who use them.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS lead in flavor and quality. Our Peaches and Figs are gathered only when fully ripened and then spread out in the warm, open sunshine to dry. This preserves them for future use and adds to their nutritive value per pound.

Here is what these delicious fruits bring you: *Fruit Ash*, which makes bone and enriches the blood; *Fruit Sugar*, which makes energy and body warmth; *Fruit Acids*, which aid digestion and stimulate the appetite; *Protein*, which builds muscle and repairs broken-down tissues.

Nature's Wonder Foods

Delightful dishes are prepared from these wonder foods from California. There is hardly a favorite recipe of yours that could not be made more delicious by adding either dried Peaches or Figs.

These fruits have been known for ages. Their uses can be traced as far back as Biblical times. They have always contributed to the welfare of man and provided nourishment of the most desirable kind. Learn more of their goodness. Ask your grocer to supply you, then prepare a few of the many attractive and appetizing dishes that are so easily made from our Book of Recipes, which we will be glad to send to you free.

Fig Delicacies

Preserved whole Figs are delicious. You will like Fig Preserve made from crushed fruit. Fig Meat comes in sanitary cartons ready for instant use in brick form. Splendid for sandwiches and spreads. Fig Meat is an accepted nutrition food for under-nourished children and invalids. Then, again, your grocer or confectioner can supply you with Fig Brownies made from Fig Meat and packed in handy 5-cent containers. These are great for that hungry feeling between meals.

Both dried Peaches and Figs as well as Fig Products are universally accepted as the finest fruits produced and the best food known to science. Eat more of them and enjoy better health.

Give your grocer a trial order today and see how good dried Peaches and Figs are when made from the following recipes:

Dried Fig Loaf Cake

2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups hot water, ½ cup fat, 1½ cups of chopped "Blue Ribbon" California Figs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda.

Mix the sugar, water, fat, figs, salt and spices and bring to the boiling point. Allow to boil 5 minutes. Set aside until cold and add flour and soda which have been mixed and sifted. Bake in two greased loaf pans in a slow oven 45 minutes to 1 hour. This cake will keep indefinitely like fruit cake.

Stewed Figs

2 cups "Blue Ribbon" California Figs, 1 quart boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 1 slice lemon.

Cut the figs in halves lengthwise, add water and allow to soak overnight or several hours. Bring to the boiling point in the same water and cook until figs are tender when pierced with a toothpick, about 45 minutes. Add the sugar and lemon and cook slowly about 30 minutes longer or until the syrup is thick.

Fig Jam

3 pounds "Blue Ribbon" California Figs	1 quart water 1 lemon 4 cups sugar

Put the figs through the food chopper, using the finest cutter. Add water and lemon cut in thin slices through rind and pulp. Allow to soak overnight. Add sugar and cook slowly until transparent and thick, stirring frequently. This may be cooked in the double boiler if desired as it will not then require close attention.

Fig Boston Cream Pie

4 layers of plain or sponge cake 2 cups milk 1 cup sugar ½ cup flour 2 tablespoons butter	1 cup chopped "Blue Ribbon" California Figs 2 eggs ½ teaspoon vanilla

Heat the milk in the double boiler. Mix sugar and flour thoroughly and add hot milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add figs, return to double boiler and cook until thick, stirring frequently. This requires about 15 minutes of cooking over boiling water. Beat the eggs, pour the hot mixture on to them and cook in double boiler 3 minutes longer. Remove from heat, add butter, stir until it melts, and cool. Add vanilla, and spread between the layers of cake. Dust the top thickly with sifted powdered sugar.

Fig Steamed Pudding

1 cup flour 2 tablespoons baking powder 1 teaspoon cinnamon 1 teaspoon cloves 1½ cup bread crumbs	1 cup sugar 1 cup chopped "Blue Ribbon" California Figs ½ cup milk ½ cup melted fat

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, spices and sugar. Add crumbs and chopped figs, milk and melted fat, stirring until thoroughly mixed. Pour into a greased mold, cover tightly and steam at least 2 hours. Serve hot with liquid or hard sauce.

Peach Sauce

Delicious for Breakfast

Wash peaches, place in saucepan, cover with cold water, and soak overnight, or until fruit absorbs all the water it will take up. Cook slowly and continuously, until tender, in water in which it was soaked. Sweeten to taste just before removing from fire. Cooking fruit after sugar is added tends to harden it.

Peach Cobbler

3 cups "Blue Ribbon" Peaches (softened overnight and stewed slowly)	2 cups sugar Flavoring Butter Flaky pie crust

Put sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of water in which peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over softened peaches, allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in peaches, dot top with tiny piece of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center crosswise. Bake until pastry is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

Peach Dumpling

"Blue Ribbon" Peaches	Biscuit dough

Make rich baking powder biscuit dough. Roll dough as for biscuits but cut in 4 inch squares. In center of each square place two half peaches (cooked). Bring the four points of square together at top and press edges together. Place in greased baking dish. Make the following sauce:

2 cups peach juice	Small piece butter
1 cup sugar	Spice to taste

When boiling hot pour over dumplings in baking dish. Bake for ¾ hour.

Peach Tapioca

2 cups "Blue Ribbon" Peaches (softened overnight and stewed slowly)	½ cup granulated tapioca 4 cups milk ½ cup sugar 1 teaspoon salt 2 egg yolks

Cut peaches in quarters. Cook tapioca in milk until clear; beat in egg yolks, add sugar, salt and drained peaches. Pour into a wet mold or individual molds, set in a cool place until firm, turn out and serve with the syrup from the peaches, sweetened to taste. If desired, flavors or spices may be added. An especially good dish for the children.

Cooking Directions

Dried fruits should never be boiled as it destroys the fruit sugar, making it necessary to add commercial sugar. Fruits should never be cooked in a tin or iron vessel. A wooden spoon or paddle should be used in cooking acid fruits.

Address Dept. C for Other Delicious Recipes

Ask your Grocer for these

DRIED FIGS
Sold in bulk by the pound.
DRIED PEACHES
Sold in bulk and in packages.
FIG MEAT
Sold in cartons.
FIG PRESERVES
Sold in glass and tin containers.
PRESERVED FIGS
Whole figs preserved in syrup, come in glass and tin.
FIG BROWNIES
Sold in 5c packages.
CANNED FRESH FIGS

Produced and Packed by the
CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
Over 8,500 Grower Members
MAIN OFFICE: FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Plan Used by Thousands of Women to Get the Most Out of Life

Benefits of Olympian Society No Longer to Be Restricted to Members

HOW OFTEN have you heard or read of the Olympian plan, and what it holds for American women?

Through this practical aid to fulsome living, you may become the woman you were meant to be! And now, one may learn the full plan, and try it—quite without cost.

An interesting offer is here explained by Mr. Durgin.

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

I DOUBT if PICTORIAL REVIEW readers ever faced a greater opportunity than is my privilege to outline here. For the broadest benefits, mental and physical, are sure to result from the reading and heeding of what follows:

Olympian presents the most practical, workable plan I have ever seen for getting the utmost out of life. No tedious theory, but a plan of action which anyone can take hold of, and use. It employs simple, but scientific principles that are interesting, readily understood and applied.

A week with this plan will prove a revelation. One month's use of it will richly reward any woman—of any age. And a year with Olympian will make her, indeed, the woman she was meant to be. It is now possible to prove this to your own satisfaction, and without cost or obligation, as I shall explain.

First Comes Health

One must be healthy to be happy. So Olympian begins with fundamentals of health. Gives you simple, scientific knowledge that brings noticeable changes in a week's time.

Quickened energies, new physical powers, new mental capacities. Petty ailments vanish in thin air. I have seen hundreds of letters from members, telling of amazing achievements in this important department of Olympian. And now, these far-reaching aids are placed at the disposal of women generally!

Development of Personal Attractiveness

Personal magnetism, "charm" are not won through hurried reading of their definition, nor set rules of conduct. Here, at last is a constructive course in self-betterment through which you can really get results. The processes of discovering and developing characteristics—making others like you—winning others to your personality and purposes—are the most marvelous I ever have seen.

Your progress in this fascinating division will astonish you from the very start. And remember, by the terms of the society's new offer you are free to experiment for yourself, and prove each principle.

Cultivated Beauty

Thinking women are weary of this-and-that "beautifier" for which magical properties are claimed. But how they will welcome the direct resultful things Olympian specialists tell them! You are given unfailing ways to develop correct bodily proportions, contour, carriage; secrets of skin and complexion that do remarkable things; the truly effective methods of removing lines of face and neck; three scientific hair-health facts which bring hair to abundant thickness, length and lustre—in five months.

You learn how 30 and 40 lbs. of excess weight are overcome in sixty days—without starving.

For Married Women and the Young Miss

Married life of any woman is made vastly more enjoyable through Olympian. Things she should know, causes and effects. Successful motherhood. What to believe, and not to believe, sex truths.

Girls of eighteen are given instruction and information equipping them for life. In all, twenty-seven specialists are back of Olympian; most of them have devoted a life's work to the movement.

How You May Test Olympian Without Any Investment

Heretofore, benefits of this remarkable society have been confined to those invited to join, paying full dues. But the good of the work is too big, too vital to restrict to the few. So it has been decided —for a time, at least—to let any American woman obtain the full Olympian course and service (including all the material and text) without obligation of regular membership and dues. Just a small fee, should the free trial lead you enthusiastically to go on with the full course; nothing—not one cent—if it doesn't.

This means that, acting promptly, all advantages of Olympian are yours for a fraction of the regular cost—and a tiny fraction of their worth! You have but to mail the application form printed on this page!

Six Month's Coaching in Practical Psychology Absolutely Free

Should you decide to enroll under this unusual offer of the society's, you will further receive—without a penny of added cost—six months in applied psychology. It is a thoroughly practical instruction, omitting all but the easily applied principles in these useful divisions:

Development of character and mentality; successful contacts with others; analysis through observation; interpreting color, habit and memory. I regard this supplement to the course itself worth the enrollment.

I find it impossible to describe in this space the wonderful material it all embraces. You must yourself inspect and apply it. Surely the society has made this easy.

Olympian Society's Offer

Send no money. Make the simple request for complete material and text. Use everything ten days—and note the results. There is no obligation to go a step further, but I predict you will.

If it all proves worth a hundred times the small fee asked, continue your use of everything; the society will monthly supplement the material, and serve you individually without limit. But bear in mind that the most convincing proof of what Olympian can do for any woman is, by this offer, made absolutely free. Surely, such an opportunity is worth the clipping of the form below.

OLYMPIAN SOCIETY, (118)
Calumet at 21st Street, Chicago:

Please send me prepaid complete Olympian text and material on approval without obligation. I will either remail the course in ten days or enroll under the reduced-rate easy terms of your special offer.

Name.....

St. & No. .....

City ..... *State*. .....

GOLF-WIDOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

your husband and I stayed out to lock up the car. He'd noticed I'd been rushing you, and he was tickled to death. *He asked me if I would mind taking you on a sail Sunday, so you'd have something to do!*"

"*What!*" gasped Mary Jane from a throat that had suddenly gone parched.

Now that it was out, Holly showed a little nervousness, but pressed on: "Yes, he did! He said it would be a great relief to him—that you'd be off his mind if he knew you had something to do!"

It was by all odds the most crushing blow that Mary Jane had ever received. She gulped, to press down a dry, hard lump that had settled in her throat; gulped, and could not speak. There was nothing she could say—absolutely nothing. What she wanted to do more than anything else was to hide her face and cry for hours and hours into some friendly pillow.

Holly was continuing in no more mild a tone. "I tell you, the problem of how to live is up to you girls to solve. The men have solved it for themselves—they can get along just as well with or without you. But can you without them? No! This blackmailing stuff is a fair sample!"

HE WAS staring ahead of him now, out into the black, vague waters. "Do you think seeing the way you married girls pull things off—is any stimulus to us bachelors? We're so scared we might-fall into it ourselves that we play around with you married girls instead of stepping near the débutante man-traps! Marriage!" His laugh echoed eerily over the peaceful waters. "You give us a fine inspiration to go and do likewise!"

Mary Jane was still silent; still trying to conquer that dreadful lump, which seemed as if it had come to stay.

"You girls seem to think life is nothing but a good time; that you must dance and play and get rushed by men, just the same as before you got married. Such things as real homes—housework, and passé ideas like babies—they never enter the scheme any more. Try all you want to, Mary Jane, you and all the golf-widows from here to the Golden Gate—you can't beat the system, and you'll come back to it after you've tried everything else—if it's not too late!"

He dug his head into a pillow, and left it there. "Well, *au revoir*, old dear—I like my eggs soft in the morning!"

He was dropping off to sleep—before her very eyes. After the manner of brute, insensate man. Leaving her shivering alone in the dark; leaving her with so many new considerations that she forgot to shiver, forgot it was dark.

Don had so far dropped away from her, in companionship and love or whatever one called the link that held two married people together, that he had called upon another man to amuse his wife while he was off amusing himself. He had pitied her for her lack of resource, and they were so far estranged that she had not even been aware that he comprehended her lack of resource.

A gentle snarl came from Holly, followed by a more ferocious one. He was snoring—snoring as Don always had the delicacy not to do. She turned her back upon his ungraceful relaxation, and brooded over the dark, sullen waters.

She had suddenly discovered that she did not know her husband; that he was probably as mystified as she with what went on beneath the carelessly flippant, or carelessly joyous exterior that they and their crowd presented to one another. Before their marriage they had known each other in the same fascinating fashion common to a modern couple who suspect that they are in love; after marriage they had fallen into the ways of their crowd, had ceased to investigate one another before they had even started.

Mary Jane shook a few bitter tears into the water at her side. She had just come to the realization of a deep and tragic fact.

She would probably never get the chance to know her husband now.

THE night hung heavily about her throbbing temples; the very waters whispered of her despair.

Whispered!

They more than whispered; all at once they were talking, quarreling with the sides of the boat!

Mary Jane had a moment of incomprehension, while she sat and gaped at the waters that were no longer static. Then she whirled about and looked at the sail. The smudges that Holly had left there earlier were fluttering in the gloom; the sail was spreading!

There was no time to bother with Holly in this great moment. Mary Jane rushed to the ropes, carelessly using him as a stepping-stone. This brought an infuriated groan, while she tightened the ropes, trimmed the sail against the unaccountable breeze that had sprung from nowhere and would carry them—

"Wake up and haul out your compass, you poor fool!" she shouted. Bostonian veneer had not come back as yet.

It did not come back until the next hour was over; an hour of compassing, and steering, and cursing a course through the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

GOLF-WIDOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

gloom to Rocky Beach landing. They had no room to rejoice that they had not had to wait for the dawn breeze; to be thankful that it was only around three o'clock.

From the boat-houses home was a short, sour walk. Mary Jane was thinking too much to say anything. She had never been able to do both. And judging from what Holly let forth once or twice, he did not trust himself to speak

Their reputations were ruined; no one would ever forget it. To be sure, their particular little corner of society would not ostracize them; the occurrence would make no difference in their membership; but every one would always roll the story as a delicious morsel under the tongue, and refer to it until each of them had done something that outclassed this escapade.

The Clinton mansion was hospitably ablaze with electricity; the wide front door was open, and they walked in. Murmurings of voices from the music-room told them that their friends had been kind enough to wait up for them.

"WHAT'LL we tell them?" said Holly dankly, as they directed a weary course toward the voices.

"The truth, of course," Mary Jane snapped. "What else is there at the moment?"

And they marched into the music-room together.

The young people were tensed around three tables, in various bridge attitudes. One glance at their alert interest showed that Mother Clinton had long since retired and gambling reigned supreme. It was a moment before they noticed the bedraggled pair at the door, then Bee Stone's "Well, I pray for control!" discovered the news, and their crowd surged up and about them.

The young men were a little too offhand; the girls artificially gay. Their explanations were heard a bit too airily. All was as expected.

"Of course you got becalmed and the engine wouldn't work; it always happens that way. We figured that out with our eyes shut!"

"Didn't expect you back for hours yet—not till sunrise, anyway. Sun's lovely on the waters."

"Bob called up New York to send down a movie-machine to film you people tossing on the water for the latest 'Don't Bother with Husband' picture."

"Wh—where is Don?" Mary Jane demanded when there was a moment to get in anything.

Sister responded all too sweetly.

"He got worried about ten-thirty and has been out looking for you ever since. He comes back to the Point every hour and calls us from the life-saving station to see if we have any word."

"We'll tell him you're here, next time he calls," said Bob condescendingly. "Here, ease down on the saxophone, everybody. Mother will be aroused and come down, and see we're gambling and Holly and Mary Jane just blowing in and all that unnecessary stuff."

Mary Jane wanted to scream, and strike the casual faces all around her. She knew all at once that she hated them, hated every one of the people that she had always unenvyingly called friends; they meant minus zero to her; the only person in the world that she wanted to see was her husband. Yet—what had she done to him, for the paltry sake of impressing these people?

She burst into hysterical tears, the tears she had been fighting for ugly hours, and fled from the roomful of casual friends.

It was much later that Don opened the door and found her, a crumpled mass of soiled white sport-clothes from which waved despairingly dirty shoes, sobbing into Mother Clinton's lace guest-pillow.

"Well, thank God you're safe!" he sighed heavily, and came in and sat down. It was the first time he had sat down that night.

Mary Jane rolled one eye out to look at him. He did not take her in his arms to comfort her. That was not Don's way, since he had been grudgingly husband-like.

"My reputation's ruined!" she quavered, and went on crying as the situation recurred to her.

Good Lord!" said her husband disgustedly. "After turning my hair gray looking for you all night, have I got to get that stuff too?"

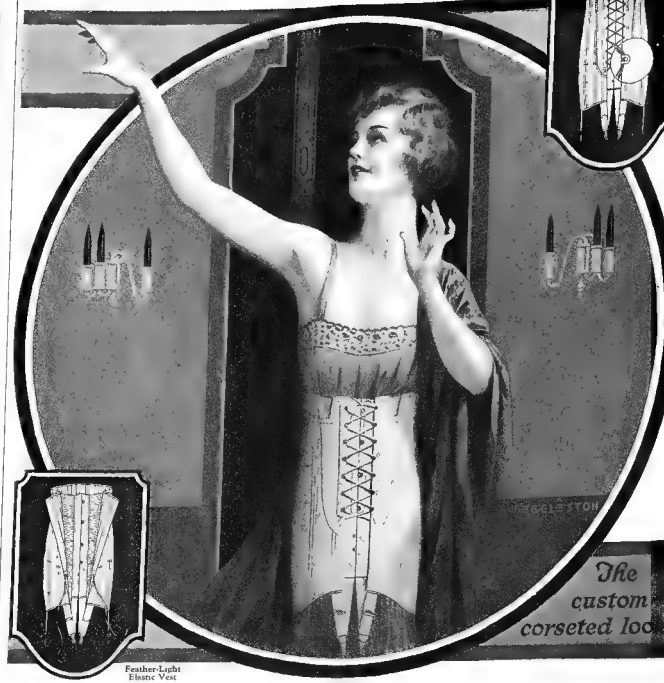
HER sobs stopped with a jerk, and she sat up to look at him. Don might not be romantic, but he had certainly said the right thing for once. He looked different he was from the crowd down-stairs! She stretched out her hand to him, and he took it obediently.

"Don," she said in a voice that was still long-choked, "I forgive you for getting Holly to take me sailing. At least you are a gentleman; you would never have told me that you got him to take me, the way he did."

Don stroked her hand in the unavailing way men have when undergoing great emotion. "I certainly got paid out for asking him to take you off my hands for the day," he said slowly. "I—I've been doing a lot of thinking, to-night, Mary Jane; I've discovered I've been all wrong."

"You wrong!" she cried. "Don! When all I was thinking about was what I could do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



Easy-Laced Over Flat Hooks

Feather-Light Elastic Vest

P.N. Practical Front

Pat. U.S.A. and Foreign Countries

CORSETS

Youthlike Body-Beauty Rests in the Hollow of Your Hand

"WHAT exquisite hands! How young she is! But no; she shows her age too plainly in her figure."

How often have you heard or said that very thing about some other woman? How many a girlish hand is anything but fair in its treatment of the figure in its care! Small consolation in a smooth, soft, slender hand if the body lines betray the evidence of vanished youth.

In P. N. Practical Front Corsets the buoyancy of youth renews itself each day. The inner elastic vest* clasps pliantly but securely round the body, placing the front steels right at the center, unlike the off-center steels of the ordinary front-lace corset. No riding up; no prodding of the bust. Lacing of the outer flaps is swift and easy, over flat hooks* (shoewise), with no vexatious lacing readjustments. The daily lacing so essential to preserving the corset's lines becomes effortless—the affair of a moment.

Unconsciousness of body dwells in P. N. Practical Front Corsets. Complete comfort and a sense of physical well-being are yours today, tomorrow, every hour and everywhere. Thus, through intelligent corsetry, can that slender hand of yours guard the priceless treasure of your youth.

At Stores and Departments where right corseting is viewed as vital you may select your suitable style, in a variety of fabrics, at $5.00 upward to $12.00; or—

If not obtainable at your favorite dealer send us his name and you will receive our New Corset Style Book.

*Patented

I. NEWMAN & SONS, 4th Ave. corner 18th St., New York
BOSTON, CHICAGO and NEW HAVEN

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Dominion Corset Co., Quebec, P. Q., Canada; in England by William Prettyman & Sons, Ltd., Ipswich, England

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

How I Earned $200 in Three Months at Home

By MARY P. ROBINSON

LIKE most women, I always had a great desire for pretty clothes. But like most women in moderate circumstances, I could seldom afford to buy anything really nice at the prices the shops were asking.

My husband's salary was scarcely sufficient to meet the most pressing of our needs as it was and somehow we were never able to put anything aside.

We lived in a small but comfortable home. We wanted to buy it, but the owner wanted $500 down, and even $500 was beyond our fondest dreams.

Frankly, we didn't seem to be getting anywhere. We were just drifting along, that was all.

We had reached one of the critical periods of married life. Some call it "re-adjustment"; some "settling down"; some "disillusionment." But I could see that it was a crisis.

The clothes problem was worst of all. When I was single, I had a position that paid me $15 a week. It wasn't a large salary, to be sure, but I lived at home with my people, and even after helping with the family expenses, I always had something left over for clothes. Not as many as I would have liked, nor as pretty, but at least a new dress each spring, a suit in the fall, and two or three hats a year.

But after marriage I didn't even have that. I wore the same clothes so long that I was almost ashamed to go anywhere.

And then finally, just when things looked darkest, I read in one of the magazines the story of a woman just like myself, who had not only solved her clothes problem, but had found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home.

Somehow that story raised all my hopes anew. I felt that after all there was a way for me to have the pretty, becoming clothes I had always wanted—perhaps even to make some money to add to the family income.

So that very night I wrote to the Woman's Institute for information about their plan of teaching dressmaking and millinery at home, and a few days later I enrolled for the dressmaking course.

I COULD hardly sew at all at the time and I was afraid that I might have some difficulty with the lessons. But they are written in such plain, every-day language that even a child could understand them. And those wonderful pictures! As one fashion expert says—"You could almost learn dressmaking and millinery from the illustrations alone."

I found the work intensely interesting, for it helped me to fill a life-long desire—to really know how to sew. And soon I was so absorbed in making simple, pretty things for myself and the children that I had forgotten all about my troubles and had a new feeling of confidence—a new outlook on life.

It was wonderfully fascinating to see the garments literally grow in my hands and such a satisfaction to know I was saving money with every stitch.

Naturally, my husband was as pleased as could be at my progress, for every husband likes to see his wife well dressed. And there was never any thought about extravagance or "Can we afford it?" because I was either making over garments of previous seasons, or making new ones for just the cost of materials.

The neighbors just couldn't get over the improvement in my appearance, and pretty soon, first one and then another came to me and asked if I wouldn't make something for them. It seemed as if every one in town was looking for a really good dressmaker, and my own clothes proved that I was all of that. So I arranged to spend part of each day sewing for others.

The very first week I made $15. Then $20 and $25 and then $30. During the last three months I have made nearly $200 sewing for my neighbors and friends —in addition to saving at least $75 on my own clothes.

THE other evening I showed my husband how much I had earned and put aside and he was so surprised. I think he was prouder of me than he had been in years.

That $500 that we want for the first payment on our house isn't so far away after all. And we are all so happy! You can't imagine what a difference it makes when a woman has an income of her own.

And to think that just about a year ago I was so worried about the family finances and the clothes problem that I hardly knew which way to turn!

I am telling you all this in such detail because I want you to see that there *is* a way for you to have the pretty clothes for which you have been longing.

For what I have done, any woman can do. More than 140,000 women and girls are now studying at home with the Woman's Institute. Among them are wives and mothers—teachers—girls at home and in school—girls in offices, shops and factories—all learning dressmaking and millinery just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

I know it sounds almost too good to be true—but it isn't. I was as skeptical at first as anybody—but something inside of me kept saying "Find out about it! Find out about it!" And I certainly am glad I did!

I hope you will do the same thing. For it costs you absolutely nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it will do for you.

JUST send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon printed below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 2-K, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without cost or obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

It takes but a moment to tear out this coupon, fill it out and mail it, yet that seemingly simple little act may bring you more happiness than anything you have ever done in your life.

TEAR OUT HERE

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Digitized by Google

GOLF-WIDOWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

and how selfish you were! When *I* was the selfish one! Don—this awful night has taught me a lot of things. I'm never going to be a golf-widow again!"

"You're right you're not," he said; and took her, dirty white clothes and all, into his arms. "Selfish! Of course I've been selfish. I've gotten paid for it, and I hope I can take my medicine in as sporting a way as any one. Selfishness! That's all over with now, Mary Jane. From here on my golfing schedule is going to be cut in half. That leaves me enough golf for any ordinary person, and half my time with you. I fought it all out with myself—down by the rocks."

Mary Jane gazed in awe upon his face, alight with the heroism of conscious sacrifice. "My dear," she said—"my *dear* husband!"

Then the rush of refusal to consider his offer lay still-born. Compromise! The basis of every partnership. "Let me tell you what *I* fought out—in the boat—while Holly snored," she said gently. "From now on, Don, I'm going to keep house according to your income. That means that with you not golfing quite so much, my time's going to be full. And we'll be—be together more."

"What?" Don let loose a whoop of joy. "Do you mean we're going to quit all this living-with-the-in-laws stuff? Honey!" He clutched her convulsively. "You really mean you're willing to—to settle down to married life?"

Mary Jane almost burst into tears again, at his pathetic delight. *Settle down!* The odium of those words he had become agreeable, after the risqué uncertainty of the night just gone.

"Yes, Don," she told him firmly. "I've turned into a woman overnight. Shouldn't be surprized if a few gray hairs were sprouting. We'll start the fashion in our crowd for keeping house, with a baby or two thrown in."

A long pause while Don kissed her in a way almost reminiscent of their engagement. Then—

"Get up off my knee, Mary Jane," he said comfortably. "You certainly got wet out sailing, and it's a darn uneasy feeling."

THE LOVE-LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

she reasoned. "And what I really need is a professor!"

And Nathan Nadelson came. He was tall, lean, and knotty. He was grave, slow, and squinted. After he had leisurely folded himself into a chair, he placed his hands upon his knees in an attitude of prepared-ness.

Zelde began: "Oil Mister Nadelson!" she sighed, pouring out her heart to him. "I got such a terrible business with my Sarah! She's looking for love and I'm looking for a lover! Maybe you got something to match?"

"Hah?" said Nadelson, bending forward.

"Can't you hear me?" Zelde shouted into his ear.

"I ain't deaf!" Nadelson shouted back angrily. "That's only such a habit I got."

"Well, I'm sorry I screamed on you," Zelde apologized humbly.

"Hah?" Nadelson inquired.

"A NEW lunatic on my head!" Zelde groaned wearily. "If I holler he hollers back, and if I talk quiet he says, 'Hah?'"

She sat, afraid to speak, utterly at a loss. "I'm sorry I ever started," she thought dismally. "Still for a child it's no limit what a mother will do!" And she bravely faced Nadelson in conversation.

"My Sarah is a darling girl," she said, half shouting, half normal, "but she'll send me to a early grave!"

Nadelson nodded sympathetically. "You're just like the goose," he said, "which laid a golden egg. So the owner thought it's a gold-mine inside and he killed it. That shows you it's always the golden egg that sends the goose to the grave!"

"I don't care," said Zelde with maternal pride. "She's still my child! And we got to do something for her before there's nothing to do! Else she can't get a better husband than I got, then at least like me!"

"Hah?" said Nadelson with a start.

"It's worse than a habit I talk!" Zelde decided. "Listen, Mister Nadelson, either you talk or you don't, or you hear or you don't! Do one or the other! If you do both I get all mixed up!"

"Don't mind it," said Nadelson persuasively. "I told you such a habit I got. And for Sarah I got a dentist!"

"A dentist!" Zelde exclaimed, a little hopefully. "To marry a profession ain't so bad," she reflected. "Wait, wait; it'll be yet good everything!" But she thought of Bernard's landlady, and quickly inquired, "The profession is good, but what about the man?

"Only tell me," she inquired, "does this dentist what you got—does he know everything?" She had Bernard's prodigy in mind.

"Hah?"

"Does he know everything?" Zelde shouted at the top of her voice.

"He don't know nothing!" Nadelson shouted back into her ear. "What's the matter? You deaf?"

"Maybe I am, sir!," Zelde admitted, holding her ear, "but you're crazy. Why do you sleep when I talk and wake up when I'm finished?"

"That's only such a habit I got——"

"Oil I got a headache!" Zelde moaned. "Please, Mr. Nadelson, good-by!"

But she did not let him go. "I got to find a feller or I'll lose my daughter!" pounded through her aching head, and the deeper she became embroiled in this frantic, futile search the wilder grew her efforts to succeed.

If only Nadelson's dentist were unlike Bernard's lawyer she would be satisfied. "Tell me, Mr Nadelson," she began with fear in her heart, "does your dentist sing?"

"What for shall he sing?" cried Nadelson, surprized. "What do you think he's a cantor? He hollers a little bit, but that's nothing! He's just like a dog I once knew which had a golden bark——"

"Tell me one more thing," Zelde interrupted. "Is he tall like a building and does he fight with gloves on?"

"Who's tall? Who fights? What gloves? What building?" Nadelson exclaimed, puzzled and scornful. "He's a little feller, a nobody. I put him in my pocket!"

"Well, I'm glad he's a little feller with a big voice what don't know nothing and hollers!" thought Zelde. "At least he ain't got none of the traits what Bernard's lawyer has!" She was giddy with confusion, bewilderment, despair.

"Zelde, I always told you, 'Don't mix in!'" she reprimanded herself. "Now you can't mix out! Like Mendel says, 'What is a wife? It seems you right!'"

She was haggard and drawn, her features tense, her spirit sagging with the chaos of her mind. Nadelson's presence alone saved her from a complete collapse. And now, Mendel too, was in the room.

She motioned quickly to Nadelson to be silent as she whispered, "Sh-h-h-hl Mine husband don't got to know nothing about it!"

"Hah?" said Nadelson with a vacant look as he continued to describe his dentist. Zelde broke in hastily.

"Mendel," she cried out with exaggerated joy, "meet Mr. Nadelson, the insurance agent!"

"The match-maker!" Nadelson corrected her, indignantly.

Mendel frowned. "What is a match-maker?" he asked, with a stern look at Zelde.

"You don't know what is a match-maker?" cried Nadelson. "I'm surprized! You look like intelligent!"

Mendel's eyes opened wide. "What new kind of a lunatic is this?" he thought.

But Nadelson looked lovingly at him. "Ai! Mendel," he sighed, with a patronizing air, "you remind me of a donkey I once knew which had golden ears. But the owner thought it's a golden mine inside and he killed it! That shows you, if you're a donkey you can have gold up to the ears and it won't help you none!"

"What is this Nadelson?" thought Mendel. "A rock. He hits you hard and he's hard to get to. But he's determined to try. "Listen, Mr. Nadelson," he spoke, apparently cool, "I would like when I'll start to ask a question, let me finish!"

"Hah?" said Nadelson, abstracted.

"What did you bring in the house?" cried Mendel, exasperated. But Nadelson looked scornfully upon him.

"Mendel, you remind me——"

"And you, Mr. Nadelson, remind me of a phonograph I once knew," Mendel interjected swiftly, "which played only one record all the time! So the owned thought he'll go crazy and he bust it! Maybe you get the hint? Ah?"

AT this juncture Bernard entered rapidly, but upon espying Mendel, turned quickly on his heel to leave again. Zelde pleaded with him to remain.

"I thought surely he's in the country!" growled Bernard, glaring reproachfully at her. "I betcha you forgot to send him!"

But he was even more enraged at the presence of a rival match-maker!

"Mendel," he began, "So that's the way you trust me! I'm a man like this, Zelde—if you treat me right, I remember that; but if you treat me wrong, then I first remember you!"

Nadelson tried to conciliate his competitor. "Bernard," he began, "you remind me of a dog I once knew——"

"Listen, Mr. Nadelson," Bernard broke in hotly, "I don't expect you shall call me 'doctor' or 'professor,' but 'mister' I'm entitled. I don't let nobody call me Bernard except only special customers!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

Orig nal from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Don't Forget — Bon Ami is made in both Cake and Powder form!

Most everybody uses Bon Ami to keep their windows and mirrors crystal clear—but do you know that Bon Ami is best for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Glass Baking Dishes
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Aluminum Ware	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

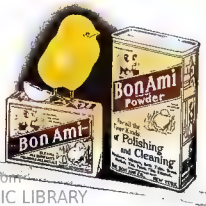
Whether you use the cake or powder form of Bon Ami is largely a matter of taste—one is just as good as the other. For some things housewives prefer the cake—for others the soft powder in its handy sifter top can.

In either form Bon Ami is far better than the old-fashioned gritty cleaners that *scratch* off the dirt. Bon Ami *absorbs* dirt—it doesn't grind it away—and so it's safe to use on any surface.

One should really keep both a can and a cake of Bon Ami always on hand—there are so many uses for these popular partners in cleanliness.

BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 396 a blend of tan and grey. In the 9x12 foot size the price is only $16.20.
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

"You're a wonder, Ruth. I can hardly believe you got this beautiful rug for $16.20."

A genuine bargain -these beautiful, rich-colored *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs. They cost much less than woven rugs and carpets—and they're so much easier to clean and care for.

Their charming patterns will amaze you—elaborate Oriental and Chinese designs for the living and dining room—simple, dainty ones for the bedroom—conventional, bright patterns for kitchen and bathroom.

And you will find Congoleum Rugs so practical too. Nothing will stain their smooth surface. A few whisks of a damp mop leave them clean and spotless—no need for dusty, back-breaking sweeping. They always lie flat without fastening.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½ x 9	feet	10.10		3 x 3	feet 1.00
9 x 9	feet	12.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9 x 10½	feet	14.15		3 x 6	feet 2.00
9 x 12	feet	16.20			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes" an interesting illustrated booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in full color will be gladly sent free, upon request to our nearest office.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

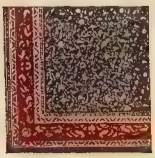
Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

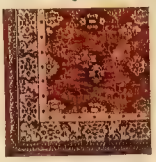
Stores which sell genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows and in their floor-covering departments.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Dallas Kansas City
Minneapolis Atlanta San Francisco Pittsburgh Montreal



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 381.



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 518.

Google

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE LOVE-LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Huh?" said Nadelson, surprized. Bernard drew a long breath.

"Mr. Nadelson, you remind me of a feller I once knew— Pooh! I'm talking like you already!" Bernard stopped in alarm, then proceeded cautiously. "You ought to be partners with Soldmon Gassenheim, the banker! Whenever I talk he begins to cough till he makes me deaf, and you say 'Huh?' till you make me dumb. Together you'll make everybody deaf and dumb and you'd do a big business!" He turned to Zelde with a wrathful look.

"One thing I warn you, if Sarah marries she'll have to marry my lawyer! I'm sick and tired running around for nothing!"

"The same with my dentist," Nadelson said resolutely. "He's looking for years already for a match, and you think if at last he got one, he'll let it go so easy? Don't worry, there's justice in this country."

ZELDE looked pitifully to Mendel. She felt that with her bungling she had driven Sarah irrevocably to books Or to bigamy!

In the turmoil of parley she stood like a pivot of confusion. Her head was whirling and her mind was blank

"He says 'I'm a man 'like this—!' And this one says, 'You remind me of a horse—' And the other one says, 'What is a cow?' It's a whole animal zoo here! Between the three nobody gives in to the other one! The only thing I know is Bernard got a lawyer like a prize-fighter, and Nadelson got a dentist like a bottle-baby, and Mendel got Sarah crazy with books, and this they call happiness! Oi, oi, oi!

"Oh! Now she's here too!" cried Bernard as Sarah came in. "I'm a man like this—I leave it all to her! Whatever I'll say she'll do! Sarah, you be the judge! But remember I'm your uncle!"

"But what's it all about?" said Sarah, nonplused.

"About you!" Bernard exclaimed. "Listen, I make you a short story. We all agreed you should get married. So I got you a first-class lawyer, but your mother thought you need a dentist, too. Now tell me which you want. You see I'm fair, I don't tell you the lawyer beats the dentist in pieces, and I don't tell you to consider me with my family. I say let the best man win! That's me!

"But I don't need a lawyer," said Sarah, "or a dentist!"

"But you got to have a feller!" Bernard objected.

"Well, I have one," Sarah answered coldly.

"He means the books," Zelde prompted Bernard

"I don't mean the books," said Sarah, flushed, uncrushed.

'What? You got a real feller?" Zelde almost screamed

A chill of silence fell over the match-makers. Mendel bit off a piece of his cigaret.

"Where did you get him? How did it happen? Are you telling the truth? Why don't you talk? A thousand questions like comets streaked Zelde's mind and died before they could reach her lips. The thought of a reconciliation with her daughter now, just when it had seemed most impossible, burst like a shower of sun-rays through her whole being, and called back the glow of another past into her heart. She was overpowered by conflicting feelings of great joy and hope and doubt and deep surprise. Fear at last was uppermost and restored her speech.

"Is he—now tell me the truth, Sarah—it ne big and sings, or is he little and hollers?"

"He's middle size and talks!"

"That's the first human being I hear about!" said Zelde with a sigh. "And is he a lawyer or a dentist?"

"He's a doctor!"

'A what?" Zelde rose. Her heart was beating too fast for her to sit. "Mine child!" she began, speaking with effort, "tell me, do you -like your father says—do you love him? You don't have to tell me I see it! And I wouldn't mix in! Only tell me, is he got a nice practise—I don't care if he's got or not! We'll help him. Bernard, you must take your wife to him! Imagine! A real doctor in the family! That shows you what love is! Sarah, it'll all right—Mendel suffers from rheumatism and my back hurts me—from the family alone he'll get rich! We'll all go to him!"

"But, Mama, he treats only horses and cows," Sarah exclaimed, when her mother had finally stopped from exhaustion. "He's an animal-doctor!"

Zelde started, smitten. "A horse-doctor!" she shrieked, dismayed

"Pch! A shame! A disgrace!" cried Bernard and Nadelson, horrified but greatly encouraged.

"A horse-doctor!" Zelde groaned, the distance between her and her daughter suddenly yawning into an insurmountable chasm—a rupture in the common ground of their tastes, ideas, and ideals that never would be healed! How far her daughter must have drifted from her, Zelde thought, to choose one of such a grotesque, outlandish occupation! Zelde might have known that Sarah's love-life would flower into a veterinarian!

"Didn't I know wherever it's mixed in Mendel it must be trouble! And didn't I know from such a books with monkeys it's got to grow out a animal-doctor! How will I look in people's faces?" she thought with a shudder of shame. "They'll say, 'We heard your daughter married a doctor! We'd like to go to him!' So I'll answer, 'You got to be a horse first—he don't treat people!' Pooh! They'll laugh on me and point on me with fingers in the streets!

Never! Rather than compromise on a horse-doctor Zelde was ready to go down to black failure and defeat! But she would fight first. Fight the way Zelde could when she had to! And to Mendel she turned.

"First, you didn't want Sarah shall marry in society? All right! Then you wanted she shall go in college? All right! Then I thought maybe she'll marry a profession? All right! But such a crazy business, never! I tell you right now, if it moves into this family a horse-doctor I move out!"

"That's right!" put in Bernard approvingly. "But Nadelson with me don't move so quick! We agreed to stand here together! Sarah, if you want my lawyer, Nadelson wouldn't kick. If you want his dentist, I'll see about it! But one thing Nadelson with me agreed, whatever you do you got to treat me right, or we'll fight this horse-doctor to a finish!"

"That's all!" added Nadelson for emphasis.

And the two match-makers resolved with Zelde to present their suitors for inspection. Sarah protested vehemently, but her father soothed her.

"Sarah, what is a family? A box of matches. If one catches fire they all burn! Be calm. Let them bring theirs and you bring yours. Maybe when all three men'll be together, your mother'll like your taste! What is life? Ice-skating. Go easy where it's thin!"

Zelde was suspicious of Mendel's benevolence. "First he breaks my heart and then he tries to pick up the pieces," she thought drearily, but Bernard reconciled her to the plan.

"It was my idea the whole thing to bring the three together!" he said, his creative pride offended. "Whenever I got an idea you say it's Mendel's, and whenever ne makes a mistake you say it's mine! The older you get, the worse you love him! I'm ashamed of you!" and he left disgruntled, his short, stubby form palpitating with temper, while the tall, lank Nadelson stalked somberly behind

Zelde remained, heaped in a chair, convinced that it was all a ruse to deceive, cajole, and finally obliterate her. She and her daughter were now like specks at the opposite poles of the horizon. The silken threads of feeling which linked their hearts were stretched to the fine, thin edge of snapping, and soon—Zelde could feel it—soon the last, horrible thread of filial devotion that bound Sarah to her would be broken. Sarah, too, felt that the final break had come

"What shall I do?" she cried, bewildered. But Mendel's tone was quiet, firm.

"What is love? An arrow. It goes in a straight line. Just follow the arrow!"

BUT it was hard Sarah realized that in seeking out her own happiness she had left her mother far behind, estranged, neglected. In planting the seeds of her new life she had broken away from the trunk of the old. And she dreaded to think that the pain where the ligaments tore might never pass

In the days of her early girlhood Sarah had been like a younger sister to Zelde, and they had often talked together of a man—a handsome, noble, great, and good man who would come out of the mists of time and embrace Zelde and call her "Mother!" and kiss Sarah and call her "Wife!" And somewhere in the background Mendel would be sitting, smoking, smiling, saying in his bantering way, "Remember, children, what is marriage? A chest. When it's new it pinches, and when it's comfortable it's old!" And they would laugh but not listen to him

Zelde had clung through the years to that youthful vision, but Sarah had drifted away. She had wanted in vain for that great, good man to come, and despite her mother's diligent search he could not be found. And the one hope and love that had sustained Sarah's life vanished! But Mendel soothed her. "Sarah, what is life? A garden. If you can't find the flower of love, love the flowers you find! Do like Columbus did. If you're looking for happiness in the east and it's not there, you won't reach your goal, at least you'll discover a new land on the way!"

And she started on the path of her love-life. Her heart, which she had kept locked like a precious casket, to be unsealed only when the chosen man would come, had opened of its own accord and expanded to embrace the beauties of the life about her. And it seemed to her that love was everywhere. That the cook found love in her sauces, even as the painter in her palet and the singer in her songs! And Sarah watched her father as he sat absorbed in his reveries, and she knew that every creation born of his mind was a child of love. She too wanted to create, to know, to learn—not as plumage to attract a man—but as food for her heart and mind. For

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

The Severest Test

Which Face Creams can be given

The Overnight Test:—Application before Retiring; Judgment in the Morning.

That is the test which has elevated the famous Angélus Lemon Creams into a class all their own. That is the test that has convinced multitudes of women, and should convince you, that the Angélus Lemon Creams live up to every promise.

Time was when women *hoped* for the better when they used a face cream. Now, when they use the Angélus Lemon Creams, they *know* that their complexions will become clearer and lovelier.

Every morning their mirrors tell them good news.

The Angélus treatment is simple as well as sure. Before retiring, first cleanse the pores thoroughly with Angélus Lemon Cleansing Cream. In a moment your skin is freed of all impurities. Then gently massage a little Angélus Lemon Tissue Cream into the clean pores, and leave there overnight. In the morning a delightful discovery awaits you.

Your druggist or department store has Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream at $1.00 the 4 oz. jar, $1.85 the 8 oz. jar; Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream at $1.00 the 2 oz. jar, $2.00 the 4 oz. jar.

An interesting booklet, entitled "Complexion Beautiful," and a generous introductory tube of Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream will be sent you on receipt of 35¢. Park & Tilford, Division A, 529 West 42nd Street, New York City.

In the daytime use (as a protection against sun, wind and dust) Angelus Lemon Vanishing Cream. It is an ideal base for powdering—absolutely greaseless, and ever so soothing

One dollar the jar.

One of the Park & Tilford Quality Group

Google

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

PLANNING THE HOUSE TO SAVE LABOR

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

THIS is the first of a series of modern labor-saving houses of different types, conveniently arranged and equipped to save the housewife work. The author, Mrs. Croy, is a professional consultant in house-building and -arrangement, as well as an experienced housekeeper and a specialist in household devices. Next month will be described a house with kitchen and laundry on the same level.

THE home is a woman's workshop, but up to this time few houses have been built with this idea in mind. Labor-saving devices have been invented, but the proper construction of a home that will save steps and also make for pleasant and comfortable living is too seldom considered until it is too late to alter the architect's plans.

Being men, architects know very little of a woman's daily routine, so they can not be expected to anticipate her needs. Therefore begin to systematize your home when you draw up your building-plans, and remember how important are the features that make for labor-saving. Put into your blue-prints the things that will mean comfort and convenience. Real-estate men will tell you that it is the appearance of the rooms, their arrangement, and the closet-space that sell a house. They build for women because it is the wife who inspects the house and who consummates the deal. The husband has an eye for space, but the woman takes in the details. After a woman has looked a house over, real-estate men can foretell its fate. Therefore when you build to-day look to the comfort not only of your own family but of the future woman buyer.

THE house shown in the accompanying plan faces the south, giving living-room, dining-room, both porches, and two of the bedrooms on the second floor the benefit of a southern exposure. While not all building-lots can face the south, at least all houses can be planned with a view to getting the best exposures for the rooms which are used most frequently. A house need not necessarily be entered from the front—a side entrance is often just as attractive.

The rooms are of comfortable proportions, the much in square footage has been saved by eliminating the center hall, while there is plenty of room in the living-room for a piano and all other needed pieces of furniture. The dining-room has three spaces quite large enough for a very large buffet, a china-closet, and a serving-table.

This plan could be cut to small dimensions without sacrificing any feature now embodied in it, merely by slicing off a couple of feet across the entire front, a foot or so off each side and off the rear. This would take off a corresponding foot from the kitchen drain-board, and there would be a little less space for either ice-box or pantry-cupboard as well. The stairs, in this case, should be set a foot or so nearer the front of the house in order to leave room for the rear entry to cellar stairs. Since the cost of houses is usually based originally on the cubic footage, it is well to get an estimate on different sizes before deciding whether or not it is worth while cutting off a few feet, for a couple of feet mean much to a room.

The large porch with its western exposure gets the afternoon sunlight, but if this proves too much of a glare there are awnings to offset it, and southwestern breezes in the Summer make up for much in the way of glare. Both dining-room and kitchen have an eastern exposure, and the bright morning sunlight streams in during the breakfast-hour. Diagonally across on the north side of the kitchen are two casement windows providing light for the worker at the sink, but not light so strong as to be trying on the eyes, as would be the case if the sink were placed before an eastern window.

Every room on both the first floor and the second floor of this house, with the exception of bathroom and pantry, has windows on more than one side of the room, affording cross-ventilation, which is so necessary if a room is to be really comfortable in warm weather, and, in the case of a kitchen, so extremely desirable for dispelling odors and smoke which every kitchen will have to a greater or lesser degree.

The up-stairs is divided into the conventional large bedroom on the west, a narrow hall at the east of the stairs, and two bedrooms on the east side of the house, both opening out on the sleeping-porch or balcony. The bathroom is placed over the front-entry porch, and there is room for another small bathroom over the rear-entry porch. An important detail, not overlooked here, is the placing of the bath-tub, which is not directly in front of the window, necessitating stepping into it every time the window is opened, nor is the seat placed against the window, where a draft would strike the back of the one sitting there.

The roof of the large porch is not made into a sleeping-porch, but left open for the purpose of sunning woolen clothing, bedclothes, and other such articles which would have to be taken down-stairs and out-of-doors for the regular sunning periods.

One of the cleverest details in the whole house is the entry which leads both to the cellar and to the back porch, as well as serving the purpose of convenient egress to living-room from kitchen and pantry. What woman would not enjoy having such a passageway when she is serving tea in the living-room, and who would not appreciate the convenience of getting to the kitchen quickly from the living-room?

Correct places for electric-light outlets play a large part in the comfort of the home, and to-day, instead of having an electric light in the center ceiling, with possibly an extra one somewhere on the wall, we are placing outlets at every place we are likely to want to use them. Base-plugs constitute a large number of the outlets, and reading-lamps can be moved from place to place at the convenience of the reader, while an outlet for every electrical device is conveniently at hand.

The cost of electric outlets is very slight when put in at the time of building and is not prohibitive even if added afterward. The conventional chandelier was omitted from the living-room of this house and side lights and base-plugs have been substituted, with the result that the room is not only more prettily decorated with its attractive lamp-shades, but the light for reading is stronger and, therefore, better for the eyes. The chandelier over the dining-table is the inverted-light type, and there is not a glare in the eyes while at dinner.

The only place in this home where there is no blank space for decorative ideas is the service department, for the laundry, kitchen, and pantry are properly laboratories and are no larger than need be for holding the necessary equipment for work.

A rest-spot for the kitchen-worker is provided in the breakfast-porch or sun-parlor, which can be entered both from kitchen and dining-room, and which can also be used as the children's dining-room or a down-stairs sewing-room. If steps were added to the garden, it might conveniently be turned into a playroom for the children.

The kitchen measures but ten by thirteen and a half feet, but it contains everything necessary for kitchen-work, while the pantry adjoining provides any remaining conveniences for serving and storing.

The range sets in the corner, with a window at the left and one just beyond the right outer edge. With this cross-ventilation and a vent, which should be provided even for a gas-range, there is little chance for smoke or odors to reach the dining-room even if there were not the extra precaution of a broken passageway through the pantry. The distance from range to dining-room door is but nine feet.

The square top on its metal support standing so casually under the drain-board is not so casual as it seems, for it is nothing less than the fireless cooker, which long since proved its value in saving time, labor, and fuel—not to mention its usefulness in retaining the original flavor in many foods cooked so satisfactorily in it.

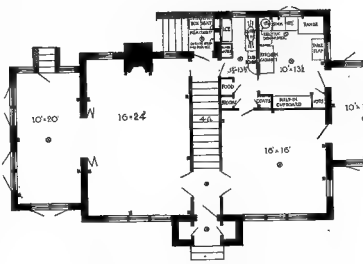
This cooker roasts, bakes, boils, and stews. Any food requiring more than 20 minutes' use of fuel are cooked far more economically in the fireless cooker than over direct heat. The fireless cooker is one of the devices which pay for themselves over and over in the saving of fuel bills.

A hinged table-top on the wall near the range, directly under the cast window, serves as a table, and yet can be dropped down against the wall out of the way when not in use. The very convenient kitchen cabinet on the opposite wall has a leaf to be pulled out when making bread or pie-crust, or preparations for other foods, tho most of the food is prepared at the drain-board and sink, the worker sitting on a high stool.

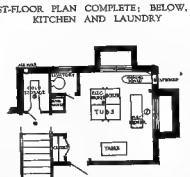
A BUILT-IN cabinet, extending from floor to ceiling with an eighteen-inch table-base thirty-eight inches from the floor, runs the full width of the kitchen, between a pot-closet in one corner and a coat-closet in the other, the door to which opens into the pantry in order to avoid odors. This cabinet, together with the portable cabinet which has a place for every utensil needed daily as well as a place for small quantities of supplies, provides ample cupboard-room, tho in the pantry there is another cupboard for bolding dishes, tea-towels, glassware, and cook-books, and over the pantry sink is still more cupboard-space for storing such canned goods and preserves as do not need to be kept in the cold-storage room. With all this delightful cupboard accommodation there is no excuse for the kitchen presenting an untidy appearance.

A word about the height of sink and drain-board: There may be a struggle with your plumber to induce him to set these necessary adjuncts at the proper height, but never give in until you have won in a decision to have them from thirty-six to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57



ABOVE, FIRST-FLOOR PLAN COMPLETE; BELOW, DETAILS OF KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY



A HOUSE WITH AN UP-TO-DATE AND CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED KITCHEN AND A COMPLETE BASEMENT LAUNDRY AND STORAGE-SPACE. WITH THIS LABOR-SAVING PLAN, GOOD VENTILATION, AND EASY ACCESS TO ALL ROOMS, THIS HOUSE IS A PLEASANT WORKSHOP

PARTS ON THESE PLANS ARE INDICATED AS FOLLOWS: CROSSED CIRCLE=ELECTRIC CEILING-LIGHT; CROSSED SQUARE=BASE- OR WALL-PLUG; CIRCLE CROSSED WITH CURVED LINE=HIGH STOOL; BLACK DOT=GAS-OUTLET; DOT WITH TAIL=WATER-FAUCET; LINES PROTRUDING FROM WINDOWS=CASEMENT WINDOWS

ONE SIDE OF THE KITCHEN, WITH STOVE, SINK, AND DISH-WASHER CONVENIENTLY PLACED

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

PLANNING THE HOUSE TO SAVE LABOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

thirty-eight inches from floor to drain-board. Thirty-eight inches is none too high for a tall woman, and once having known the comfort of a high sink, and the avoidance of a tired back from bending over it, a woman will never again be resigned to the low sink.

The dish-washing machine, that great boon to the kitchen-worker, which washes in five minutes dishes that would require an hour's time if done by hand, is installed in the kitchen under the hinged drain-board, which is raised when the machine is in use. The dish-washer in use here is the stationary type, round in shape and requiring but twenty-four inches of space each way. If the oblong, portable machine is preferred, there is plenty of space for it to be set parallel with the kitchen cabinet.

The well-planning between kitchen and pantry, located at the left of the kitchen sink, has two uses: to pass the food through to the kitchen when taking it from the ice-box, which usually means more than one trip, and to pass prepared foods from kitchen to pantry-shelf, awaiting the dinner hour. Similar openings are shown in the wall between pantry and back porch, one of which is planned for an outside opening for the ice-box in order that the iceman may not have to come inside, and the other is the opening to a small milk-closet, or provision-closet for the use of butcher or grocer when delivering supplies. The delivery boys are directed to place their wares in the closet, close the door with the spring-lock, and go on their way without disturbing any one to answer the door.

The place for the ice-box is between the north wall of the pantry and the dumb-waiter, which most useful device runs from the cellar to the third floor, saving many, many steps in the course of a day. The doors of this dumb-waiter slide up and down on noiseless pulley-ropes, and it measures two feet square, tho a foot and a half by two feet is usually large enough for the average household.

The majority of women realize the value of a linen-chute, but few stop to think how easily could be added a dumb-waiter, and yet the linen-chute would not be hindered in its purpose, for the space that houses the chute is the same space in which the dumb-waiter should be placed, and when the dumb-waiter is run above the opening on a floor the clothes can be dropped down the chute just as if there were no dumb-waiter there. A food-closet is on the other side of the door from the dumb-waiter, and adjoining it an extra closet for holding brooms, carpet-sweeper, dust-pans, brushes, and mops, as well as the electric vacuum cleaner, which no household should be without.

IN THE cellar, directly under the kitchen, is the laundry. Thus placed, one plumbing line serves both kitchen and laundry purposes. You will see that this laundry has cross-ventilation, with four area windows, making it cool and pleasant on a hot Summer day, and certainly the laundress is entitled to a comfortable and cheerful workshop.

There is an additional small window-light in the lavatory in the corner, and fresh air is thus provided for every quarter. The dumb-waiter is near the door, in easy reach of the cold-storage room, just waiting to be loaded with potatoes or other heavy vegetables, which otherwise would have to be carried up-stairs in the possibly already overtired arms of the busy housewife, often requiring two trips. Likewise wet and heavy clothes from the tubs are sent up on the dumb-waiter, from where they are carried to the lines.

The floor of the storage-room is of dirt, and has a shelf all around the wall, with large hooks underneath the shelf for hanging certain vegetables that keep better if suspended than if lying flat.

Installed permanently in the laundry are the various pieces of machinery for laundry-work, *i. e.*, the electric washing-machine, the electrically operated but *gas-heated* ironing-machine, an overhead clothes-dryer, and a hinged ironing-board, which, when not in use, is swung upward into a cabinet and out of the way, as well as being protected from the dust and any steam that might arise from the hot water being run into the laundry-trays.

The washing-machine is connected with the plumbing in the same manner as the small-tubs both for water-inlet and -outlet. The inlet consists of one spout for both the hot-water faucet and the cold-water faucet, thus providing tepid water for washing woolen blankets, which, when wet, prove to be too heavy to lift out of the machine between rinsings, and which would certainly shrink if the method of running in first cold and then hot water, or vice versa, were pursued.

The boiler sets beside the machine, and it, too, is connected with the water-pipes. In order to drain the water from the boiler after using, it was necessary to have the plumber make a hole in the boiler and solder into it a pipe and faucet, which is also connected with the sewer-drain. Any woman who has ever baled out gallons of hot water from a boiler will appreciate the convenience of this arrangement.

The complete washing equipment of two tubs, washing-machine, and boiler sets well out from the wall, with space enough for one to walk around it. This is a most de-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

Like the old-time "Servant Girl"—

Western Electric products do all your hard work quickly, efficiently, economically

Remember the general servant girl of twenty years ago? Dependable, cheerful—always hard at work. Who does not long for help like that again! Well, now you can have it. Read how.

Only Western Electric has 6 appliances

THE advantages of electrical housekeeping are well known. These have been developed most completely by Western Electric, in a line of six appliances.

Everything from washing clothes to washing dishes; your cooking, cleaning, ironing, sewing—the six Western Electric appliances do it all. It is just like the old-time Servant Girl, before the era of "specialists" at several dollars a day.

There is another advantage in the Western Electric Line. These six appliances are backed by an organization with 53 years' experience in the electrical industry. They are ruggedly built for years of service. The careful workmanship you find in one distinguishes all.

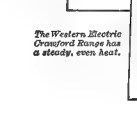
The easy, thorough Western Electric way of washing makes clothes last longer.

The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper.

The Western Electric Dishwasher and Kitchen Table is useful always.

The Ironer even irons ruffles.

Sew all day without fatigue on a Western Electric.



The Western Electric Cromford Range has a steady, even heat.

A Clothes Washer built for hard work

The Western Electric Clothes Washer, for example, is typical of the skill in design, the strength of construction and the simplicity of operation which characterize all six appliances.

In recent years the fashions in washing machine design have done a good deal of changing about, and the public has sometimes paid in poor service for this experimenting. But during all this time the Western Electric Washer has remained essentially the same. That it is right in design and sound in construction are facts endorsed by the experience of thousands of women through years of use.

But test the Washer and the other appliances yourself. See them demonstrated at a nearby Western Electric dealer's. See how, taken as a group, they make all your hard work easy.

"The Eight Hour Day in the Home"—Write for your copy. This interesting booklet tells how the Western Electric appliances save your time, your energy, your money too.

Address Western Electric Housekeeping Dept., 199 Broadway, New York.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

A FISHING TRIP—TO THE MARKET

The First of a New Series of Up-to-date Marketing Articles

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

AMONG other things, Boston is the largest fishing-port in the United States, and it is straight from Boston's wholesale and retail markets that we bring you first-hand information about a neglected food which we hope will be, helpful to you on your next marketing-trip.

How often do you serve fish on your table? How many varieties do you know? Do you know their season and when they are most abundant and cheapest? Do you know appetizing ways of preparing them, sauces to accompany them, and combinations of foods to serve with them? Fish should be a cheap food, much cheaper than it usually is, but the trouble is with us. We use too little and too few kinds.

There are forty commonly known fish, and yet our marketman tells us that the housewife is familiar with only six or seven. Just as long as we demand and purchase only certain well-known kinds, such as salmon and halibut, the price of these will be far beyond their actual value, and other fine varieties, such as sand-dabs from the California coast or the cusk or squid off the New England coast, will go abegging in the market, even tho they cost only six or eight cents a pound. Remember this, the law of supply and demand determines the cost of fish.

From the housekeeper's standpoint fish found in the market can be classified in two ways: according to the color of the flesh and the size and shape of the fish.

The fish that have dark flesh are known as oily-meated or dark fish. They have a rich flavor for the fat is distributed throughout the flesh. The dark varieties include the bluefish, mackerel, shad, salmon, herring, sword, and sable fish. Since they have a distinctive flavor they need little seasoning except salt, pepper, and butter, and can be served with the sweet juice vegetables such as peas, carrots, beets, asparagus, and greens.

Those with white flesh called white, lean, or dry-meated fish have the fat secreted in the liver. Among the white-fleshed fish are halibut, flounder, whitefish, haddock, cod, hake, turbot, pike, perch, pollack, striped bass, and red snapper. These are the ones with which to serve the rich butter or oil sauces, excepting perhaps the whitefish, for it has a sweet flavor that you do not want to mask. Tomatoes, onions, and other strong-juiced or acid vegetables go particularly well with white-fleshed fish, and many of these improved if watercress, parsley, green pepper, cucumber, or other crisp green is served with them.

A visit to a large fish-market is a voyage of discovery for most of us. Make such a trip if you can, become acquainted with varieties of fish, and learn the time of year you may expect them in your market, and then let your fishman know that you will co-operate with him and use some of the less well-known kinds of fish.

EACH section of the country could make a better contribution to the markets in the immediate locality if the customers were ready. The Pacific coast could send barracuda, sole, tomcods, turbot, and sand-dabs, sable-fish, rockfish, mackerel, and flounder. The markets of the Gulf should offer pompano, the spadefish, the yellow-tail, and the Spanish mackerel, millete, alewives, groupers, and sea-trout.

The Eastern coast should supply, in addition to halibut, mackerel, cod, and bluefish, such fish as haddock, whiting, flounder, and butterfish.

The people in the vicinity of the Great Lakes demand lake-trout, whitefish, pike, and perch, but the German carp, drum, burbot, and sucker are all cheap fish and are not used in any great amount.

Have you ever wondered how mackerel or salmon happened to be in the market in the dead of Winter when the weather was so stormy that the fishing-boats could not possibly put out to sea? Within the last two or three years the marketing of frozen fish has proved very successful. This means more fish for more people at a lower cost and a greater variety during all the seasons of the year.

The fish are dressed immediately after catching so that the flesh is firm, then they are packed on board the boats in chipped ice and taken as quickly as possible to the freezers. The quality depends upon their being absolutely fresh before they are frozen. They are cleaned and placed on trays or packed in tins which are laid across pipes in the freezing-rooms, then frozen until perfectly solid. Each large fish or pan of small fish is then dipped in ice-cold water, thus glazing with a layer of clear ice. Then the fish are ready for the storage-house or the refrigerator-cars, where they are kept at a temperature of ten to fifteen degrees Fahrenheit.

Photo by Herbert W. Taylor

FISHMEN SAY THAT MOST OF THEIR CUSTOMERS DEMAND GOOD-SIZED FISH

There is absolutely no reason why frozen fish should not be used freely by the housewife. The freezing simply holds the fish in the condition it was in when it went into the freezer; the nutritive value remains the same, and the flavor is not injured by the process.

Whether frozen fish is in your market depends upon you. Demand it, for it is easily obtained by the marketman. The cost is usually lower than that of fresh fish, for the freezing is done when there is a surplus in the market. At the time this article was written a surplus of 130,000 pounds of mackerel a day was going into one freezer in Boston.

In the market frozen fish is usually labeled "Cold Storage," to distinguish it from fresh fish, which has been caught, packed in ice, and carried to the market.

If you are buying frozen fish for immediate use, that is, within four or five hours, it is convenient and safe to buy that which has been thawed out by the marketman, who uses the term "let down" for thawing; otherwise demand the fish in a stiff, frozen condition, and thaw it yourself. Often it will be frozen so hard that there is a crust of ice over the surface.

Authorities agree that frozen fish should be thawed slowly, allowing it to stand in the home ice-box, refrigerator, or a cold room for about twelve hours. One man who sells to the hotel trade gave us this suggestion, and we have found it a good one: "When you are thawing fish at home thaw it just to the point where there is still a little core of frost in the center of the fish, and then it is ready for cooking."

IT IS very much better to buy frozen than fresh fish unless you are sure that the fish you are buying as fresh is really in first-class condition. Fresh fish has firm, elastic flesh; the eyes are bright and protruding; the gills are red, and there is no strong or unpleasant odor.

It is convenient to have preserved fish on hand, smoked, salted, or canned. Salmon is probably the most used of any canned fish, and can now be found on the grocer's shelf in flat, round, or oval cans in the form of salmon steaks or cutlets. Serve a canned salmon steak with egg sauce piping hot and the family will wonder where you bought such delicious fish.

On the Western coast tuna is called "the chicken of the sea," as it has a delicate flavor much resembling that of chicken. You can purchase canned white or dark tuna; the dark fish is cheaper than the white. Always keep a can of tuna on the emergency shelf, for it is equally good in salads, sandwiches, or creamed dishes. Canned shad roe is rather expensive, but it is delicious for special occasions. The flaked finnan-haddie which comes in cans is delicious creamed and in salads.

Canned shell-fish is absolutely safe to use if you will do your share in handling it properly after you open the can. Canned lobster, crab-meat, and shrimp will replace the fresh article in any of the salads or creamed dishes, and canned oysters and clams are excellent in soups and scalloped dishes. There are many small, highly flavored fishes that come in cans which will add zest to a luncheon or dinner. Some of these are kippered herring, piquant sardines to be used in salad or served hot on toast with lemon butter, mackerel packed in olive-oil or tomato sauce, English bloaters to be used in sandwiches or on toast with crisp bacon, and anchovies to add the flavor to many a dish.

It is no longer necessary to buy bony, heavily salted codfish, for flaked and shredded codfish, free from bones and only lightly salted, can be found in boxes or jars. Salt mackerel is often available, but the cook should remember that it is very salty and needs several hours of soaking and that the water should be changed often. The freshened fish can then be used in any way that the fresh fish is ordinarily prepared.

Smoked haddock or finnan-haddie, after freshening, can be baked or broiled and served with butter, and makes an excellent breakfast or supper dish. There are other delicious ways of serving these, such as in a soufflé or creamed.

Smoked salmon, white-fish, and sturgeon are considered great delicacies. They may be cut in wafer-thin slices and served with a salad, freshened and flaked and used in chowders, soufflés, and scalloped and creamed dishes.

The size and shape of a fish influence its cooking. The largest in the market are the salmon, halibut, swordfish, and tuna. These come in the market cleaned and with the head removed, and are cut into steaks or pieces for broiling or baking, just as the customer desires. Fresh salmon from the Eastern coast is in season from May to November, and the Pacific coast salmon all the year. Frozen salmon is always available.

Swordfish is large and dark-skinned, the flesh seeming to be arranged in concentric circles. It is not unlike the salmon, but the flavor suggests a combination of halibut and salmon. Swordfish from the Atlantic coast is in season from June to October; from the Pacific, July to September.

Halibut, always to be had, is one of the flatfish; and a steak cut from the center of a halibut is oval in shape. One of the attractive ways to prepare halibut for the table is to make it into fillets.

The flatfish are a most important part of our supply, and include flounders, sand-dabs, plaice, sole, and turbot. These should be cheap, for both the Atlantic and the Pacific yield great quantities. Most of the flatfish are really flounders.

THERE are many fish of medium size that come to the market without dressing, or, as the marketman says, "round." These are not cleaned until the housewife purchases them. One of the most popular medium-sized fish is the mackerel. It is fresh from May to September, and usually cheapest around the first week in June. Then it is best in July and August after the spawning season. Have you ever used mackerel roe? We think it is quite as delicious as shad roe, and in the months of June and July it sells for twenty cents a pound, while shad roe is bringing one dollar for the same amount.

Haddock, an all-the-year-round fish, is usually plentiful and cheap, and is easily distinguished by the black line that runs the entire length of the body. It is closely related to the cod. Haddock, cod, and hake or codling, are dry-fleshed fish and rather bland in flavor, so they are improved by highly seasoned sauces and stuffings, and are always sweeter and more moist if larded with salt pork. Baked cod that has been basted with highly spiced tomato sauce is delicious, and fillets of haddock that have been dipped in crums, egg, and crums, and baked and served are delicious when served with hot Tartare sauce. Pollack belongs to the same species as haddock and cod, but the flesh is not so white.

Cusk, also a relative of the cod, is a fish that is plentiful but not well known, for so far it has been largely used by the foreign population of our cities. Much of the cusk that is caught is salted. If the housekeeper realized that cusk had much

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

A FOOD STAPLE—NOT A "SIDE-DISH"

AS a fish-eating nation we stand almost at the foot of the list, tho we are not close to, if not at, the very top as a fish-producing country. We register as a meat-eating nation. Why? Because the public realizes that meats generally are subject to official quality inspection in some form, while fish are not thus favored except in one State—Massachusetts.

It is my firm conviction that when the thrifty housewife realizes that fish —which she knows is good and wholesome because it has been inspected—is easy on both digestion and pocketbook, and so easy to cook, a greatly increased demand will result. Then, and then only, will the time-honored one-fish-day-a-week be relegated to the discard and two, or even three, Fridays become the rule and not the exception in the food-week program of every family.

WILLIAM A. L. BAZELEY,
Commissioner of Conservation, Massachusetts.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Some women retain it . . .

Now Science says: No one should lose the joy of real health

We all know women—some in their fifties—who still keep the vigor and animation of youth.

Yet many of us—nervous, "run down," irritable even in our twenties and thirties—fear we have lost it forever.

Why the difference?

Health and vitality should be *natural*, not exceptional; sickness and weakness are always due to some violation of Nature's law.

The two most important needs in the world

What we call "life" is really a double process.

First, the living cells that form our bodies must be constantly fed and nourished.

Second, the poisonous waste products that accumulate must be regularly removed.

Check either of these processes even temporarily, and the body is weakened. Nourishment and elimination—these are the two most important duties in the world.

And yet the bodies of millions of people are either half starved or clogged up! Premature age, intestinal disorders, skin disturbances, and all the ills we attribute to "run-down condition" are the result.

A simple food which helps the body perform these vital functions

Now Science tells us that in the cells of a tiny living plant—fresh yeast—are hidden the mysterious elements which help the body perform these two vital functions; help it to secure its proper nourishment, and help it to keep the system clean.

This simple fresh food—Fleischmann's Yeast—is being prescribed by leading physicians and hospitals throughout the country. It is helping thousands of men and women attain a health and vigor which they had thought impossible. It supplies the factors in diet for which thousands of systems are starving—factors which also gently but surely cleanse the body of poisonous waste.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*, not a medicine. It does not act overnight—Nature does not work that way. But two or three cakes a day, eaten regularly over a period of time, will achieve positively incredible results.

Gradually the whole body is "toned" and built up. Regular daily elimination is assured. With richer, purer blood, lassitude vanishes—and you know once more the joy of glowing vibrant health.

Go to your grocer today. Get two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast, and keep it in a cool dry place. Start at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 310, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk

"Nervous, 'run down', irritable—even in our twenties and thirties"

Appetite and digestion restored

The great problem for those who are run down or suffering from indigestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann's Yeast has helped them.

Skin and complexion cleared

A poor complexion and even actual skin disorders are usually signs that your vitality is being lowered. Fleischmann's Yeast, by assuring proper nourishment and regular elimination, is a wonderful corrective for these disturbances.

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 310, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name _____

Street _____

State _____ City _____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Makin' my 'breakfusts is like when yo' gets 'vited some place tuh dinnah en yo' helps by puttin' de watah on de table. Dat's jes how easy 'tis.

Breakfast is no trouble at all when Aunt Jemima Pancakes are on the bill-of-fare. You can even take an extra snooze—and have this breakfast on the table before your husband is ready, race as he will.

All the old-time measuring and mixing is done away with. You simply stir some water (or milk) into an equal amount of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—your batter is ready!

Spot it on the hot griddle and in next to no time your pancakes are done.

And the pancakes! They're *always* light and tender—the same every morning. And they always have that famous old Southern flavor—you can't get that wonderful flavor with anything but Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

'Phone your grocer now for a package of this ready-mixed, *quality* flour. See for yourself how A-B-C simple it is to make perfect pancakes the Aunt Jemima way.

For buckwheat cakes of Aunt Jemima quality, get Aunt Jemima *Buckwheat* Pancake Flour. It comes in the *yellow* Aunt Jemima package, ready mixed.

How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

© 1922, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

PUTTING ON THE MUSICAL SHOW

BY EDNA E. COLLADAY

Formerly Managing Director of the American Entertainment Institute

THERE is no detail of an amateur musical production which contains so many possibilities for making or marring the performance as the music. When you plan your next production review it first from the standpoint of both of the elements you wish to interest—the audience and the participants.

Your spectators usually come to your performance to be amused. If you wish to create for them an atmosphere of gaiety, use merry, melodious, new, or original music which harmonizes with all that your production is. Above all it must be well rendered.

This does not imply that it must be technically correct in every detail, but it should combine simplicity, melody, and rhythm. If the performance is a musical comedy, the music used should be snappy and full of animation, the kind of music which will send the audience home whistling and humming some haunting bit of it which does not entirely elude them. Too many amateur performances are replete with popular songs grown anemic with age. Take the trouble and the necessary time to select either brand-new numbers which are melodic and appropriate, or else have the songs, incidental music, etc., especially written for the production by some one who *knows how*.

Your participants will be much more inclined toward enthusiasm if your music is new and different. If you will but search patiently, you can find plenty of songs and incidental music for dances, etc., which will do much to lift the performance a noticeable degree above the average amateur one.

There is only one way to get the best results musically, and that is to engage an accompanist who understands the necessity for marked time and careful accompanying; who can lead a chorus as well as he can follow a soloist; who can play dance-music with as much enthusiasm as he exhibits patience with repetition; who can transpose with as much ease as he can read, and who can interpret with as much understanding as he has capacity for hard work and sympathetic rendition. The right accompanist will inspire a whole company with enthusiasm; the wrong one will often spoil both the effect of an otherwise good performance and many dispositions.

This same thing applies to the orchestra. It makes no difference how excellent may be the musicians who compose it, they must suit the tempo to the rhythm which you have had to use in order to get the best results from principals and chorus. This can only be worked out with the infinite patience and sincere co-operation of every one connected with the performance. It is far better not to have any orchestra—use piano only—than either a poor or an indifferent one.

Vocalists should be selected with as much care as the music, the stage setting, and the orchestra. Remember that a reputation—particularly a local one—may be founded upon personal opinion or prejudice, not necessarily upon ability or the lack of it.

Prospective soloists should be heard in the selections which may be theirs in the production, not something they themselves have chosen. This is the only safe method to employ by which to judge quality of voice, range, enunciation, and interpretation.

Be sure to have the orchestra rehearse with the company at least three or four times before the final rehearsal, unless the orchestra is professional; then once will do. The orchestra must know what the performers are going to do and when they are going to do it. This is only fair to both. Time, accents, cues, and dances must be worked out with mutual patience and comprehension.

There are two evils which are too often prevalent in an amateur musical production: first, principals who can sing and can not act, or who can act and can not sing; second, too little difference in the degree of both, between principals and chorus. Unless you *know*—I am speaking to the amateur director now—the capabilities of the principals you have in mind, unless you are perfectly sure of vocal *and* dramatic ability, start them all in the chorus and choose them for their performance there, rather than take a chance on the way they may interpret a rôle as a principal, minus a tryout.

It is simpler to select principals from a chorus, having had an opportunity to observe their qualifications in a minor part, and so visualize them in a major rôle, than to either despair of the result of your performance because of "misfits" or to run the risk of hurting or antagonizing an individual performer by deposing that person after he or she has been given a rôle.

See that all principals are accorded due consideration by the chorus. The best way to accomplish this is to rehearse them separately, until both are fairly perfect. Amateur chorus participants are invariably noisy; the fact that they expect to enjoy themselves is usually the chief reason for their being in the production. Consequently they frequently lose sight of the importance of being quiet while the principals, who have the more difficult musical numbers to memorize and interpret, need to concentrate upon their rôles.

NOT only should principals and chorus rehearse separately, but if there are specialties in the production, vocal, dance, pantomime, tableau, etc., they too should be rehearsed separately. The production should be carefully built, each particular feature of it rehearsed with "perfection as we go" for the motto, and not until the last week of rehearsing—there should be four weeks altogether, especially if there are three acts, one week for each act and a final week for all three—should the sections be fitted together, like the separate pieces of a puzzle-picture.

The director must insist upon members of the chorus learning with their heads what they are going to do with their feet. No one should go blindly through a dance number following some one else, without realizing individually what is to be done and why. All chorus participants should know all the words of each song they use. "La-la-la" in place of a forgotten phrase may satisfy the person singing it, but it will not an audience. The best method of remedying this is to have the words of all chorus numbers either typed or printed, and to spend enough time at each rehearsal singing them to thoroughly familiarize everybody in the chorus with both melodies and words.

Nor should a chorus stand on a stage and simply sing; no matter how good they may be to look at or how excellent their voices are, they should keep moving—feet, heads,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

THE GAY COSTUMES IN A JAPANESE CHORUS ARE ALWAYS EFFECTIVE

Home Made Sponge Cake

WHEN Grandmother made sponge cake it was a serious task, with much beating and most careful handling and mixing. It was expensive, too, eleven eggs generally being called for.

The sponge cake of today made the RUMFORD WAY is light, tender, wholesome, and much less costly, for the addition of RUMFORD BAKING POWDER takes the place of part of the eggs and gives assured lightness.

Here is a recipe for Rumford Sponge Cake, one of many which are yours for the asking:

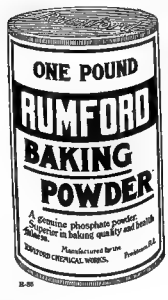
4 eggs	*½ teaspoon Rumford Baking Powder*
1 cup sugar	*¼ teaspoon salt*
1 cup flour	*2 tablespoons water*
Grated rind of orange or lemon to taste	

Separate eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored and whites until light and dry. Add sugar to yolks, a little at a time, beating constantly. Fold in whites and continue beating. When very light, fold in flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together three times. Add water. Flavor and pour into a greased tin. Do not beat after the flour is in. Bake in moderate oven.

Sally Somerville Wallace

Just send a postal for "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking". We will gladly send it *free* to you.

RUMFORD COMPANY
Dept. 15 Providence, R. I.



R-86

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

K A R P E N

A charming example of the Renaissance —a Karpen Davenport of Carved Mahogany, down-Karpenesque Upholstery. Style 821, and Chair to match.

It's Not How Much You Spend— But How Wisely

That Works a Living-Room Transformation

The Subtle Art of Odd Pieces in Supplying Otherwise Uninteresting Rooms with Charm and Distinction

By MATLACK PRICE
(Noted authority on home decorations)

MANY women still believe that a room, to possess charm and distinction, must necessarily be expensively furnished.

The modern decorator will tell you that it is *a matter of good taste*, not merely of money. That it is a question of spending your money wisely.

As interesting proof of this fact I have prepared a "Book of Interiors," which Karpen has published, revealing what remarkable effects can be obtained at a small outlay of money.

A copy of this beautifully printed and illustrated book will be sent, *without charge*, on request.

How I Furnish Living-Rooms and Halls

This book shows the magic that small expenditures can work in the developing of charming living rooms and halls.

It reveals, too, that the supreme craftsmanship of Karpen Furniture is available to the modest home, as well as to one of wealth.

It shows the possibilities of economy in furnishing. The art of supplying beauty, color and atmosphere—instantly—to rooms otherwise dull and uninteresting.

It tells women of moderate circumstances how to have the lovely things they always believed they couldn't afford. And women of means the secret of harmonious decorations.

In eight homes out of ten it would be a mistake, an extravagance, to discard all the old furniture for new. The simple addition of one or two good pieces will work wonders in giving the hall or living-room distinction and beauty.

One room, illustrated in my book, was literally transformed by introducing two chairs, a well-framed print on the wall, and a small hearth rug.

Karpen Furniture

For more than 40 years, Karpen has specialized in hall and living-room furniture. Karpen Furniture combines the artistry of the middle ages with the marvels of modern craftsmanship. It offers pieces so beautiful in design and finish, so luxuriously handsome, that any one may well take pride in their ownership. Begin with a few Karpen pieces. Add more later. Your home will grow more beautiful year by year.

Karpen Exhibitions Everywhere in October

During the month of October, furniture dealers throughout the United States will have special Fall Exhibitions of Karpen Furniture, due announcement of which will be made in local newspapers. It will be worth your while to view these Karpen offerings.

KARPEN Guaranteed Construction FURNITURE

This bronze identification plate is on every piece of Karpen Furniture. Look for it.

Free—Mr. Price's Book:

"How to Make a Little Money Go Far in Transforming a Living-Room or Hall"

Simply mail the coupon below. It will bring you, postpaid, without any cost to you, this remarkable book by Matlack Price, beautifully illustrated. It shows how this famous decorator inexpensively adds charm, distinction, richness to the living-room or hall. Matlack Price is one of the great authorities on decoration of the home, the author of many text writings on the subject. We consider this the most valuable book of its kind ever written. It brings to the person of moderate means the services of one of the most highly paid decorators in the country, giving free the benefit of his suggestions. Send for this book *now*.

S. KARPEN & BROTHERS

Also manufacturers of Karpen Hand-woven Fiber Rush and Reed Furniture and Office and Windsor Chairs

S. KARPEN & BROS.
Dept. E, 801-811 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
37th and Broadway, New York

Please mail me free and postage prepaid the Book of Interiors by Matlack Price on "How to Make a Little Money Go Far in Transforming a Living-Room or Hall," and name of nearest Karpen dealer.

Name_____

Address _____

City and State _____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Parfumeur to Queen Marie of Roumania
1922

FOR more than a century, Houbigant perfumes have been known in Paris as "the perfumes for the connoisseurs." And they are as inimitable today as in the time of Marie Antoinette, the first royal patron of this great French House. The new generation has brought the creation of many exquisite new Houbigant scents, but the significance of the name "Houbigant" has not changed. Now, as always, it is the symbol of a quality which is incomparable. All the famous Houbigant perfumes are available in America—including Le Parfum Idéal, Quelques Fleurs, Un Peu d'Ambre, Le Temps des Lilas, and Mon Boudoir.

The new Houbigant purse-size bottle is now available in the U. S. A. Choice of 14 odors. Ask your dealer for it. If he does not have it, we will mail it direct on receipt of $1.

HOUBIGANT, INC.

NEW YORK, 16 WEST 49TH ST. MONTREAL, 46 ST. ALEXANDER ST.

HOUBIGANT

Extraits, Eaux de Toilette, Poudres a Sachets, Poudres de Talc, Poudres de Riz, Savons, Sels pour le Bain, Brillantines · *Paris*

YOU CAN SEE POP-CORN AND APPLES HERE, TO SAY NOTHING OF PAPER

POP-CORN AND PAPER FROLICS

BY MARY L BARBER, DAY MONROE, AND RUTH PARRISH

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers' College

BLACK cats, witches, spooks, pumpkin lanterns, splashes of bright orange—the answer is Hallowe'en!

On no other occasion are simple decorations and refreshments so appropriate. The best linen can stay folded away, and you need not worry about the laundress. Paper table-cloths and napkins with Hallowe'en designs, and paper cups, on which have been pasted cats or pumpkins, seem to be a part of the evening.

This might almost be called a "paper holiday" because of the possibilities of effective use of paper. The manufacturer has realized the wants of the fun-loving, and all sorts of inexpensive novelties are available.

Stickers—bats, cats, witches, or pumpkin faces can be put on the invitations. A warning, "W.O.C." in the corner, may do nothing but rouse the curiosity of your guests, tho it should tell them to wear old clothes. "Dress-up" clothes are not the thing for Hallowe'en games.

On the night of the party the lights should be dim. It is the wish of the spooks. The lights can be shaded with orange paper or you can have the flickering, uncertain light of candles. The candles may be stuck into holders made from potatoes, red apples, or small squashes. There must be at least one pumpkin jack-o'-lantern, just as there must be a tree at Christmas.

Crêpe paper printed with wonderful spitting cats and grinning feline faces can be bought, and these figures cut out and hung around the room. There are also rolls of paper printed with brownies at their mischievous pranks, the proverbial old witches with high caps, pumpkins, and all the traditional Hallowe'en accessories. The problem of the decoration of the house is solved!

Favors and food can be combined. Such ordinary things as pop-corn balls and cookies, lollypops, and apples can be transformed as wonderfully as was Cinderella's coach, and almost as easily as tho you had a witch's wand.

Pop-corn balls, either plain or colored, lend themselves readily to decoration. One of the simplest favors is a ball with a bright belt of orange crêpe paper about four inches wide, deeply fringed on both edges. This can be fastened in place by witch stickers or black cats.

Bits of black paper can be pasted on the ball to form the features of as weird a face as you can design, and the fringed paper around it makes a bonnet, which gives a realistic air to even the crudest efforts. A black cat's face, cut from paper, can be fastened on the ball and peer out from the paper fringe. The ball can be completely hidden by two paper cat faces fastened together at the ears, or by a brownie with his pumpkin.

A pop-corn spook can be made by fastening a small ball to a larger one to form the head and the body. The arms and the legs are of pop-corn grains run through by knitting-needles or toothpicks.

Lollypops, or "all-day suckers" on sticks, can be dressed as witches with pointed caps. A lollypop head and a pop-corn body will make a smiling black-faced sprite, with an orange ruff and dress and a picture hat. The lollypop should be covered with black paper on which are pasted white features. Crêpe paper is especially desirable for the costumes, because it does not tear easily and lends itself to the grotesque shapes of the figures to be gowned.

The real Hallowe'en cakes are pop-corn pussies—crisp cookies of chopped pop-corn, from which smiles a black cat, sketched with melted chocolate. The pussy faces can have bonnets of the fringed crêpe paper, used for the balls.

If you do not care for the pussy faces you can substitute others. A truly rakish effect can be obtained by sketching a wicked looking gnome's face on the cooky, and combining this with a fat pop-corn ball body and paper legs, arms, and cap.

APPLES can really become smiling babies or débutante daughters. Isn't it wonderful how expressive a few black-headed pins, a bit of red ribbon, and bobbed hair of yarn can be? If these materials are turned over to the guests it will be great fun to see how many different types of faces will appear. Fringed paper can be substituted for the yarn, and a savage with bushy hair will probably result.

Pop-corn Pussies

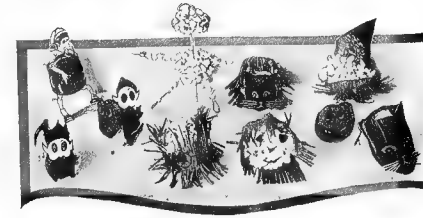
4 Cupfuls Popped Corn, Chopped	½ Cupful Sugar
2 Egg Whites	½ Cupful Flour
½ Cupful Light Corn-sirup	1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
	2 Tablespoonfuls Melted, Chocolate

CHOP the pop-corn until rather fine, but not a powder. To the stiffly beaten egg whites add the sugar, beating while adding. Fold in the chopped corn, the flour, corn-sirup, and vanilla. Drop on a greased pan or baking-sheet, making cookies about 2½ inches in diameter. Flatten with a spatula. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until a very delicate brown (about fifteen minutes). Remove from pan while still hot, because as they cool they harden and break when being taken from the pan. Melt the chocolate over hot water. With a toothpick, dipped in the chocolate, sketch on each cooky a smiling pussy.

Pop-corn Balls

2 Cupfuls Sugar	¼ Cupful Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Light Corn-sirup	2½ Quarts Popped Corn
	1 Teaspoonful Salt

POP the corn and select the well-popped grains for the balls. The imperfectly popped corn can be chopped for the cookies. Sprinkle with the salt. Cook together the sugar, corn-sirup, and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until the temperature 290 degrees F. is reached. At this stage a little of the sirup dropped into cold water will be quite brittle. Pour the cooked sirup slowly over the popped corn in a large bowl, stirring the corn so that the sirup and corn will be well mixed. When cool enough to handle, form into balls. If colored balls are desired, the coloring can be added to the sirup just when it is taken from the fire. Stir as little as possible when adding the coloring, lest the sirup turn to sugar. This makes fifteen medium-sized balls.



Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—the fine velvety texture of *real* wheat flour—the complete absence of harsh, coarse, gritty corn meal. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with any other pancake flour.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

What is the secret of perfect pancakes?

THE SIMPLE TEST pictured above proves beyond question why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such light, fluffy, tender and delicious pancakes.

High-grade Wheat Flour

Any food expert will tell you that if you wish to serve perfect pancakes there is no substitute for creamy white, fine textured *wheat* flour.

Many other ingredients, such as ordinary corn meal, are cheaper. That is why so many pancake flours contain so much of it. But Pillsbury uses only the best quality ingredients, including the same high-grade, rich wheat flour you yourself use in baking bread or cake.

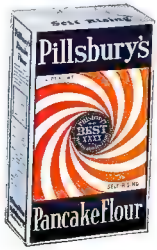
The quality and quantity of real *wheat* flour in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour give your cakes a new and distinctive flavor—a delicate, golden brown color. They are delicious to eat and easy to digest.

So Easy to Make

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs, no milk—just add cold water and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all. Serve these perfect pancakes tomorrow. Give your family a tempting breakfast—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and *plenty* of it.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Durum Flour
Farina



PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS - U.S.A.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

O-Cedar WAX

The New Member of the O-Cedar Family

NOW comes O-Cedar in a new form—O-Cedar Wax. This new form—a wax—is for those who prefer a wax to other forms of furniture and floor polish.

In this new form of O-Cedar all of the qualities of O-Cedar Polish that you have liked have been kept and new qualities that you will likewise like have been added.

Please Consider These 7 Points of Superiority

If you have been using other floor and furniture waxes—put O-Cedar Wax to every test and judge by the results. Pay particular attention to these points:

(1) O-Cedar Wax is free from excess grease. This means no rubbing off or the soiling of clothes from furniture where O-Cedar Wax has been used.

(2) Freedom from grit. This means no scratching of fine furniture or woodwork.

(3) Easier to use. O-Cedar Wax requires less rubbing to produce a high lasting lustre.

(4) A clean and pleasing odor.

(5) A more convenient container. The wide opening of the container permits a more even distribution of O-Cedar Wax on the polishing cloth.

(6) O-Cedar Wax is lower in price than other fine waxes

(7) The regular O-Cedar guarantee of satisfaction covers O-Cedar Wax.

50c to $2.50 sizes—at all dealers

The O-Cedar Guarantee

Like all other O-Cedar products, O-Cedar Wax is absolutely guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. The guarantee is: If you are not delighted with the results O-Cedar Wax gives and the time and work it saves, your money will be refunded.

For All Woodwork

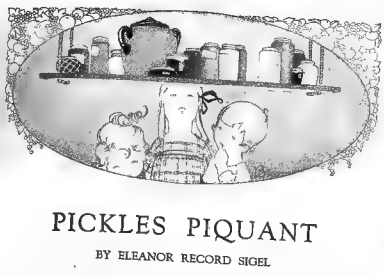
For All Furniture

For All Floors

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago

TORONTO · LONDON · PARIS · CAPE TOWN

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



PICKLES PIQUANT

BY ELEANOR RECORD SIGEL

Sweet Sliced Cucumber Pickle

2 Quart Large Cucumbers
1 Green Pepper
1 Onion
Salt
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Turmeric
20 Whole Cloves
1 Tablespoonful White Mustard-seed
½ Teaspoonful Celery-seed
Vinegar to Cover

PEEL the cucumbers and slice them. Remove seeds from green pepper and cut in rather small pieces. Slice the onion and sprinkle all with a little salt, and let stand overnight. In the morning drain, and add the brown sugar, turmeric, whole cloves, white mustard-seed, and celery-seed. Cover with vinegar and boil until tender.

Flamingo Relish

24 Red Peppers
15 Large White Onions
1½ Quart Cider Vinegar
2 Cupfuls White Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Salt

REMOVE seeds from peppers and skins from onions. Cut peppers and onions through the grinder. Pour on boiling water to cover and let stand for five minutes. Drain well and add the cider vinegar, white sugar, and salt. Boil twenty minutes and bottle. This relish is beautiful in color and is an attractive addition to any table.

Late Tomato Pickle

1 Peck Green Tomatoes
1½ Dozen Good-sized Onions
1 Dozen Green Peppers
1½ Tablespoonfuls Ground Cinnamon
1½ Tablespoonfuls Ground Allspice
1½ Tablespoonfuls Ground Mace
½ Pound Mustard-seed
1½ Tablespoonfuls Ground Cloves
2 Pounds Granulated Sugar
3½ Quarts Cider Vinegar
1 Pint Tarragon Vinegar
Salt

PEEL the onions and remove the seeds from the peppers, then slice the tomatoes, onions, and peppers, and put them in a large jar or dish of some kind; sprinkle with salt and stand in a cool place overnight. In the morning drain them through a colander, and turn the whole into a preserving-kettle, add the mustard-seed, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, ground allspice, ground mace, cider vinegar, and Tarragon vinegar; add the granulated sugar last. Place kettle on stove and let the pickle boil until tender, then pour into stone jars. This pickle will keep anywhere and is most delicious.

Winter Salad

1 Cauliflower
½ Large Head of Cabbage
1 Large Cucumber
1 Quart Onions
1 Quart Green Tomatoes
2 Red Peppers
¼ Cupful Salt
2 Bunches Celery
2 Quarts Vinegar
1 Cupful Flour
3 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Mustard
1 Tablespoonful Turmeric
1 Tablespoonful Celery-seed

PREPARE the vegetables, and after removing seeds from peppers, put all through the chopper. Let it stand in water to cover overnight, to which has been added the salt. In the morning boil up in the same water, just before taking off; add the celery, chopped fine, then drain off the water. Take the vinegar, diluted; let boil. Take the flour, sugar, mustard, turmeric, celery-seed, and just enough cold vinegar to mix to a paste, then stir slowly into the boiling vinegar until the thickness, then pour over salad and mix well. This makes five quarts, and is very good.

Red-Hot

½ Bushel Ripe Tomatoes
½ Peck Large White Onions
7 Cupfuls Vinegar
½ Cupful Salt
1 Dessert-spoonful Cayenne Pepper

WASH the tomatoes, but do not skin them; peel onions and cut both tomatoes and onions fine. Put together until very soft, then strain; put over the fire again and cook until thick enough to add, as for catchup, the vinegar, salt, and Cayenne pepper. Seal hot.

California Pickles

1 Peck Cucumbers
1 Dozen Good-sized Onions
4 Good-sized Roots of Celery
4 Cupfuls Granulated Sugar
4 Ounces White Mustard-seed
2 Dozen Small Red Chilies
1 Tablespoonful Turmeric
Cider Vinegar to Cover
1 Cupful Salt

PEEL the cucumbers and remove the seeds; cut in pieces one inch long and one-half inch thick. Cover with water, add the salt, and let them stand overnight. Next morning slice the onions and put with cucumbers, drain, and add the celery (cut in small pieces), granulated sugar, white mustard-seed (one-half of them in a thin bag, the other half loose), and chillies. Cover well with cider vinegar and boil until celery is tender, but not too soft. When nearly done add the turmeric. Can, and seal while hot.

Crab-apple Relish

6 Pints Crab-apples
6 Pints Sugar
1 Pound Seedless Raisins
1 Teaspoonful Ground Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
1 Pint Vinegar
3 Oranges (Rind and Juice)

WASH crab-apples and cut fine, removing stems and cores; add the orange-juice and -rind (cut very fine), seedless raisins, sugar. Prepare overnight, and cook next morning until soft. This is one of the best relishes I ever made, and everybody who tastes it asks for the recipe.

Pickled Cranberries

5 Pounds Cranberries
1 Pint Vinegar
3½ Pounds Light-brown Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Ground Allspice
1 Tablespoonful Ground Cloves
2 Tablespoonfuls Ground Cinnamon

PUT the vinegar, light-brown sugar, ground allspice, ground cinnamon, and ground cloves into a preserving-kettle and let it come to a boil; add the cranberries and cook gently for two hours. Keep in a stone jar, closely covered, or seal in glass jars.

Pickled Plums

7 Pounds Plums
4 Pounds Sugar
1 Quart Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Ground Cloves
2 Tablespoonfuls Ground Allspice
2 Tablespoonfuls Ground Cinnamon

WASH the plums and remove the stones. Cut in chunks. Put in a preserving-kettle and add the sugar, ground cloves, ground allspice, ground cinnamon, and vinegar. Cook three hours until thick. Fine with cold meats.

Pickled Apples

8 Pounds Apples
4 Pounds Sugar
1 Quart Vinegar
1 Ounce Stick Cinnamon
1½ Ounce Whole Cloves

PARE the apples and quarter them. Put the vinegar, sugar, stick cinnamon, and whole cloves into a preserving-kettle and boil together a few minutes. Put in the apples while boiling; let them remain until tender, about twenty minutes; then put apples in jars, boil down syrup until thick, and pour over them.

Grape Catchup

5 Pounds Grapes
2½ Pounds Sugar
2 Cupfuls Vinegar
1 Teaspoonful Ground Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
1 Teaspoonful Ground Allspice

WASH the grapes and boil a few minutes, strain, pressing as much pulp through with a spoon as possible. Boil the strained grapes with the sugar, vinegar, ground cinnamon, ground cloves, and ground allspice for two hours. Bottle hot.

Pickled Watermelon-rind

Rind of 1 Watermelon
2 Pounds Brown Sugar
1 Pint Vinegar
2 Ounces Mixed Spices

PARE the fruit and remove all the pink portion. Cut in small pieces and put in salted water overnight. In the morning drain in a colander. Put in a preserving-kettle, cover with cold water, and cook until tender. Make a sirup of the brown sugar and vinegar, put the mixed spices in a thin bag, and bring all to a boil, then add rind, and cook thirty minutes. Put fruit in jars and fill with sirup.

Pickled Corn

1 Quart Onions
2 Quarts Ripe Tomatoes
1 Sweet Pepper
1 Dozen Large Ears or 16 Small Ears of Corn
8 Small Cucumbers
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
1 Ounce Celery-seed
1 Teaspoonful Turmeric
2 Cupfuls White Sugar
Vinegar to Cover

PEEL the onions and chop them; remove seeds from the pepper and chop. Cut the corn from cob, remove skin from the tomatoes, and pare cucumbers and chop. Then put all together in a preserving-kettle, add the salt, celery-seed, turmeric, and white sugar. Cover with vinegar, not too strong, and boil one-half hour. Seal in jars.

Solve the problem of refreshments for your party with a few novel sandwiches prepared this way

Slice white and brown bread very thin. With cookie cutters, cut out crescents, ovals, circles, stars, etc. Fill with piquant mixtures of thinly sliced tomato and anchovy; salmon and Chili sauce; cream cheese, pimento and nuts; ginger, raisins and walnuts—all of these blended with Premier Salad Dressing.

Before the guests were all out—the hostess was "all in"

YOU REMEMBER parties like that—where the hostess slaved to get ready, and was so tired that she couldn't enjoy the event at all.

There is no excuse for *such* parties any more.

The problem of preparing refreshments *of distinction* is very, very simple, if you have Premier Salad Dressing, Premier Coffee and the little book offered below.

The book is called "Salads, Suppers, Picnics," and is a friend to womankind if there ever was one. It tells how to prepare a variety of unusual dishes with less than the usual amount of worry and work.

We will gladly send you a copy free upon receipt of your request.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY
Dept. 12-O New York

Premier Salad Dressing

YOU *know* Premier Salad Dressing: America's women, by their patronage, have made it the largest-selling Salad Dressing.

If your grocer does not yet keep the new Premier Coffee, send us his name and ten cents for a generous sample can. Blended for men by a great coffee man, Premier Coffee will satisfy men who have never been *fully* satisfied with their morning cup of coffee before.

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Double thickness across the chest wards off coughs and colds
On and off like a coat—always fits the growing body perfectly

Health Insurance

Against Winter Ills

Ask doctors and nurses: "What is the chief cause of infant ills in winter?" They will tell you: "Poor protection over chest and stomach." That is why so many of them recommend Rubens Infant Shirt to mothers. They know the importance of its double thickness over these danger points.

Cut with the simple convenience of a coat, without tapes or buttons. Rubens is easier on mother and baby at dressing time. The adjustable belt fastens with a safety pin and always fits itself to the rapidly growing body. Baby's future health depends on your present care. Insure his health and happiness this winter with Rubens.

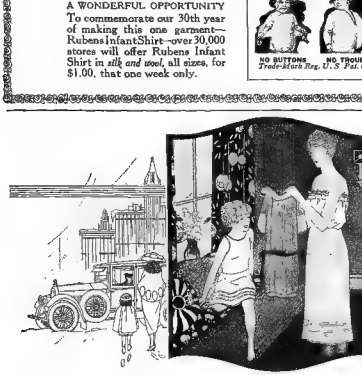
Knitted in 12 soft materials—best suited to tender skins. Some priced as low as 25c. Always insist upon seeing the Rubens trade-mark. If any store can't supply you, write us.

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Manufactured only by

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
18 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

Watch for *Rubens*
30th Anniversary Week—
November 13th to 18th
A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY
To commemorate our 30th year of making this one garment—Rubens Infant Shirt—over 30,000 stores will offer Rubens Infant Shirt in *silk and wool*, all sizes, for $1.00, that one week only.



INDERA Figurfit Knit Underskirts and Underslips have all the comfortable features and trim lines that you could want. They are made in heavy and medium weight cotton and worsted mixed—made to keep you snugly warm through the coldest winter. They are slim and graceful and fit without any bunching. The underskirts have no unsightly vent—the top gives easily and is finished with a drawstring. A special patented knitted flounce prevents the skirt from riding up over the knees.

Indera Figurfit Knit Underskirts and Underslips for women and children come in many attractive colors. They are all in one piece—with no buttons nor clips to come off. And they are surprisingly low priced!

If your favorite store cannot supply you with just the Indera Figurfit Knit Underskirt you want, write us direct.

Indera
FIGURFIT
KNIT SKIRT
Makes cold weather comfort sure.

THE MALINE MILLS Dept. 1-K, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

ALL ABOUT OUR MOTHERCRAFT CLUB

JUST what service does it render baby, and baby's mother? What are the conditions of membership? Many letters asking these questions have been received.

Our Mothercraft Club is a service for mothers, wherever their homes may be, to help them with the care of their babies, conducted without charge by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge.

This physician of rare skill and big motherly heart can point to some 100,000 babies "graduated" from her hospital service in New York city, while thousands upon thousands of mothers and babies far from the big city are on record in her files, the objects of her beneficent attention through her extension work! Our Mothercraft Club, accordingly, is Dr. Coolidge's splendidly helpful extension service, which aims to aid the mothers and babies of our great circle. And here is how the club operates:

The very beginning is a neat helpful leaflet telling all about the new baby's clothes, his crib, his toilet-basket, and the other essential points in preparing for his arrival. When he actually arrives, there is the Correspondence Course in Mothercraft, which his mother should lose no time in joining. Any mother having a baby under six months of age may join by sending in the baby's age, name, and address, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and asking for an Admission Blank. Full instructions for the club will be sent to her, and she will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old.

In this special Correspondence Course there are exceedingly valuable leaflets, formulas, diet-lists, and information about clothing, hygiene, common ailments, etc., both for breast-fed and bottle-fed babies. These will be sent free to each member during the two years she is in the club. Dr. Coolidge writes every mother each month.

When the little club member is ready to "graduate" at the age of two, a beautiful certificate is sent if the mother has made her monthly reports regularly and complied with the club rules.

Next, to meet the special needs of the little "graduates" and also to help mothers who have babies and children too old for the first Correspondence Course, there are other leaflets, diet-lists, etc. These will help any child to the age of twelve.

Have you a child who is underweight, or not quite up to the mark? If hygiene and dieting will help (not medicine) then write to Dr. Coolidge for a Question Form. On filling out this form and returning it with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, the mother receives information suited to her own child. An undernourished child, a nervous child, an anæmic child, a child with bad habits, all need special care.

All the mother has to do is to state just what she wants, the child's age, and her own name and address, and *invariably* to enclose the self-addressed, stamped envelop with *all inquiries and letters*. Without this envelop the reply can not be sent. The advice is all freely given; there are no club dues, nor are there fees beyond the self-addressed, stamped envelop.

This, then, is Pictorial Review's Mothercraft Club, which is virtually an extension free of Dr. Coolidge's hospital work. It offers to mothers for their little ones an unparalleled service.

WEANING THE BABY AT NINE MONTHS OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS. N——: I am glad you had such an easy journey home again and that little Paul shows the benefit of his change of air so much.

This is quite an important month for Paul, because from what you write me I think we shall have to wean him entirely from the breast now. As you have given the bottle of modified milk from the start and increased it so carefully, there is no reason to worry about the complete weaning. It is sudden weaning that usually causes so much trouble. I will answer your questions according to number:

1. As Paul weighs just nineteen pounds now and has not gained for the last week, I have weighed him just before and again just after the two breast-meals, and I find he gets only a scant four ounces from me. He seems so hungry after these meals. Would you advise complete weaning now that we have cool weather and are settled at home again?

Ans. Yes, this is a good age and month to wean the baby. He needs more food now than he is getting. First nurse him only at 6 A. M., giving him four bottle-meals, then after a few days, or one week at the most, stop even this one breast-meal and use all bottles.

2. If I completely wean Paul now, please give me a formula for the five bottles.

Ans. Here is the formula:

Whole, certified milk (raw)	30 ounces
Barley-gruel	10 ounces
Milk- or malt-sugar	2½ level tablespoonfuls

Pour eight ounces into each one of five bottles and feed every four hours. To make the barley-water for this formula take one level tablespoonful of barley-flour to ten ounces of water, boiling half an hour in a double boiler as usual.

3. Shall I add any other food to Paul's diet now, and, if so, what?

Ans. As soon as you have him completely weaned from the breast, you may begin to give him one tablespoonful of a thoroughly cooked fine white cereal with a little of the 10 A. M. bottle poured over it, just before you give the bottle. Feed the cereal from a spoon first, then finish up on the bottle. During the month you may increase the cereal to two level tablespoonfuls. Get cereals that come in a package and take the quantity directed for a breakfast cereal, but cook this at least two or three times as long as the directions state. At least one hour of cooking in a double boiler is required for a baby's cereal; and, better still, if possible use a fireless cooker and cook the cereals overnight. They should also be strained before given at this age.

Just after the 2 P. M bottle let Paul have, first, half, then a little later a whole piece of unsweetened zwieback in his hand to bite on. This will teach him to use his four little teeth. Continue either orange- or prune-juice at 8 A. M., as you have been doing, but the juices need not be diluted now, and you may give one ounce of either. This will do for new foods during this month.

If you have any trouble at all with your breasts, consult your doctor without delay. You have so little milk I hardly think you will need to do so.

4. Paul likes to pull himself up by the sides of his pen, and stands quite a while. Is there danger of bow-legs at his age?

Ans. No, not if he does this without being urged. He supports himself partly by the pen, and will sit down when he gets tired if you do not urge him to stand.

5. What kind of shoes should Paul wear now that he begins to stand?

Ans. Get stiff-soled laced shoes now and have them fitted by a good shoe-shop. Never buy badly made, cheap shoes for a baby. The soles should be broad, and of course without heels, and a little longer than the baby's foot. Never allow a baby to wear shoes that are too short for him. You may cause lifelong suffering if you are careless about the shoes now. Some very heavy babies may need a little stiffness in the sides of the shoes like whalebone or something else to support the fat little ankles, but most babies do very well with the simple laced shoes of good make. Laced shoes are better than buttoned ones for a baby because as the foot grows the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your Child's Health

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fibre is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm.*

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.*

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our new, patented, extra-full seat gives ample room in seat and crotch.

Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.

Dentons are well made in every respect: *elastic, outside seams,* collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

REAR VIEW

They have a distinctive, mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Denton quality is maintained rigidly.

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade-mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get Dr. Denton garments from your dealer, write us.

Over 5,000 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

620 MILL STREET CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Google

More Toothsome Baking in *Mirro*

Bread and cakes and pies are more deliciously toothsome—and more wholesome—baked in Mirro Aluminum than in ordinary ware.

Mirro Aluminum utensils never char the food baked in them.

Mirro heats up quickly, is heat-retaining and permits slow, thorough baking.

And Mirro is so glitteringly beautiful—so clean and "always new" looking!

* * *

You have only to compare Mirro with other utensils to see the difference. The fine balance of it; how it is made of a thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum of a dense and even grain; no seams and all of the little niceties of finish which make it a delight, a pleasure for your kitchen — these superiorities are evident at a glance.

And don't forget—beautiful Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils carry the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with almost thirty years of successful experience.

Yet Mirro Aluminum utensils are surprisingly moderate in price.

Mirro ware is for sale at leading stores everywhere. Ask to see it. Let us send you our miniature catalog No. 14.

MIRRO aluminum jelly cake pan

MIRRO aluminum mountain cake pan

MIRRO aluminum muffin pan

MIRRO cooky pan, polish finish

MIRRO jelly cake pan, with loose bottom

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Every Mirro Utensil bears the MIRRO Aluminum ASHCO trademark

Beware Thin Imprint

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

PLANNING THE HOUSE TO SAVE LABOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

sirable arrangement in a laundry large enough to permit it, but the customary practise of setting tubs and washer against a wall works out very satisfactorily as well.

In this particular arrangement fewer steps are taken to get around the equipment, and the swinging electric wringer, which on some types of washing-machines can be swung to any position, is used readily between machine and boiler, boiler and tub, the two tubs, and tub and machine in turn. The electric outlet for the washing-machine is in the ceiling, and water-pipes run from the ceiling down to the tubs, while the drain is direct into the sewer-pipes.

THE ironing-machine, that most necessary twin of the washing-machine, is placed near enough to the windows to receive sufficient light, yet the high stool for the one who is operating the machine is not directly against the window, where there would be danger of a cold draft on her back. The electric outlet for the ironing-machine is also in the ceiling, and in the case of both washer and ironer the plug attachment is used in order that the electric cord may be pulled out quickly instead of having to be unscrewed. In some States it is against the law to install the screw type of plug in public buildings for fear of danger from fire.

An overhead clothes-dryer, easily run to the ceiling after wet clothes are hung on it, is in the corner of the room, and aside from being used for hanging out wet clothes when it is necessary, or desirable, to dry them indoors, this dryer is also used as a clothes-rack for hanging the clothes to air as they are ironed.

A supply-closet with shelves, and a table, complete the furnishing of this laundry, the floor of which is of cement, tho there are small platforms of soft wood, portable in type, for standing before machines and tubs, as to stand on a hard cement floor would be very tiring to one's muscles and limbs.

Every dollar should be spent to advantage in building a house, for it is likely to stay as it is built for a long time, perhaps as long as the house lasts, and every detail should be weighed with regard to its relative value for the various members of the family.

A FISHING TRIP—TO THE MARKET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

the same flavor as halibut, but is only about one-fifth the price, it would soon become popular. Cusk is excellent for baking, as the thick skin holds in the moisture, and the result is a sweet, moist fish to serve. Ask your fishman about it.

Bluefish is in the market during the Spring and Summer months and is one of the finest of our fish. The flesh is firm and sweet. Shad is in season from January to June, but it is at its best during the spawning season in May. Black sea-bass is in the market from June to September, and is an excellent fish for broiling or baking. The tautog, or blackfish, has flesh much like that of the black bass, dark and very sweet. It is in season from May to December.

Fishmen say that most of their customers demand good-sized fish. Catch listings in many small ones which are delicious, and they require only a little more work, if any, to prepare than the larger sizes. If the fishman could only sell the small fish as well, he could dispose of the large fish at a lower cost.

So on your visit to the market do not overlook these fish, for many of them have a more delicate, sweeter flavor than the large fish. The flat butterfish of the Eastern coast and the sand-dab of the Western coast can be fried or baked. If you do not want the trouble of deep fat-frying, try them in the oven. Cut twelve-inch squares of wrapping-paper, one for each fish. Oil the surface of each paper thoroughly, place a strip of bacon in the center of the paper, and lay a cleaned, seasoned sand-dab or butterfish on the bacon. Fold as a druggist does his paper containing a powder and then bake them in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Porgies, or scup, are a flat, nearly round, brownish fish and have more bones than butterfish, but the meat has the same sweet flavor, and they usually sell at a low price. Smelts are always popular, and are plentiful in the market from June to March.

WHITING, or kingfish, is another finely flavored cheap fish that the housewife has failed to appreciate. It is in the market during the Spring, Summer, and Winter.

Fresh-water fish are usually more expensive, because they have to be handled so quickly and need greater care than those which come from salt water, so as to arrive in the markets in good condition. Among the fresh-water fish that deserve special mention are whitefish, one of the sweetest-flavored fish in the market; lake- and brook-trout, which are always a great delicacy; and pike and perch, which are always good. Carp is a bland-flavored fish that needs to be highly seasoned with onion or tomato in order to be at its best.

Mary E. Lannan, Dorchester, Mass.

Robert B. Paris, Pittsburgh, Penna.

Prepare baby's food according to the

Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

Mildred McDonald, Thorold, Ont., Canada.

Roger H. Burnett, Lewistown, Missouri.

Write now and ask us to mail you a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

The finest Codfish and Haddock, fresh from the cold, deep sea, are used for B & M Fish Flakes—just tender morsels of the firm white meat, perfectly cooked and always ready to serve. Delicious for preparing

Fish Cakes **Fish Hash**
Creamed Fish **Fish Soufflé**

B & M Fish Flakes are obtainable at your grocer's

Recipes on Label. More in "Good Eating Recipes"—sent free on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
91 Water Street Portland, Maine

"WONDERFUL" is the unanimous verdict of all who have seen the performance of

Saves 75% in fuel

The MASTER BAKE POT

Bakes over the open flame

WRITE FOR THE STORY

CADMUS PRODUCTS COMPANY
BAYONNE NEW JERSEY

A little goes a long way

LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

The Prophylactic really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
TOOTH BRUSH
Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward
Your Lower Teeth Upward

Cleans every part of every tooth every time it's used. And "A Clean Tooth Never Decays." Always sold in the Yellow Box.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
Florence, Mass.

Canadian Agency
247 St. Paul Street West
Montreal

THE LOVE-LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Mendel told her, "What is knowledge? A handkerchief. Some perfume it and some use it!"

And she wanted knowledge to use, to free her from all the imperfect imagery and visions of her youth, and to relieve her stooping, servile mind from the heavy pack of prejudices under which it groaned. She wanted to be free! Through the years, she had waited for a man to come and set her free, but he only would have introduced her into a new slavery! Now she had freed herself, and was the equal of him who might otherwise have been her master!

A certain firmness, 'independence had grown to Sarah's character, with the feeling that if she married it would not be like the ivy to cling about the oak, but like two strong, young trees that intertwined branches for companionship. For the course of her love-life—instead of beginning with—culminated in a lover! And in the full bloom of her womanhood she returned to the vision of her early girlhood days!

But what a different man she saw in place of the vague, ephemeral figure her girlish dreams had drawn! She felt like a wanderer who had traversed the world and in the end had returned to her starting-point—but with the added knowledge of the universe! For it was no longer the ideal man that she saw, but the real man. Man—not to be worshiped as a god who might at any moment fall off his pedestal and crush himself or his worshiper; but man who was her equal, who shared not alone her heart but her mind, who lived not only to work for her but with her. A life of love that would grow even fuller and loftier after marriage than before.

"For what is love? A sky-scraper. The deeper the foundation the higher it reaches!"

IT WAS eight o'clock. The hour and the night for the test. Sarah would have to choose between her mother and her lover. Zelde would have to choose between the doctor and the other two suitors. Mendel would have to choose between Zelde and Sarah.

The problems and complications were too bewildering. The balance of joy and sorrow, depending on which scale the feather of chance would drop, cast a spell of nervous quiet, of tense reserve over the Marantz home. Zelde had walked about all evening, mumbling to herself, clutching at her fingers, making rash decisions. The dark-blue hollows under her eyes gave her wan, wrinkled face a tinge of death.

"If my child don't need me, I surely don't!" she kept repeating to herself over and over again.

Sarah remained all day in her room, alternately sobbing and drying her eyes, resolving to plead and reason with her mother, and then flinging herself impotently upon the sofa, leaving it to fate. Mendel drank tea and smoked as usual. Perhaps a little more.

"What is trouble? A grippe. You can feel it coming!"

Bernard arrived, earlier than Nadelson, in order to sound Mendel on his attitude in "this whole business."

"Listen, Mendel," Bernard began with tact, "I'm a man like this—I like to tell the truth. But I don't overdo it! You know I don't care who gets the commission, but when it comes to money—" Mendel interrupted with a sly nod. "What is money? A child. You like to see it grow!"

"That's right!—I mean—that's wrong!" said Bernard hastily, flustered. "I wasn't even thinking about my money, but Sarah's. You better tell me what's the dowry?"

"What is dowry? A gold cap. It hides a bad tooth. I got nothing to hide!" Bernard realized that sounding Mendel was like tapping a stone, but he tried a final query.

"What do you think Sarah will be pick—I mean—which? After all you're the father!"

"What is a father? The King of England. He's got the title, but not the power!"

"For this I came an hour earlier!" thought Bernard bitterly. "To hear about the King of England!" And he sat around, chafing and grumbling in the depressing atmosphere of the Marantz household until Nadelson came.

"Well!" he cried, greeting him. "Now we'll see who was right, if I or you or Sarah or Mendel or Zelde or that horse-doctor! That's the way I am—I'm open to reason. I like to see you show me I'm wrong!"

Before Nadelson could say "Heh?" Zelde broke in gloomily.

"So what's going to be here to-night? A parade?" she said fretfully, following the irritable Bernard, who was trying to avoid her. "So what if they'll all come here to-night? So what? Maybe she married the horse-doctor in secret already!" And she wrung her hands. "What do they want from me in this house?" Bernard went unable to endure her wailing.

"Zelde, I told you once before, just stand by me! But don't follow me around! When it'll come the three sweethearts for Sarah, don't worry. I'll arrange them in size place! My lawyer first, because he's the biggest, and right behind him I'll put Nadelson's dentist, because he's the smallest, and 'way in the back I put the horse-doctor, because where does he come in the middle? Then let her pick! You see how I am—I like fair and square!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

National Confidence

The Premier
FIRST AMONG CLEANERS

The fact that there are now 600,000 owners of The Premier means more than ordinary demand, more than mere mechanical perfection. It means national confidence in a product worthy of the name it bears.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Manufactured and distributed in Canada by
The Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., and Branches

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Dept. 108, F. R., Cleveland, O.

☐ Please have nearest dealer call or 'phone for appointment to demonstrate The Premier in my home without obligation to me or

☐ Please send me free color booklet, price, convenient terms and nearest dealer's name.

(Check your preference)

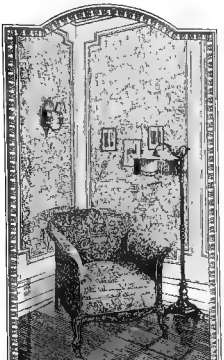
Name .....

Street Address ..... City .....

R. F. D. ..... State ..... Telephone Number .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Cheerfulness of Wall Paper



DAY before Yesterday, when Sedate Grandma was notoriously That Tomboy (let her dare deny it!), the Parlor was a formal place of cloistral dusk, taboo except when company came. Then, people lived *for* their houses.

Now, we live *in* ours, revering no room as sacred; and in the Living-Room we loll in restful ease. Repose and contentment abide within these cheerful walls.

What cheerful walls they mostly are today!—thanks to Wall Paper.

For with that magical stuff of Beauty, your Living-Room breathes seclusion and lulls with quiet, if you choose your Wall Paper so. Or, if you like your Living-Room gay and colorful, Wall Paper makes it glow like a great jewel. Will you have it richly luxurious? Wall Paper goes far toward making it that.

Wall Paper transforms squatty, little rooms to the semblance of height and spacious vistas; it makes dim rooms glow with a luminous, radiant sheen, angular rooms gain charming contours, overbright rooms become subdued and soothing. Little is impossible to the deft use of Wall Paper.

The emblem pictured here guides you to craftsmen who can use Wall Paper deftly. From the Guildsman who displays this emblem, you can get wide choice of America's most suitable, most beauty-giving Wall Papers.

So, in your quest for charm in your home, seek this emblem. It assures you the help of adept skill in choosing and using Wall Papers; and it also makes you certain of considerate service and agreeable prices.

ASSOCIATE WALL PAPER GUILD

Published for
WALL PAPER
MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
of AMERICA

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FABRIC FALLACIES

BY GRACE D. DENNY

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HOME ECONOMICS, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

SHE was deliberately laying aside all the better damasks on the linen-counter. "I'm not particular about the pattern," she explained; "I just want the cheapest thing you have in linen. It's only for every day to save my monogrammed things in the chest."

This deluded little bride believed she was economizing. The thin, stiff, highly glazed table-cloth she selected *was* all linen. She didn't know, poor thing, that after one washing it would be reduced to a dull, sleazy, rough-surfaced article which would be a sad misfit in her exquisite apartment.

The mercerized damask, suggested by the salesman and so scornfully rejected by Mrs. Newlywed, would have been much more durable than the one she bought. It was a beautiful pattern and just as lustrous as the linen. This luster she would have found permanent; and if the cloth were rinsed with a slight amount of starch it would retain its body and permit a high gloss when ironed. Moreover, she might have obtained the mercerized fabric in the same patterns as the linen, and the price was attractive.

How much disappointment this amateur housewife would have avoided had she considered one of the many substitutes for linen which may have distinction and "is what it pretends to be"!

The blue-and-white Japanese cotton sets save linen cleaning and often add to the attractiveness of the breakfast-nook. A fine, glossy, hard-finished cotton material makes a more satisfactory cloth in many respects than a low-grade linen. In the first place it costs less. If firmer it will wear longer and may look better. Like all cotton, it gives up stains reluctantly and is hard to launder.

Our economical shopper might have decided upon two runners crossed in the middle of the table, which make an entirely suitable cover for family-meals. These may be of all-linen crash toweling. They are attractive, easily laundered, and inexpensive. Distinction may be added by applying stitches (fancy darning or cross-stitch is good) in blue above the hem. Thus, the blue woven border on the side becomes a part of the decoration. Plain cream or ecru crashes may also be used very effectively if one is fortunate enough to possess English china, rich in background hue.

Another alternative is presented in unbleached muslin. The present form of this fabric owes its origin to a fancied wartime economy. This material has esthetic possibilities because of its creaminess and uneven texture. By the addition of colors and attractive needlework the unbleached muslin luncheon cloth may be a decided asset to the beauty of the room. It can not be used every day and laundered frequently without losing its chief charm, which is its creaminess. Such a table-cloth may be suitably added to a well-equipped linen-chest, but is not a practical investment for daily service.

But of all the expense- and time-savers the decorated oilcloth luncheon-set bears the palm. This by no means takes the place of a textile table-covering, but it serves as a protection to the wood. Some very pleasing effects have been produced in these painted sets as a result of clever designing and color combinations.

Look for Labels

IT WAS no other than my friend Mrs. MacGregor who proudly displayed her bargain in napkins after a recent shopping-tour. She felt it was a blow to the canny Scotchwoman who believed she could always identify linen by touch. To be sure, the store had not sold them for linen. They were bought at face value.

The finish and pattern had misled Mrs. MacGregor. To her the thistle design implied intrinsic worth. She did not know that remarkable mercerized damasks are now woven on the same looms in Ireland which were formerly employed for linen. The manufacturers for many years have been approaching the perfection of finish which is now offered to the public. It is possible to polish a fine grade of mercerized cotton so that it will deceive any but an expert. Not only starch (as wheat, potato, rice, sago), but fillers (as magnesium, china-clay, or chalk) are added and a high gloss put on the cloth. With all its advantages, however, the mercerized cloth must ever remain a plebeian among damasks. There is an indescribable something which, in some senses when unfolding a mercerized napkin in lieu of a linen one.

Besides the time-honored linen table-cloth and the modern mercerized fabric there is a third type of napery not so well known. It is a combination of cotton and linen.

The background or satin part of the cloth running lengthwise is of cotton and may be mercerized, while the figure brought out by the crosswise threads is of linen. These threads are fewer in number on the surface; therefore the preponderant cotton threads show up after washing. In the store this material, with a high finish, may be very attractive.

It was the linen-like appearance of a cloth that led my country hostess to invest her Christmas-gift money. In her remote Western log cabin she proudly spread the "linen table-cloth" in honor of a company dinner. I hadn't the heart to disillusion her, for what is more treasured among a woman's possessions than her linen!

After a long struggle to achieve something higher than a red-and-white cotton she now had a substitute only for pure linen. She bought on appearance with the money in hand. If purchased at the linen-counter it was linen to her.

Durability Versus Beauty

A FAVORITE economy advocated by an older generation was the half-bleached linen table-cloth. The very fact that such a fabric is not popular among the majority of shoppers to-day is evidenced by the scarcity of half-bleached damask on the store-counters.

It is not an erroneous idea that this linen will wear longer. The slow bleaching which is necessitated in the yarn by the action of dew, air, and sunlight is the kindest process known to the linen fibers. In fact, one manufacturer uses a rural descriptive trade-mark as a guaranty that natural methods have been used to weaken the fiber.

It is not possible for all the linen-mills to have enough grassy plots on which to spread their vast quantities of linen. Therefore most of the bleached linen we use has been subjected to a quick chemical process. This may be injurious, but often results in a less enduring fabric than one treated in the primitive way.

If durability were the only consideration our grandmother's advice would be a sure rule to follow. But the modern woman is impatient. She demands beautiful effects. The much-desired damask polish could never be imparted to the good old substantial unbleached and half-bleached linens. They came directly from the loom with little or no finish. It is this very finish which enables the laundress to put a high gloss on the table-cloth, and which is also responsible for part of the added cost to present-day linens.

Many processes are necessary to bring about the flat, leather-like appearance on the surface of a good damask. The bleaching alone is quite elaborate and expensive treatment. After that comes sizing, made of starch and other materials, and sometimes a filler, as chalk. Contrary to a prevalent idea, starch is not an adulterant, unless an excessive amount is used to cover a loose weave, in which case the simplest test is to rub a corner of the fabric, releasing the dry starch or filling, thereby revealing the nature of the cloth. Some form of sizing is essential before the high gloss can be accomplished. Immense cylinders, turning at a great speed and accompanied by intense heat, press and polish the damask. This calendering process is followed by beetling. A series of little hammers pound upon the cloth and flatten it, reducing all the threads to a perfectly smooth surface.

A common misconception among shoppers is the belief that a heavy table-cloth is, perforce, a good one. The threads may be coarse and lumpy and the spaces between filled with chalk. On the other hand, an apparently fine table-cloth may have small, weak threads far apart and filled with starch. In carrying out the design threads often float on the surface This is due to the looseness of weave and results in a roughed-up appearance upon ironing.

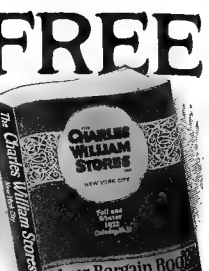
A first-class damask will invariably contain a high thread-count. This means that the threads lie close together, and laundering will enhance the beauty of the cloth.

The average shopper has no means of counting the threads or making microscopical tests. She must depend on buying from a reputable firm. Many of the large stores now have their merchandise tested by an expert.

Many a woman feels she can trust her own judgment by relying upon the time-honored salt-and-tea test. It was an old custom to moisten a finger and place it under the linen. This is a reliable rule for identifying dress crash, handkerchief, or any soft linen. Many of the damasks, however, contain materials in the finish which are not soluble in water. Certain gums and oils—glycerin, for example—may have been used in producing the high gloss. Thus a fine, good grade of linen might be easily cast aside after applying the moisture-test.

The idea of getting "something for nothing" is, perhaps, the greatest fallacy about the choice of table-linens. Bargains there may be—at times. It is only a bargain when you know what you are getting.

FREE



New Bargain Book
Showing Advance
New York Styles
for Fall and Winter

HERE you will find the new and charming New York styles selected by our experts from among the choicest offerings in the New York market. Wearing apparel for women, misses, girls, men and boys—clothing for dress, work, school or play—everything at prices that reflect our exceptional buying facilities.

***We pay Delivery Charges on Practically all* Wearing Apparel.**

This book of almost 800 pages will also save you money on Furniture, Draperies, Carpets and Piece Goods, Dress Toys, Jewelry, Automobile Tires and Accessories, Carpenters', Machinists', Painters', and Plumbers' Supplies and Tools and on hundreds of other articles.

Send for your FREE copy of this book.

Late Styles—Low Prices

Women's Garments, all of distinctive New York Styles, splendidly tailored and finished. Coats ranging from $5.49 to $39.00. Suits ranging from $10.49 to $36.75

To our present customers this book will be mailed without request before Aug. 15th.

CHARLES WILLIAM STORES INC.
New York City
Mail This or Send Postal Today

The CHARLES WILLIAM STORES
846 Stores Building, New York City
Please send me Free your New Fall and Winter Bargain Book including New York Styles.

Name .....

Rural Route or Street No. .....

City and State .....
(Please Write Name and Address Plainly)

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Turn Your Spare Hours into Dollars - at Home!

In This Practical Home Occupation—

—home workers make socks on the Auto Knitter

—send the socks to us in Buffalo—

—and get their wage checks back promptly

IF YOU have spare hours, don't waste them — turn them into money. Let them help you get the little luxuries you need, pretty things to wear, or contribute to the funds you need for other purposes.

You can do this — right at home in your spare time — whether much or little — with the assurance that your work will repay you in propontion to the time and effort devoted to it.

This pleasant home occupation is called Auto Knitting — making Old Tyme All Wool Socks on the Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter Company gives a contract to every Auto Knitter purchaser binding them to accept and pay for every pair of socks made in accordance with the simple standard described in the instruction book. Many Auto Knitter workers send their entire output to the company and receive payment as provided in their work agreement besides having the yarn used in the hosiery sent to the company replaced pound for pound.

You are at perfect liberty, however, to dispose of your output locally or to private trade—or you may send a portion of your work to us if you choose. There is no limit either large or small to the number of pairs of standard socks which you may send to us to be paid for at the fixed price provided in the work agreement.

Auto Knitter Workers Sending over 1,000,000 Pairs of Socks to Us This Year

This year Auto Knitter owners are sending us over 1,000,000 pairs of wool socks for which we pay them in wages alone over $100,000. Would not you like to have a part of this money? Why not take up this pleasant spare-time occupation? Whether the time devoted to the work be large or small, the Auto Knitter will reward you for the time and effort you put in. You are your own boss, working long hours or short hours as you prefer. The machine is always ready for work—ready to reward your industry with welcome dollars that will contribute to your ease and happiness.

You need have no previous experience in order to learn to successfully operate the Auto Knitter. Its operation is fully explained by the instruction book which comes with every machine, and if you are willing to apply yourself to the work—and to follow the instructions given, then there is no reason why you should not be successful with Auto Knitting as a spare-time money-making occupation.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Old Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere — from new workers, who are just beginning their work, and from old friends of long standing. Here are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking—

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Old Tyme All Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-around efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker, that the rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

The Auto Knitter will answer every demand made upon it for speed and reliability, and your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

How You Can Make Money at Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to pay for all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. Checks will be sent you promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter. Decide what it is you want the Auto Knitter to do for you. Earn enough each month for extra clothes! Or enough to help furnish the home! Or to take a vacation! How much do you want to earn?—what is the sum? In any case you will find the Auto Knitter the most flexible money-maker, ready to help you earn $1 a week if that is all you want, or much more if you will give it the time and effort.

Better Than a Hundred Hands

The Auto Knitter is a hand knitting machine for making seamless hosiery. The great worth of the machine lies in the fact that on it operators can turn out socks that have all the strength, comfort, warmth and wearing qualities of hand-knitted socks, and do it many times faster than the most skilled hand knitter

The Auto Knitter is designed primarily for home use, and can be carried and set up anywhere, because it weighs only twenty pounds and clamps upon any [illegible] table or bench.

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc. Dept. 210, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 210, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Pic. Rev. 10-22

Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Oval Shallow Casserole or Covered Baker

Baking a Beefsteak "Stew"

THE cheaper cuts of steaks become as tender and delicious as a "Delmonico" Porterhouse when stew-baked in a Pyrex Casserole. Meats of all kinds, vegetables and fruits have an entire new charm in flavor and savor when baked and served hot in Pyrex.

The New Oval Casserole, shown above, is a Pyrex innovation—one of the 50 new surprises in

PYREX

The Original Transparent Ovenware

Makes Baking Easy and Quick

Five of the essential Pyrex dishes (shown below), comprising a Pie Plate, Utility Dish, Bread Pan, Casserole, and Pudding Dish, are the selection of thousands of women as the right beginning of a Pyrex equipment—useful every meal, every day. A Royal gift for any occasion or season.

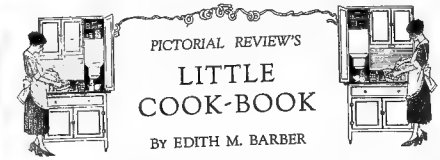
Your dealer's stock now comprises 100 shapes and sizes, dishes for every oven purpose.

Pyrex will not break from oven heat.

This Trademark identifies the genuine Pyrex →

Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, New York
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

Digitized by Google



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

WITH one special dish as a key-note it is an easy matter to plan a harmonious luncheon. Combine with any of the following recipes a salad, a cold drink, and a fresh fruit for a warm-weather meal, a cream of vegetable soup, a canned fruit, or a simple dessert, and you will have your luncheon plan for two weeks.

"L"—LUNCHEON DISHES

LUNCHEON dishes give an opportunity to those of us who like to exercise originality as well as skill in cookery. Many of us have had such opportunities forced upon us when the emergency of unexpected guests has caused us to make wonderful combinations of whatever materials were at hand.

There is of course no end to the variations which can be made from left-over meats and vegetables, tied together with a sauce, or blended with egg and bread-crums, as in creamed dishes and soufflés. Cheese, which should always be kept on hand, can be used in so many savory ways that it should almost have a page to itself. Happy the woman whose family has been so well trained as far as its habits of eating are concerned that one and all welcome cheese as often as it may appear on the luncheon-table. When the family is of any size it is worth while to bake a pot of beans occasionally to have on hand for at least two luncheons, at intervals during the week in cold weather. Any of the following dishes, combined with a green salad and accompanied by a simple dessert, will make an attractive main dish for luncheon.

Ham Soufflé

1½ Cupful Stale Bread-crums
1½ Cupful Milk
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Chopped Cooked Ham
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
Pepper
Whites 2 Eggs

COOK bread-crums and milk together until crums are soft. Add butter, ham, and seasonings, and fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten until stiff. Fill greased molds two-thirds full of the mixture. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes—until firm. Remove from the molds and serve with one cupful of white sauce mixed with one-fourth cupful of stuffed olives.

Corned Beef Tomato Toast

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1½ Cupful Strained Tomatoes
¼ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Chopped Corned Beef
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
Toast

MELT the butter, stir in the flour, and add the tomatoes, mixed with the soda. Let come to a boil, add the milk and salt, and beat. Add the corned beef and cheese, and pour over the toast on a hot platter. Chopped ham or bacon may be used.

Creamed Peanuts and Rice

3 Cupfuls Cooked Rice
2 Cupfuls Chopped Peanuts
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
3 Cupfuls White Sauce

MIX the rice, peanuts, and seasonings with the sauce, place in a greased baking-dish, and bake twenty minutes.

Baked Beans

1 Quart Beans
¼ Pound Salt Pork or ½ Pound Corned Beef
Boiling Water
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Mustard
½ Cupful Molasses

SOAK the beans in cold water overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water, and cook until soft. Drain and place in an earthen bean-pot. Bury the meat in the beans. Mix salt, mustard, and molasses, and add one-fourth cupful of boiling water. Pour over the beans and add enough boiling water to cover. Cover, and bake in a moderate oven eight hours, or place in a fireless cooker twelve hours. Beans may be "tested" in a pressure-cooker in half an hour, after which they should be browned in the broiling-oven.

Baked Green Pea Purée

1¼ Cupful Milk
1 Sliced Onion
1½ Cupful Bread-crums
1½ Cupful Peas, Rubbed Through a Sieve
1 Egg, Slightly Beaten
Salt and Pepper

SCALD the milk, add the onion, bread-crums, peas, and egg. Season to taste. Bake in a greased baking-dish or small molds in a moderate oven until firm—about twenty minutes.

Savory Rice

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
1 Onion, Chopped
1 Green Pepper
3 Cupfuls Cooked Rice
Salt, Pepper, Paprika
1 Cupful Medium White Sauce
½ Cupful Cheese

MELT the fat, add the chopped onion and pepper, and cook until tender. Add the rice and seasonings, and stir with a fork until the fat is absorbed. Melt the cheese in the white sauce and serve around the rice.

LUNCHEON DISHES (Continued)

Creole Rice

USE the recipe for savory rice, omitting the white sauce. After the rice has been mixed with the fat, add two cupfuls of tomatoes and place in a baking-dish. Cover with thin slices of cheese and bake in a hot oven until the cheese melts.

Macaroni and Cheese

1 Cupful Macaroni Stripe
2 Cupfuls Thin White Sauce
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Cupful Bread-crums
Boiling Salted Water

BOIL the macaroni until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and place in two layers with the cheese in a buttered baking-dish, and pour over each layer one-half the white sauce. Cover the top with the crums and bake until brown.

Italian Spaghetti

1 Onion
¼ Cupful Oil
½ Teaspoonful Black Pepper
3 Tablespoonfuls Tomato-paste
½ Cupful Water
1 Bay-leaf
3 Cupfuls Strained Tomatoes
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Pound Spaghetti
Boiling Salted Water
½ Cupful Grated Cheese

ADD the pepper to the oil, and cook the onion in this until brown. Mix the paste and water and add in three instalments to the oil, cooking until well blended each time. Add the strained tomatoes, bay-leaf, and salt. Cook thirty minutes. Add the sugar, and cook fifteen minutes longer. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with cheese.

Welsh Rarebit

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Teaspoonful Cornstarch
½ Cupful Milk
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Pound Soft Cheese, Cut in Small Pieces
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
Few Grains Cayenne
Toast or Crackers

MELT the butter, add the corn-starch, and stir until well mixed, then add the milk gradually while stirring constantly, and cook two minutes. Add the cheese and seasonings, and stir until the cheese is melted. Serve at once upon slices of hot toast or upon crackers.

Tomato Rarebit

½ Pound Soft Cheese
Pepper, Paprika
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Mustard
¾ to 1 Cupful Tomato Soup

CUT the cheese into small pieces, add mixed seasonings, and cook over a low fire until melted. Add enough tomato soup to thin the mixture so that it may be poured on slices of toast.

Cheese Fritters

2 Cupfuls Corn-meal Mush
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Egg

ADD the flour, sifted with the baking-powder and salt, to the mush. Add the cheese and the egg. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle and fry on both sides.

Toasted Cheese

½ Pound Fresh Cheese
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
Paprika
1 Egg
½ to 1 Cupful Milk

CUT the cheese in small pieces. Place in a greased pan. Sprinkle with the mixed seasonings. Beat the egg slightly, add one-half cupful of milk, and pour over the cheese. Add enough more milk to cover. Bake in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes, until the cheese is melted and a slightly brown crust has formed. Serve at once.

Cheese Fondue

1 Cupful Scalded Milk
1 Cupful Soft Stale Bread-crums
¾ Pound Mild Cheese, Cut in Small Pieces
1 Tablespoonful Fat
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Yolks 3 Eggs
Whites 3 Eggs

MIX the first five ingredients; add the yolks of eggs, beaten well. Fold in the whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Pour into a greased baking-dish, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Kidney-beans with Cheese

1 Pound Cheese
2 Cupfuls Cooked Kidney-beans
Salt, Pepper, Paprika
2 Chopped Green Peppers

CUT the cheese in pieces and melt in a double boiler, seasoning to taste. When melted add the hot beans and the pepper, and serve on toast. Canned kidney-beans may be used.

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Send for New Royal Cook Book—It's free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 122 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.CITY

Chocolate Layer Cake

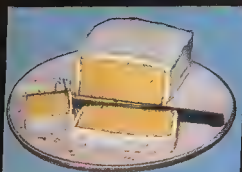
Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar, beating well; add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk slowly, and mix well. Add 1¾ cups flour sifted with 1¼ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; mix in 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 3 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put together with chocolate filling and icing made with 3 cups confectioner's sugar to which is added slowly sufficient boiling water to make smooth paste; add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 oz. unsweetened melted chocolate and ½ teaspoon grated orange peel.

Pineapple Layer Cake

Cream ½ cup shortening; add 1½ cups sugar slowly; add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together 2½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, and 2⅔ cups flour and add alternately with ⅔ cup milk; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 beaten egg whites. For filling and icing—Put 3 cups confectioner's sugar into bowl; add ¼ cup milk and beat until smooth; add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon small pieces of canned pineapple; add 1 teaspoon melted butter. Spread between layers and sprinkle with small pieces pineapple drained well. Spread icing on top and sides of cake and add pieces of the pineapple while icing is still soft.

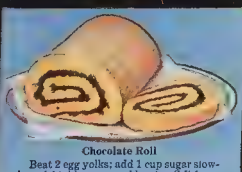
Maple Nut Cake

Cream ¾ cup shortening with 1 cup light brown sugar; add 2 egg yolks, mix well and add ½ cup milk; sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add; mix in one cup finely chopped nuts preferably pecans—and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 minutes. Cover top and sides with maple icing as follows: add ½ teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk; add 1½ cups confectioner's sugar to make smooth paste; add ½ teaspoon maple flavoring and spread. Sprinkle with nuts while icing is still soft.



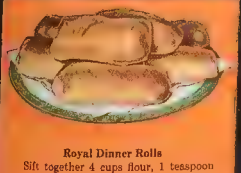
Royal Cream Loaf Cake

Cream ¾ cup shortening well with 1 cup sugar; add 2 egg yolks; add 1 teaspoon lemon extract; add, a little at a time, ½ cup rich milk or thin cream. Add 1 cup flour sifted with ½ cup cornstarch and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Make frosting as follows—Put 1 unbeaten egg white into shallow dish; add gradually 1¾ cups confectioner's sugar beating with wire whip until of right consistency to spread; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on top and sides of cake.



Chocolate Roll

Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1 cup sugar slowly and 4 tablespoons cold water. Sift 1 cup flour with 1½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ½ teaspoon salt, add alternately with 2 beaten egg whites. Spread very thinly on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Turn out on damp cloth—trim edges; spread with filling and roll in cloth while warm. When cool remove to plate, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Filling Scald ¾ cup milk with 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate. Thicken with ½ cup flour mixed with ½ cup cold milk; add 1 tablespoon butter. Beat ½ cup sugar, 1 egg and ½ teaspoon salt together and add. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and spread.



Royal Dinner Rolls

Sift together 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Rub in 1 tablespoon shortening; add 1½ cups milk and mix to smooth dough; turn out on floured board; knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about 4½ inches long by 2 inches wide; form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Brush with butter; bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter; bake 5 minutes and serve hot.

Orange Cream Layer Cake

Cream ½ cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar slowly, beating well; add 1 beaten egg. Sift together 1⅔ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with 1 cup milk, a little at a time. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 2 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread 1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top with orange frosting made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar added slowly to 1 tablespoon cream. Add pulp and grated rind of 1 orange. ½ teaspoon orange extract and 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Three Egg Angel Cake

Mix well and sift together four times 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup scalded milk very slowly, while still warm, beating continually; add 1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract; mix well and fold in 3 egg whites which have been beaten until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan and allow to stand until cold. For icing add 1 teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk and gradually add 1½ cups confectioner's sugar; add ½ teaspoon vanilla and spread. (Use the yolks of the eggs for a Royal Sunshine Cake.)

Send for New Royal Cook Book—It's free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 122 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.CITY

Google

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Quick Wesson Oil Mayonnaise on
Salmon or Tuna Fish
with hard boiled eggs, green peppers, pimentos and cress.

One Minute Mayonnaise

A delicious *home-made* mayonnaise that you can make in *less* than two minutes by the clock.

1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful dry mustard
1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
2 cups Wesson Oil

Break the whole egg in a bowl. Put in a half teaspoonful each of dry mustard and of salt, with one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater. Then slowly pour in two cups of Wesson Oil, beating it in with the other ingredients as it is poured into the bowl. *This mayonnaise is very mild. It may be varied with paprika or cayenne pepper. Worcestershire sauce adds a piquant flavor. The addition of ketchup or Chile sauce makes an excellent Russian dressing.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

EVER-READY BISCUITS

BY NELL B. NICHOLS

BEFORE I learned to make ever-ready biscuit dough hot home-made rolls were almost strangers in my home. There simply wasn't time for their preparation.

Now these brown miniature loaves are made about as easily as bread is cut. When the dough is mixed it is placed in the refrigerator, where it will keep at least a week. Then when rolls are needed the desired amount is pinched off, shaped, placed in buttered pans, allowed to rise, and baked, like all quick breads, in a hot oven.

I decide how many meals during the week rolls are to be served and then prepare sufficient dough to make them. And those baked the sixth day afterward, for example, are as delicious as those made the second day.

No mystery lurks within this so-called ever-ready dough. Breads rise when the yeast or baking-powder in them generates gas. This takes place when the flour-mixture contains moisture and is set in a warm room or oven. If this dough, with its proper proportions of yeast and baking-powder, is kept in the refrigerator, the temperature is too low for the yeast and baking-powder to act until more heat is applied to it.

I find that it takes little time and effort to make this dough. When potatoes are being mashed for dinner or luncheon one cupful is saved for the sponge. While the meal is being served the yeast is soaking in lukewarm water, where it is left until dishwashing time, when the milk is scalded and the sponge is made. After it has stood an hour or more, sufficient flour is added to make a stiff dough.

Sometimes in warm weather a slightly sour taste develops after it has been in the refrigerator a week. When this occurs I dissolve one-fourth teaspoonful of soda in one teaspoonful of cool water and work this into the dough. This sweetens it without impairing the quality or digestibility of the bread.

Rolls made in this way are a cross between those started by yeast and baking-powder biscuits. They retain the best qualities of both, offering unlimited opportunities to the clever cook who wishes to make various kinds of quick breads for luncheon, tea, or dinner. What a blessing this ever-ready dough is when unexpected guests come for a meal!

Here is the foundation recipe and others which, for the sake of variety, I have evolved from it

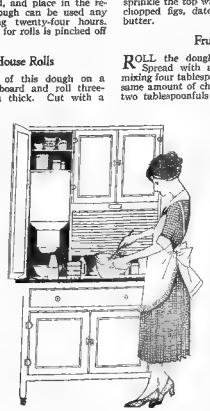
Ever-ready Biscuit Dough

1 Quart Milk	½ Cupful Lukewarm Water
1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes	2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2½ Teaspoonfuls Salt	1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Melted Fat	Flour
1 Cake Yeast	

SCALD the sweet milk and let cool. When lukewarm add potatoes, salt, baking-powder, soda, fat, and the yeast, either compressed or dry, which has been dissolved in lukewarm water. Add sufficient flour, about five cupfuls, to make a soft sponge, and let it stand until small bubbles appear on the surface. Then cut in enough flour to make a stiff dough, knead on the board, and place in the refrigerator. This dough can be used any time after standing twenty-four hours. The amount needed for rolls is pinched off and shaped.

Parker House Rolls

TURN a portion of this dough on a slightly floured board and roll three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut with a round or oval floured cutter. Crease in the middle with a floured knife-handle, rub one-half with melted butter, and fold over. Place one inch apart in an oiled pan and let rise until double in size. Bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.



ONE MIXING OF DOUGH WILL LAST A WEEK

Cheese Rolls

FOLLOW the directions for making Parker House rolls. Before folding, insert one teaspoonful of grated cheese in every roll.

Cinnamon Rolls

ROLL a portion of the dough one-half inch thick. Spread with melted butter and sprinkle liberally with a mixture of five parts of sugar to one part of ground cinnamon. Roll as a jelly roll. Cut in three-fourth-inch slices, put into a buttered pan, cut side up; let rise, and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

Swedish Rolls

FOLLOW the directions for making cinnamon rolls, only instead of using cinnamon use chopped raisins, citron, and sugar. After baking, brush tops with the white of an egg lightly beaten and mixed with one-half teaspoonful of cold water. Place in a slow oven to dry.

Braids

ROLL the dough in a sheet one-quarter inch thick, cut in strips one-half inch wide, then braid them in three or four strands, having the braids wider in the center than at the ends. Let rise and bake.

Clover-leaf Rolls

OIL muffin-tins. Take small bits of the dough, knead until smooth, shape in balls, and fit three into each tin. Let rise and bake.

French Rolls

SHAPE the dough in long rolls, and with a knife make three slits on the top of each roll. When light bake in a hot oven.

Crescents

ROLL the dough in a sheet one-eighth inch thick and cut in strips about four inches wide; cut these in sharp-pointed triangles, then, beginning at the base, roll them up, bringing the ends toward each other, keeping the point in the middle of the roll to give the shape of the crescent. Place them on baking-sheets some distance apart. When light bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Salad Rolls

SHAPE the dough in small biscuits, place in rows on a floured board, cover with a cloth, and let rise until very light. Flour the handle of a wooden spoon and make a deep crease in the middle of each roll, take up, and press the edges together. Place closely in a buttered pan, cover, let rise, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Bread Sticks

FORM the dough into small balls, then roll on an unfloured board until strips are formed of a uniform size and the shape of a thick lead-pencil. Place on a baking-sheet some distance apart. When light bake in a hot oven.

Salad Sticks

SPRINKLE the bread sticks with salt before baking, and serve with salad in place of crackers.

Sweet Rolls

SHAPE the dough into long rolls, let rise, and bake. When about half baked sprinkle the top with sugar, jelly, coconut, chopped figs, dates, or bread-crums and butter.

Fruit Puffs

ROLL the dough one-half inch thick. Spread with a fruit paste made by mixing four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the same amount of chopped nuts and raisins, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Roll as a jelly roll, cut in slices three-fourths inch thick, and place in a buttered pan, cut side up, to rise. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Date Rolls

USE a date paste instead of raisins and nuts used in the fruit puffs. Cut one pound of dates in small pieces, add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of water, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Cook to a paste and cool before using.

Delicious Rolls

ROLL the dough thin and cut in long, narrow strips. Fold so there will be three layers; butter between and sprinkle sugar on top. Let raise and bake.

Do oatmeals differ as widely as flowers?

YOU wouldn't phone your florist and say: "Send me a dozen flowers."

Yet that is almost the same as asking your grocer to send you "a package of oats." There is as much difference between different brands of oats as between daisies and roses.

Just as roses smell sweetest, so there is one oatmeal that stands first in tempting aroma: that one is H-O (Hornby's Oats).

Slow toasting in the old-fashioned way over coal fires makes H-O golden brown in color and gives that delicious H-O aroma and flavor.

Steam-cooking under high pressure breaks down the starch cells and dextrinizes the starch, making H-O digestible and nourishing—that's why it is different from ordinary priced oats.

H-O never cooks up sticky and pasty.

H-O digests better, makes children healthy and strong, and is perfect food for everyone. Every home can afford H-O. Health is cheap at any price.

THE H-O CEREAL COMPANY, INC. BUFFALO, N. Y., AND AYR, CANADA

Packed in new improved label-wrapped and corner-sealed package

H-O OATS

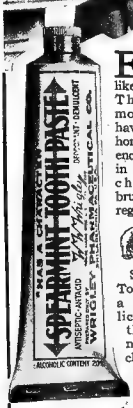
Steam Cooked for HEALTH

Pan Toasted for FLAVOR

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Spearmint!
"Um-mmm Goody!"



EVERY youngster likes Spearmint. That's why mothers who have it in their homes experience no trouble in getting their children to brush their teeth regularly.

Spearmint Tooth Paste has a fragrant, delicious flavor that appeals not only to children but to grown-ups as well. Your mouth always feels fresher and cleaner after using.

SPEARMINT
TOOTH PASTE
The Cleansing Paste with the Pleasant Taste

A little Spearmint goes a long way. It is highly concentrated—320 cleanings in every tube. Lay it across—not along the brush.

Buy a tube of Spearmint Tooth Paste from your Druggist today.

Valuable Gifts

We will present you with articles for yourself, your family, your home ranging in value up to $25.00 for introducing SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE to a few of your relatives and friends. It will take but little of your time, because people always want to try SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE as soon as they see it. Get one or more of these valuable gifts. Mail back the coupon now for full particulars and for catalogue with big range of gifts for your selection.

Wrigley Pharmaceutical Co.
311 N. Randolph St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:
Please send me your special premium catalogue and let me know how I can secure one or more of your valuable gifts.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State ..
Post Office .....

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

PUTTING ON THE MUSICAL SHOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

arms, bodies, or all of these together, rhythmically and as gracefully as may be, everybody doing the same thing, at the same time, in the same way. Amateurs have a way of resembling wooden Indians when they stand still and do nothing.

THIS rule, then, must be observed if good results are to be obtained—chorus participants must work every minute they are on the stage and *smile* while doing it.

If the amateur director does not know exactly what steps to teach, that part of the amateur musical production should be turned over to a dancing-teacher, or worked out practically in this way: Sit down with pencil and paper, draw your stage, mark *x* for the girls, *o* for the men, initial the various choruses, chart the formations, work out the steps, then write them all down so that they will be remembered as they are done. It will be found that simple steps are best for amateur chorus work. Not only are they easier to teach and to execute, but they are more effective because they can be combined harmoniously with specialty dance features of a variety which can be most successfully introduced on amateur programs.

One of the essentials in contributing to the enjoyment of any audience is clear enunciation and accurate and distinct diction. Particular emphasis should be laid upon cues being brought out clearly and given exactly as they are written; this will mean much to every principal and also to both chorus and musicians.

In the production of a musical comedy, extravaganza, minstrel show, or a panorama it is desirable to use all the light possible to procure. A list of lights-cues should be made out—the lights to be used on the various numbers and given to the stage-manager, electrician, and spotlight operator. Certain combinations of light effects are infinitely better than others, and these should be tried out at the final rehearsal so that there will be no mistakes during the performance itself owing to misunderstandings.

A QUARTET OF SMILING MILKMAIDS

Costumes for a musical production are easier to make and less expensive than those for any other sort of amateur performance. A few examples will suffice to illustrate.

A musical panorama had as an opening number a chorus in which the participants represented flowers. Really lovely effects were obtained by the use of crêpe-paper dresses of various harmonizing colors. A "Rube Chorus" in the same production came in for an unusual amount of applause, owing to its simple but effective costuming. The girls wore pink gingham bungalow-aprons and sunbonnets, all made from the same material, from the same style pattern, and all being the same length; the men wore blue overalls, large broad-brimmed straw hats, and red bandanna neckerchiefs. A pretty "Milkmaid Chorus" attracted much attention by reason of its brilliant green-and-white color-scheme, shining tin milk-pails, and three-legged stools. A touch of realism is sure to pay for the extra time or trouble it takes to produce it.

A chorus costumed in any uniform design which harmonizes with the spirit of the production is sure to be effective, regardless of whether it is practical, artistic, or esthetic in conception. Whether in evening clothes, original or period costumes, or Summer attire, so that the color-scheme is harmonious and all the participants are clad alike, each chorus will look equally well.

The director must impress upon the company the fact that the orchestra is not there to ignore, but to follow. To do this intelligently it is necessary for every member of the company to watch the conductor, a thing which rarely seems to occur to amateurs, unless their attention is called to it. The best way to be sure of this is to insist upon both principals and chorus working as far front-stage as possible.

A director's foundation should be well laid by the time the performance is due to begin that her one office upon the scheduled night is to see that principals, chorus, and orchestra work smoothly and harmoniously together. Her calm presence, smiling face, and cool, quick judgment will inspire enthusiasm and create confidence.

A director may choose either one of two positions in directing a performance. If he or she is sufficiently well informed musically, it is best to lead the orchestra and to direct from front. This will give both orchestra and cast confidence, while the director may assume command of the entire production with far greater ease.

If the director is not a musician, at least in so far as technical knowledge is concerned, the performance should be directed from the wings and from the side of the stage upon which the curtain is operated. Frequently the electric switch-board is on the same side, and thus it is possible to make a suggestion to either the stage-manager or electrician in case it should become necessary.

This is the second of a series of articles on various phases of amateur productions. A third article, on children's entertainments, will follow.

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

laces may be let out to make the child more comfortable. White, tan, or black shoes may be used, whichever you prefer, provided they are well made.

6. Shall I put on Paul's Winter-weight flannels yet? The nights and mornings are cool, but the middle of day is still often quite warm.

Ans. No, I would not change just yet unless we have cooler weather. Use the Summer bands, shirts, stockings, and night-dresses, and put on the sweaters or sacks while it is cool mornings and evenings. The Winter flannels are usually too warm for an active baby to wear until November.

7. Should I teach Paul to do any cute little tricks now? He is so bright and playful that it is a great temptation frequently to play with him.

Ans. Be careful not to tire him. You may play with him a little while after his nap and teach him to tell "How big is the baby," or pat-a-cake, or shake a by-by, but not much else. Let him develop naturally and he will not get overtired. The baby's brain develops more during this first year of life than at any other period, and if you force it at all the child is apt to become very nervous.

8. Should Paul obey me now and understand me when I tell him not to touch anything, or is he too young for this yet?

Ans. Yes, he should understand when you say "no, no." If you are gentle about it but very firm and speak as if you meant it. If you say "no" and then let him do it because he begins to cry, he will think you did not really mean it and will never learn to obey you. Never threaten a child and never say what you do not mean. It is never too early to begin to teach obedience.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusto-Lite is the handy, economical light for home, office, store, studio—everywhere good light is needed. HANGS—CLAMPS—STANDS. The name says it—it's quickly adjustable. A turn of the reflector sends the light exactly where you want it. No glare—no eyestrain. And—*economy.*

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and screw socket with 2-piece parallel plug.

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141 So. Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., brass finish, $5; statuary bronze or nickel finish, $5.50. West of Mississippi, 25c per lamp additional.

TRADE MARK

Hundreds of women, and men too, are making splendid incomes operating as our factory representatives. Earnings average $2 an hour for spare time and $35 to $60 a week for full time. You too, can make good money at this work. The occupation is pleasant, congenial and healthful and if you are ambitious you are sure to succeed. Write and get particulars of our easy sales system. We furnish

Free Sample Outfit

and teach you our sure sales method without charge. No experience or capital necessary. You start earning money at once. We furnish high-quality underwear and guaranteed hosiery at mill-to-wearer prices. You can quickly build up a permanent, profitable business. Be independent—ask no favors of anybody. We pay all express charges—guarantee satisfaction and supply prompt service. You get your own money at factory prices.

Guaranteed Six Months

Get Agents Working for You—Make Double Pay

You can make still bigger profits by becoming our District Manager. In addition to your own sales you appoint sub-agents and you get a commission on all the goods they sell. We show you how to do this. Many of our present sub-agents were formerly salesmen employed by others. Now they are our representatives and are making money at home. Many sub-agents earn as much as the men who employ them. Write today for our Special Offer and the Free Outfit and Sales Plan which will start you making money you can call your own.

Mailook Knitting Mills
2210 Hermitage Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Quality jewelry for little folks, daintily boxed with gift card. Made in solid gold and sterling silver. See it at your jewelers. If he hasn't genuine Kiddie Kraft jewelry write us.

LOCKETS AND RINGS BABY PINS BANGLES BRACELETS

MARATHON CO. Attleboro, Mass.

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST
"It reaches the spot"
FOR:- Cuts, Burns, Nasal Douche, Throat Spray and Personal Hygiene.
The Sterizol Company Ossining, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Read Laughing Vivian's Great Offer!

"I will send you this big, new, fluffy Liquid Veneer Hand Mop and a liberal trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish, great big 60 cent value, if you will simply send the coupon below and the top of a carton of Liquid Veneer or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish, and 20 cents to pay postage and packing. You will be delighted with this Hand Mop. It is wonderful for reaching those hard-to-get-at places, like banisters, railings, chair spindles, crevises and corners.

"This mop when treated with

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

(Goes Twice as Far)

will prove a great cleaning and dusting help. You will marvel at the way it will transform dirty, dull, scratched surfaces to their original beauty and finish, leaving a high, dry polish and lustre.

"Liquid Veneer Mop Polish will renew any and all dusting and polishing mops as they have never been renewed before. It is so wonderfully effective that it will make your floors rival your piano in cleanliness and polish.

"Now let me say just a word about the great old stand-by

LIQUID VENEER

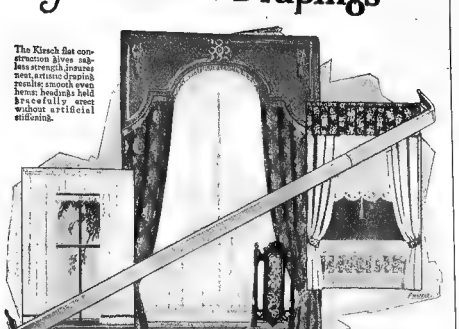
"Wonderful for your daily dusting; cleans, polishes, beautifies pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, all at one sweep of the cloth. Used alike in modest homes, aristocratic mansions and royal palaces all over the world.

"When buying your new floor mop, don't forget the World Champion Liquid Veneer Mop, nothing like it in all mopdom. The removable swab can be washed and put through the wringer like a handkerchief. The full yarn center picks up an enormous amount of dust and dirt."

LIQUID VENEER
MOP POLISH
GOES TWICE AS FAR
WONDERFUL FOR RENEWING ALL DUST MOPS
PIANOS, FURNITURE WOODWORK HARDWOOD FLOORS AUTOMOBILES
GREAT FOR DUSTING
LIQUID VENEER
MAKES OLD THINGS NEW
WOODWORK
PIANOS
FURNITURE
AUTOMOBILES
APPLY WITH CHEESE CLOTH
WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING
LAUGHING VIVIAN,
Care of Buffalo Specialty Co.
Ft Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Dear Madam:
Enclosed find 20 cents (25 cents in Canada), coin or stamps, and top of a carton of Liquid Veneer (or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish) for which send me, postpaid, one regular 50cent Liquid Veneer Hand Mop and a liberal trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish.
Name
Street
City and State

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Kirsch Curtain Rods
The Perfect Fixtures for Window Drapings



The Kirsch flat construction gives sufficient strength, insures neat, artistic draping results; smooth even hems; headings held gracefully erect without artificial stiffening.

The three windows pictured illustrate typical effects secured with single, double and triple Kirsch Curtain Rods. At bottom of page are shown single, double and triple brackets, with small section of rods.

Flat in shape—no sag
Velvetone finish—No rust or tarnish

Kirsch Curtain Rods are easy to work with and show off your curtains and drapes to best advantage. The patented Kirsch brackets are strong, simple, easy to install and thoroughly practical. Rods go on or off brackets with ease and safety, yet can't come down accidentally.

Kirsch Curtain Rods come in lasting Velvetone brass or Velvetone white finish—single, double or triple—extension style or cut to fit—for any kind of windows.

Sold by Better Dealers Everywhere

KIRSCH MFG. COMPANY
123 Prospect Ave. Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.

KIRSCH MFG. COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
104 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ont.

FREE BOOK
of Helpful Ideas for Window Draping

Millions have used it. A practical book, (new each year) for woman to use in window planning. Windows for every room pictured and "how it's done" explained—mailed free on request.

Single—Double—Triple—for any effects

The patented Kirsch bracket is simple and strong. Rod easily attached or removed by lifting. Can't come off accidentally.

Bracket and End of double rod for curtain and valance—for curtain and side drapes, or for side drapes and valance.

Bracket and End of triple rod—for curtains, side drapes, and valance. This rod used in window at center of group.

Remember to ask for Kirsch
The Original Flat Curtain Rod

Sheet Music, 15¢
Ask for Century Edition
STUDENTS, Teachers and Players of Music endorse Century Certified Edition. Century offers you the world's music masterpieces for 15c each, beautifully printed on the best of paper and certified to be correct. When you buy "Hungarian Rhapsody", "Moonlight Sonata", "Humoresque" or any of the other classics, ask your dealer for Century Edition. If he can't supply you, we will. Complete catalog of over 2100 classical and popular standard compositions free on request.
Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano", Kahn's "Rudiments for the Violin", and Martin's "Scales and Chords". Used by all modern teachers.
Century Music Publishing Co., 233 W. 40th St., N.Y.
Century Certified Edition
CLEF CLUB
HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS

THE LOVE-LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

But Zelde was beyond encouragement. "It's all tricks to send me to an early grave!" she thought, and the sudden entrance of Sarah was a kind of confirmation of her fear.

"Shah!" Bernard cried abruptly, and a chill of stillness spread over the room and froze on every lip. "It slammed the door down-stairs!"

For a moment no heart beat, and the next they all beat wildly. For the test had begun, and soon the conflict of emotions, rights, and principles would follow. Bernard could control himself no longer.

"It's my lawyer for sure!" he exclaimed fervidly. "I'll go bring him up! By me is a motto." "First come, first served!" And he hurried down the hall-stairs into the entrance lobby.

"Didn't I know it!" he cried, ecstatic, as he clasped his lawyer's hand. "Hello, Counselor! Come with me; bend down your head you shouldn't hit the ceiling!" And he piloted his prize into the parlor, where a group of curious, anxious appraisers breathlessly awaited him.

"WELL!" Bernard called out exultantly as he entered in his prodigy. "Look, Zelde! Counselor Milton Spitz!"

"What does he do?" cried Zelde, startled, bewildered.

"He don't do; he is!" Bernard explained angrily. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted in all directions, "Counselor Milton Spitz!"

"Hah?" said Nadelson with a long, nasal drawl. And Sarah, clinging to her father, grew paler than she was. At last Nadelson of all the variously affected audience was able to speak.

"Where is the counselor?" he cried, amazed, scanning Bernard with a suspicious eye. "I don't see your counselor which you introduced us!" And he started back like one afflicted with hallucinations, turning with a goose-flesh air to see whether the man he had left to the room was still beside him. "Pooh!" he roared, shivering with the shock, "I thought you was only deaf; I didn't know you was blind!"

"And I think you're drunk! Plain talk!" Nadelson retaliated. "I don't see no counselors and nobody else sees it! You remind me of a mule with glass eyes, but I got no time now for stories!"

"What's the matter here?" Zelde exclaimed. "I think you're both crazy!"

"Never mind! It's a swindle!" shouted Nadelson, "This lit-tle feller what Bernard brought up is the dentist! told you about! He's got nothing to do with counselors!"

"It's a lie!" Bernard retorted angrily. "I don't know where I am, for this feller is my lawyer!"

"Hah?" sneered Nadelson. "I have him on my match-making list from the first day he opened a dental office!" And the lank, lean Nadelson placed a long, possessive arm about the strange man's shoulders. But the stranger, until now speechless with embarrassment and confusion, jerked out of the match-maker's grasp, and, crossing the room in three rapid strides, approached Sarah, whom he had only at that moment perceived.

"Sarah!" exclaimed the man, and Sarah, barely able to stand or speak, let him support her in his arms.

"What kind of a crazy business is this?" Zelde ejaculated, stunned into stupefaction. Nadelson, Bernard, and Mendel rose like gaping shadows in the spell of a sudden uncanny power that had settled over them.

"Ghosts!" said a weird voice in the room, and the men shuddered involuntarily while Zelde groaned to refrain from shrieking. A loud, ringing laugh, like a peal of trembling echoes, shot through the air, and Bernard's heart sank into his feet.

"Match-making is a terrible business!" he moaned to himself. "If I get out alive I deal only in real estate, and a little steamship tickets on the side, that's all!"

It was Milton laughing, and Sarah, without fully understanding why, laughed too, but Zelde and the match-makers still clung together, distrustful of the supernatural, all reason and judgment harrowed from their minds. But Mendel, leading Milton forward with Sarah on his arm, said simply, "What is a young man? Humpty-dumpty! Once the match-makers take him apart, it's hard to put him together again! To me you're still three persons, Mr. Milton, but I'd like to know how you're one!"

"I'm not!" said Milton with a curious smile. "And I'm many more than three! Mr. Marantz, others like to travel from land to land; I travel from study to study. As a dentist I took up law, and when I got tired of both I turned to veterinary medicine. I have a wanderlust for knowledge!"

"What!" cried Bernard, beside himself with astonishment. "A dentist, a lawyer, and a doctor all in one! That's what you call a bargain!"

"He's just like you, Mendel!" Zelde exclaimed, her emotions of boundless joy mingled with terror. "You could never stick to a job, and he can't stick to a profession! I wanted Sarah should get a husband just like mine, and she did! It serves me right!"

"But you see!" Bernard put in triumphantly to secure his brokerage claim, "I told you, Zelde, he knows everything! And look how big he is! I don't come up to his neck!"

"But he don't come up to 'mine!" protested Nadelson. "And you heard before how he hollered? He does that all the time in my ear! I told you he's a dentistar and he's little and he hollers!"

Sarah interceded resentfully. "That's not true! He's middle size and he talks Beautifully!"

"Once in your lives all of you are right!" Mendel concluded. "Compared to Bernard, he's a giant; compared to Nadelson, he isn't. What is facts? Curved mirrors. It's the way you look at them! What is a person? Cut glass. From every angle you see different colors! But it's all the same Milton Spitz, like the same fiddle with different tunes! Milton, I like a man like you! What is ability? A camel. The more you load it, the better it likes it! But look out for the last straw!" And, drawing Sarah to him, Mendel blessed them both. "What is life? A tree. What is love? The roots. What is marriage? The blossoms. What is children? The fruits!"

Zelde, radiant through her tears, sobbing and laughing, embraced her daughter and kissed her repeatedly.

"You see?" she cried, ecstatic, triumphant, reproachful. "Without books and without college and without philosophy what I don't understand it, but in the old-fashioned way I picked you out a feller just what your heart desires, like we dreamed it long ago!" Mendel patted her kindly.

"All Zelde, what is a wife? The supreme court. It's always right. You went past and we went west till we got so far apart that we met again! What is an argument? A candle. You burn both ends till you meet in the middle!"

ZELDE and Mendel sat together alone. Sarah had gone with Milton. Nadelson with Shnaps. Out of the bounty of Zelde's overflowing heart welled a strange sympathy for Mendel.

"You'll be lonely. I betcha," she murmured, edging closer. "Now Sarah gets married, you wouldn't have nobody to talk with, ah? I know in your heart, Mendel, you wanted she should always be free!"

"She is," said Mendel, "and I'm satisfied. Zelde, this time we both got what we wanted. She's married to Milton, but she's free to make her life her own! What is life? Rope-walking. It's best when it's balanced."

"Oi! Mendel, you got such a tricks!" exclaimed Zelde, startled into admiration. "You wanted she shall marry and in the same time not marry! But thank God she'll marry!" added Zelde with a sigh.

"What is a wife? Goulash. It don't always agree with you, but you like it!"

ACROSS THE BORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Search me," said Madden, looking mystified, but his face glowed and he looked fondly at Clive, standing quietly behind him, carrying a bundle of rods and a worn Gladstone. "Would bring 'em up. Wouldn't let 'em wait at the dock for the wagon," Madden grinned. "Geel but it's good to be back!" He looked up at the pale sky, the fronds of the tamaracks, the lapis lazuli and malachite of the mountains, the crystal and sapphire of the water in the mysterious early light. His eyes swept the familiar beauty of the landscape and the comfortable ugliness of the clubhouse.

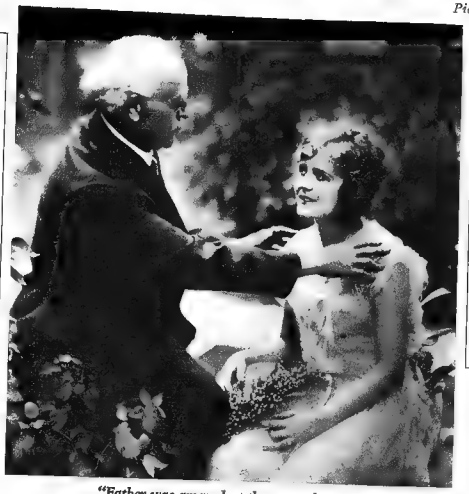
"Geel it's good!" and his hand fell upon the lean, muscular shoulder of his boy companion, that winced with delight at his touch. Of course the tale went the rounds, and I'm afraid Claude was twitted about his second sight, for if he ever had other manifestations of it he kept the fact to himself.

Madden himself seemed to have developed prescience when he came to us in that terrible spring of nineteen-seventeen. Yet this seems explainable on more rational grounds. True, he had not heard of Claude's illness. He knew only the details of that bitter time, but he knew how terribly the North was suffering under the lash of the plague—the influenza. The meager news that seeped through to the cities, where the papers had more important things to print than the awful mortality of mere non-combatants, the martyrdom of thousands and tens of thousands was noted by a squib—"The mining-camps in Cobalt already decimated, are threatened with extinction, and the condition of the Hudson Bay Indians is said to be pitiable. No help can be sent; no doctors or nurses available"; or, "The women and children on the St. Maurice have come into Grandmère for help, which it is impossible to give." "No

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung up into being, applied in a moment, starts its work in ten minutes, and—



"Father was amazed at the great change"

—in forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human face on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a *real* beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's; a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion. I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities, nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn — the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed we took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me and on all my girl friends. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound as miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad.

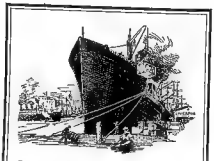
Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear from any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. *I know.*

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is *so* healthful to use, it *cannot* grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their normal size because it is laid on and *not* rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! *My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully:*



New Shipments from Abroad!

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF $5.00 JARS EXTENDED

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full $5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have *one jar only* for the bare cost of getting it into your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of $1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a *deposit*, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all it is claimed to be.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just $1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose $2; same guarantee holds good.

Wm Ryerson
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS
Century Building, Chicago, Dept. 42

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name_____

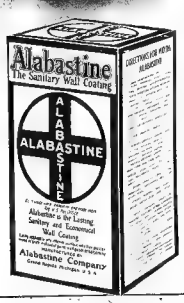
Address_____

P. O._____ State_____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Turn your old house into a new home

REDECORATE! Do away with dingy walls. Remove figures and patterns that have become tiresome. Modernize the rooms now so familiar to all who enter them that they no longer make an impression. It can be done easily, quickly, economically—without much fuss or trouble, if you use



Alabastine

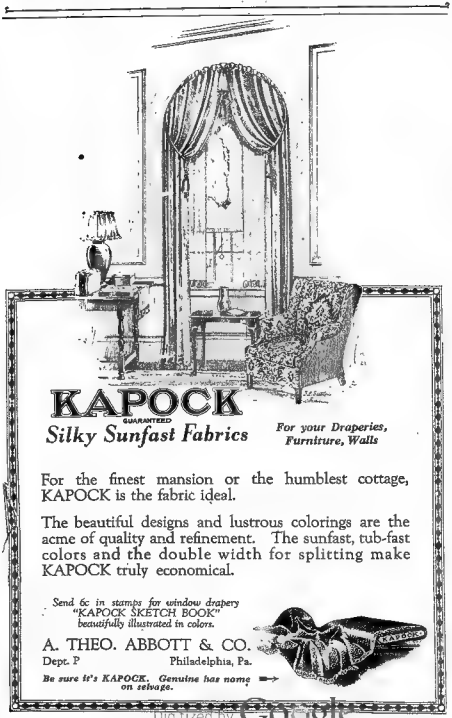
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine comes in powdered form, mixes with cold water and can then be applied to any interior surface—plaster, wall-board, paint, burlap or canvas. The many standard colors of Alabastine intermix perfectly to form numberless others matching or harmonizing perfectly with rugs or draperies.

Alabastine is for sale at all good stores selling paints, and will be used by decorators if you request it. Ask to see sample cards of plain Alabastine and the Alabastine-Opaline Process. Send for literature showing the most up-to-date and popular coloring of interior walls.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
650 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan

LOOK FOR THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED



KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics

For your Draperies, Furniture, Walls

For the finest mansion or the humblest cottage, KAPOCK is the fabric ideal.

The beautiful designs and lustrous colorings are the acme of quality and refinement. The sunfast, tub-fast colors and the double width for splitting make KAPOCK truly economical.

Send 6c in stamps for window drapery "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK" beautifully illustrated in colors.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
Dept. P Philadelphia, Pa.

Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name on selvage.

ACROSS THE BORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

word has come from Trois Tourches in two weeks, and it is feared the influenza has wiped out the two hundred families at Porte de la Mercie." Two old men were found dead beside their sled a mile from Sandy, evidently coming in for help, for their sleds were empty. The settlement at Coureur is isolated." Such items inferred the great calamity, but the few of us that remained on the ground around what had been the club could tell a harrowing tale of what we went through.

Lalo had gone overseas, and we had brought over Madame Lalo, her flock of girls, and Claude, now a lanky boy of thirteen, as we had drawn to us the wives and children, yes, and widows of the men who had been our employees, our friends, and our guides. I captained our sad crew. The old trouble that kept me in the wilderness was obvious enough to keep me from the "available material of war," but "my bit" was a needed bit, just the same, and I never felt that I was "relegated to desuetude." For what I knew of medicine proved a boon, and what I had of this world's goods came in mighty handy as time went on.

So we kept the club-house open as a home, a sanitarium, a social center, and when the plague hit us, a refuge camp. Those were days and nights that merged into the gray, grim stretch of stress and strain. We did the best we could, and angels can do no more. Our women did the work of men—and of half a dozen men each. Marie Lalo ran the stubby club motor-boat to the foot of the lake and the supply-store at Carry after the dog teams could no longer be mushed through the slush ice, keeping our communications open and "spelling" with her daughters at the hard task.

BUT the inevitable came. The "flu" got to us. We were smitten hip and thigh. We were down, and many went out. Those that were spared kept at the endless work with the determination of the forlorn hope. Marie Lalo went from us, courageously and with an indomitable faith that all was right in a perfect world. The whole family of Maxwell went West—ten of our refugees from Pierre Blanche—they had contracted a peculiarly virulent form of the disease. Newbold and Herkomer, who was over sixty, and I tried to hold some sort of administration together, but it was hard to keep panic in check

At my heels, day and night, was little Claude, running errands, standing watch, cooking, cleaning, helping, uncomplaining and silent, his golden eyes clear and unfaltering even when his lanky body trembled with fatigue. My heart bled for the lad, but I could not spare him, we were so few, those who could help, and they so many, who struggled between life and death. And then, just as the terrible pressure was letting up a bit, our sick were recovering and fewer cases were brought in, just as a much-needed load of medicine and food reached us; just as there was a hope that Dr. Haniquer might be able to come to us on his way West to look us over and advise, out of his wide and terrible experience; just when our black horizon seemed to be lighting to a dawn of hope—Claude was stricken. There wasn't any chance for him from the start. He was too worn out, and his overgrown body was void of resistance. He was like tow to the flame of the devouring fever. His soul blazed and his life was consumed.

And then Madden came. "I couldn't get here before. It wasn't possible." War had had him in harness, too, he explained, and laws that could not be broken had bound him. But he knew our need. He knew that all our section was in the grip of the plague. He had written, but the letters had never arrived, and, getting no reply, he had done the impossible and come. There was no surprize in his face when I told him of Claude's condition. He nodded his head as one who accepts the news of a trouble long foreseen.

Together we went into the little cubby off the kitchen that I had kept for the boy. It was warm and he could have quiet, a quiet not possible in our rooms, now turned into wards, and he was never out from under the eye of whoever was at the continuous day- and night-work of preparing shots and boiling water and keeping the fires high. Besides, the boy had been raving from the first leap of fever, and his ravings were strange.

AS WE entered the sick-room, we found him sitting up, his arms outstretched, his golden eyes shining, not with delirium, but ecstatic joy.

"You've come, you've come! I knew you would come! I said it—I *smelled it!*"

Madden sank on his knees beside the cot and took the lad to his breast. Claude laid his head down on his arm with that familiar movement of perfect trust, and closed his eyes in beatific content. My instinct was to draw Madden away with talk of contagion, antiseptics, and precautions, but I could not speak the words or move. I felt I was assisting at something amazing, some process of nature, wonderful as the unfolding of a flower, full of portent as the first cloud-upthrust of a volcano. The words of love and comfort that fell from Madden's lips were gentle,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

For Nervous Headaches

Vaseline
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
MENTHOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

Is the relief from headache or neuralgic pains worth one cent to you? That's all it costs for an application of "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. With the first indication of a headache rub a small amount of it gently on the forehead and temples. So convenient, effective and economical!

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)
State Street. New York

What One Mother's Sons Are Doing

MRS. MARGARET PETRY of Louisiana has five young sons. About a year ago it was suddenly found necessary for them to put their shoulders to the wheel and make enough money to support themselves. John, the eldest, was just fourteen; Edward thirteen; and Walter twelve. Just youngsters with practically no business experience of any kind. (George and Rudolph were, of course, too young to be considered as possible bread-winners yet.)

They looked around for an opportunity to make some money and still not have their schooling interrupted. We presented our proposition to them.

The first month, June, 1921, they made exactly 90c between them. But they kept at it! In June, 1922, they made $70.40! They are among the pioneer members of our Young Hustlers Division and we're proud of them. So is their mother. So is Mr. Toulmin our District Manager. So are their boy friends. So would you be if you knew them.

The purpose of The Young Hustlers Division is to help every youngster between the ages of 8 and 15 to earn his own spending money, appreciate the value of a dollar, learn how to act like a man, and to teach him his first important lessons in business. Don't you think *your* son would be glad to join this organization?

We always keep faith with the Boy and with his ideals!

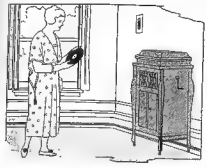
Write for complete business instructions and a copy of our Big Prize Catalog.

MR. D. V. HILL
Salesmanager
YOUNG HUSTLERS DIVISION
The Pictorial Review Company
Seventh Avenue and 39th Street
New York City, N. Y.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Losing 103 lbs. to Music!

Wallace Makes New Record Reducing Mrs. Derby in Less Than Four Months



The Sworn Statement of Three Quincy Citizens

We, the undersigned, have known Mrs. Harry Derby for years. Her amazing reduction by Wallace records came under our almost daily observation. We hereby testify to the entire truth of statements that follow.

A. J. Hielmann
J. J. Bunch
J. F. Newman

By William R. Durgin

QUINCY, ILLS.—In a happy little community of homes which fringe Vine street, I discovered Quincy's happiest woman. All because she accepted an invitation to try a novel way of getting rid of a mountainous burden of flesh. Only last January, she was fat beyond hope. By May, her weight was normal!

To readers who are overweight—a few pounds, or many—I shall offer Mrs. Derby's amazing experience, just as it was related to me:

"When the postman brought the phonograph record with a free reducing lesson, I never dreamed Mr. Wallace could make me weigh what I should. The best I had hoped for was a little relief—for I could scarcely get around, I was so heavy.

"The first few days of the course showed nothing, except I guess I felt better. After a time I began to lose. One day at market I stepped on the scales, and saw I had lost twenty pounds. Needless to say, I kept on with the records. Each week showed a little more reduction, until before long the neighbors all noticed the difference. I kept on losing right along, and I finally was down to the size my last pictures hows."

An Easy Method

Now, one might think 103 lbs. reduction in only four months required the most strenuous efforts. But Mrs. Derby did nothing extraordinary; she followed the regular instruction that Wallace gives anybody. It was no harder to reduce her than those but ten, twelve, or twenty pounds overweight—it merely required more time.

To get thin to music is really a "lark" compared to any other method of reducing. In fact, Mr. Harry Derby told me his household was frankly skeptical of real results when his wife started the Wallace course, just because it all looked and sounded too good to be true. There is nothing to "take," you don't have to starve; just a few movements with a thrill to each—that seem all too short because they are set to music. I guess it's the sheer fun of *doing* it that starts so many men and women on the melody method of reducing. But it's the sudden, certain *results*—the fat that's played away to the tune of a pound a day—that keeps them enthusiastically at it, and telling others about it.

BEFORE

AFTER

ASTONISHING CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONLY FOUR MONTHS' USE OF THE FAMOUS WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS — THE AUTHENTIC AND ORIGINAL COURSE BY WHICH MANY THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND IT EASY TO GET THIN TO MUSIC

Benefited in Appearance and in Health

Mr. Newman, Quincy photographer (notice his signature to statement above), took two photos of Mrs. Harry Derby which are reproduced here. This is an indisputable evidence of Mrs. Derby's improvement—just as the camera saw it. I only wish you could see the lady herself! Not a sign of flabbiness, nor a wrinkle to show where the excess flesh had been. I am almost willing to believe her assertion: "I can now do anything a 15-year-old girl can do!"

I have met scores who restored normal weight and measurements by Wallace's novel, and so enjoyable method. My sister reduced by it, so did a brother, and two aunts of mine swear by it. Forty or fifty lbs. reduction through use of these remarkable records is fairly common. But Mrs. Derby's achievement — 103 pounds in a few days less than four months—sets a new record.

Are *you* overweight? And if you are, why remain so? *A normal figure is possible to anyone who has a phonograph and will give Wallace's music method of reducing a chance.* The above should be sufficient proof of this, but Wallace still offers free proof in your own case.

Your simple request on the handy form below brings the full first lesson free of any charge whatever. A regular-sized, and double-face phonograph record, and photographic chart with complete instructions. Pay nothing; promise nothing, except to *try* it. Results will cause you to send for the rest of his course in a hurry.

Don't ponder another day as to whether Wallace can reduce *you*. Tear out this coupon, and let him prove he *can*.

Important: Wallace is the originator of Reducing Records, and they are the result of many years' study and experience. Records without the name Wallace are NOT Reducing Records.

WALLACE,
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name.....
(226)

St. and No......

P. O......*State*.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Here's Pretty Flannelette Nightwear at Last!

You've never imagined that flannelette sleepingwear could be made in such lovely colors and patterns, so smartly designed and *so good-looking*. But Brighton-Carlsbad *is*—and these garments, at the same time, retain all the *coziness* and *warmth* so essential for cold-weather sleeping.

To enjoy this pretty, serviceable and economical nightwear, be sure to ask your dealer for it by name—Brighton-Carlsbad. If he hasn't it, write us, and we'll see you are supplied.

Health Hint! Bad air makes bad stenches. Let the fresh air in and you'll say "Good Morning" with a smile.

In our women's night-gowns you buy the size that corresponds with bust measure—34, 36, 38, etc. Gowns full sizes through sleeves, armholes and bust.

H. B. GLOVER CO., Dept. 34, Dubuque, Iowa

Send for "Nights Book". Shows our night gowns, pajamas, one-piece pajamas, bed jackets and sleepers for all the family. Facts on a healthful sleep. Mailed Free

SALT'S FABRIC-FURS

HOW naturally Salt's Peco Seal Plush adapts itself to the new styles! In this and hundreds of other new models in Salt's Fabric-Furs you are certain to look your best. And the price is only a small part of the cost of furs.

Solve your next-winter's-coat problem by asking the retailer today to show you the new styles in SALT'S.

SALT'S TEXTILE CO., Inc., New York City

ACROSS THE BORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

protective, urged by the heart of eternal motherhood, that is of the common essence of both man and woman for that which it has created. They held each other close, then gently the man lowered his slight burden to the pillows, keeping his arm still under the shoulders that he might feel the dear weight, and that the boy might sense the strength about him that was fast leaving his body.

THERE was silence for long minutes. Then from the kennele, down by the Corral, came a prolonged howl—one of the sled-dogs, I suppose—another took it up—another—and another—the air rang with it. It tore through the stillness like the menacing shriek of the loup-garou—the werwolf of the North. Claude smiled solemnly, wisely, with a look of perception and reverence and that "love that passes all understanding."

Something in that look made me quiver; dim memories knocked for admittance at the door of my brain. I glanced at Madden and saw his body stiffen. A shadow of terrible, choking awe enveloped us both. Claude's right arm paved out, his hand drew down, clinging, the full length of Madden's sleeve. It was a movement so familiar, so strange!

The boy nuzzled his ragged head against his hero's breast; his pointed white teeth glistened against the yellow skin, drawn tight over his thin cheeks. Again memories crowded, whispering, behind the closed doors of consciousness. That look, that indefinable change!

Instinctively, as if moved by a habit of long ago, Madden's shaking fingers caressed the boy's heavy hair, slipped behind his faun' ears, petting and soothing. A queer grinding, purring rumble gathered in the lad's throat. Perhaps it was only the poor child's difficulty in breathing, but it seemed an echo of a grumbling growl, and I thought suddenly, in a sort of panic dread, of the dog that had died for his master in that bloody battle of the barrens so many years before—as many years as Claude was old. My blood ran cold and the nerves threw; my spine prickled and shrank. Again the sled-dogs howled.

"Claude! Claude! *Mon petit homme!*" Madden sobbed.

"*Ton petit homme*—" the boy repeated dreamily—"Yes, your—little—man. I tried so hard to reach to you. Love for you pulled me across the border—do you understand?"

ALL trace of his quaint French accent was gone. It was as if words were given him.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Madden frantically. "You must not talk so, my friend. I—I *am* your friend; you know that. You are not to talk; you are to be quiet. You are to get well. It is I, your friend, who tells you."

Again that smile—that inscrutable smile. "*Non, non,*" he said in French, "not to get well"—he relaxed, as if unconscious, only to rouse violently—he looked up and his eyes glittered like topaz in the sun. "You remember that day—the land we went across—the rocks pushing through, one after the other, like ridges of waves on the lake water in the high winds, and between, black earth and deep pools that were bog on the edges? Away and away from the top of the gray rock-waves we saw big timber—and down in the little valleys firewood and scrubby bushes."

He paused; his hurried, whispered words seemed to fall him. Madden looked at me, his face gray.

"Picton!" he gasped. "Picton!"

"I scented him," Claude's voice rose shrill with terror, "the wolf! I tried to warn you. I ran back, and then you sank in the black bogs, and I could not get you out. You dropped your gun out of reach, and I could do nothing to get help for you before the wolf knew you were helpless. He was heavier than I; that was why I ran at him and in at his heels, and he jumped in a half circle and I missed. He rushed at me, but I crouched and jumped aside, that way twice, and then I got his hind leg and broke it."

The boy's weak body jerked and quivered. "He got me by the back. His teeth ripped down my whole flank—I could feel them catch on my ribs, one after another, and he jerked me up and toward him till he had my throat. And even as I felt his teeth go in and the blood gush out of me, I was happy, for I heard a gunshot—close. Then a dead-weight, a weight of meat and fur, and I knew the enemy was killed and I could go. Yet, even dead, it felt your hand upon me—yet a little while I heard your voice—even when I lay beneath the stones I heard you praying, praying for me—your dog as you would pray for a human being, praying a real prayer, and I knew it wasn't ended, and that I should come back to you. But my soul is little and new, and very tired. My Master, you took me across the border. You are my soul's father—and—and we——"

He stopped, his breathing seemed to cease. Then in one of the dreadful heart-spasms we had grown to dread, he straightened. Instinctively I went for the hot water, while my hand clasped over my pocket where the filled hypodermic syringe bulged ever to my hand. I did everything I could, but he did come back—not really.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

Watkins PRODUCTS

Standard for more than fifty years

A new, clean puff with every box.

WORDS cannot describe the wonderful, new fragrance of Garda Face Powder, so we are letting Garda tell its own story in a dainty One-Week Sample. Request this free sample today. Learn how fine and smooth and clinging this powder is. Know too, its rare, entrancing fragrance! Send for it!

Watkins GARDA FACE POWDER

Garda products on your dressing table assure complete harmony of fragrance and quality:

Face Powder · Cream
Toilet Water · Perfume
Nail Polish · Rouge
Talcum Powder

Garda toilet requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered direct to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer who calls at your home renders you a distinct service. He, or she, saves you time and money. He brings you real Watkins Products, known for their quality throughout 54 years and used by more than twenty million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

One Week Sample FREE

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with the dainty new Garda odor; also our attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

Territories open for live salespeople. Write.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Established 1868—The Original
Dept. 270 Winona, Minn.
47

Hidden Beauty in Your Own Hair

THERE are lurking tones of beauty in your hair; a soft radiance that you have never discovered, unless you already use AMAMI, the shampoo with a skillfully blended bit of *real* Egyptian Henna—that of the Nile Valley, which beautifies without changing the tint in the slightest.

AMAMI is a unique combination of ingredients essential to hair health and beauty; it softens water, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses quickly away, leaving the hair soft and luxuriant.

AMAMI (AH-MAH-ME)

In convenient powdered form, at good drug and department stores, or by mail for fifteen cents, with free copy of the AMAMI book · *"The Influence of the Zodiac upon Character, Destiny and Marriage,"* giving your horoscope.

PRICHARD & CONSTANCE, Inc.
Dept. 1001 48 Warren Street New York

BE YOUR OWN MILLINER

Wear the newest styles for the smallest outlay. Learn how to

Make Your Own Hats

In our booklet, by an expert designer,

We Teach You How

Send 10c. in stamps

FOX TRADING CO., 3479 Broadway, New York City

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BY Natalie Morris

MEN are queer creatures. They would have us impeccably clad as a Poiret mannequin and still they will rail and fume if we keep them waiting a mere half hour while we put the finishing touches to our toilette.

It is a wise girl, however, who turns a deaf ear to such masculine upbraidings and who, just for good measure, spends an extra ten minutes or so before her mirror to be on the safe side.

For, no matter what we may hear to the contrary, men are extremely critical of milady's dress. A skirt that reveals just a wee patch of petticoat, a hat that's just a trifle askew or, heaven help us! a stocking with a crooked seam up the back will be spotted instanter by the first man we meet.

And that takes me right back to my old contention that there is no excuse for a crooked stocking seam, simply because there is no longer any need for seams at all.

A seam, you know, was first put in the stocking to make it fit a little better. In exchange for one fault, however, it brought another. The seam refused to stay in a prim straight line, but ran every which-way in crooked disorder.

The many "so-called" seamless stockings at that time were shapeless pipes of distorted goods with just as many needles to the ankle as they had to the leg. After the first laundering they lost all semblance of their pressed-in shape and were hopeless objects for any woman with the least bit of pride in her dress.

Burson came to the rescue, however, by discovering a method of fashioning stockings perfectly in the knitting, thereby doing away with all need for seams. Well-dressed women everywhere have discovered that Burson stockings fit the ankles snugly, adding to their grace and slenderness and banishing forever all worry about crooked seams.

In addition to greater stylishness you get greater comfort when you wear Burson Hose, because there is no raw seam to annoy the foot. That means also that you can wear smaller shoes with these stockings.

Won't you try a pair next time on my recommendation? I know you'll like them.

Silk · Mercerized · Cotton · Lisle
Sports Silks and Heathers

BURSON
FASHIONED HOSE
Burson Knitting Company, Rockford, Ill.

ACROSS THE BORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

tho the golden eyes opened and he spoke—he was already gone.

"Take me across the border just a little way—" he said, and fell back in Madden's arms, as if asleep.

IN THE Orient they believe that the soul on its upward way, somewhere crosses the border of animal incarnation into the realm of the human. Just as the retrograde soul must go back to expiate in a lesser world. Who knows?

Claude's father tells us that he never told the boy of Picton, that the child's love of animals made him so sensitive that he was horribly distressed at any tale of hardship or pain. He may, of course, have heard the tale elsewhere, but Madden says "No!" That as he lay helpless, bogged to the hips by the black treachery of the hidden pool, he saw every detail of the fight. They were alone. We had not yet come over the ridge to the rescue, and he tells me every move as Claude described it was exactly what he saw. To him there is no other explanation but the one. And where, he argues, could the little half-breed boy have learned of the transmigration of souls?

On the other hand, with the deep sympathy that existed between them—the understanding and love—the child's superexalted brain at the moment of its fever-excited passing may have read the other's mind—a wireless communication that none may any longer deny, that piles between properly sensitized and attuned poles—perhaps?

BUT somehow, some time, I am sure, little Claude will be with us again. Perhaps his soul, "so little, so new, so tired," will be stronger and may abide with us for a longer experience of the things of earth. And I am sure that if the rebirth comes soon enough, Claude will come to his soul's father, by gravitation of the spirit, and if that may not be, and Madden has gone on "across the border," there will be in Claude's new life a longing unfulfilled, a hunger of the heart, an emptiness not to be sufficed by success, or love of woman, or great possessions—but—God is good! Ah, yes—we of the North have our mysteries of life and the hereafter—even as the Orient—even as all the world of the soul.

KINDER MECHMET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

At the appointed hour on the fourth day, right after sundown, when the work in the houses and in the field was done, the Chief, dressed in his gayest clothes, red burnoose, and green pantaloons, and accompanied by Zena, his wife, all in yellow cashmere, came out of their hut. That was the signal to begin the festivities. With a few minutes veiled women, followed by a number of unveiled girls, coming from all sides, had made their way to the tent. The last one had hardly disappeared behind the flap when the Chief clapped his hands, and then the men, young and old, cleanly dressed and in their best mood, passed slowly through the alley that led from the Chief's hut to the tent of rugs.

The Chief and his wife were the last to enter the tent. Kinder looked at the little flower-bowls that lined the alley and smiled as he saw what the youth had done with their swords and guns to decorate the entrance. At the extreme end of the tent, on a raised platform, were seated the young unveiled maidens. Below them sat two of the oldest men of the tribe with drums of hollowed oak covered with a strip of lambskin, on which they were beating the rhythms of the dance. Flanked three on each side of the drum-beaters were six more old men, who knew how to sing the songs to which the bayaderes were to dance. To the right of the tent were all the married and veiled women. To the left the men. In all there were about four hundred people. When the Chief sat down upon a low divan prepared with cushions absolute silence prevailed

"MY wife sits on the same divan with me," Kinder announced. Then he clapped his hands. The tambours began to beat a slow rhythm, the men joining in song. As the melody grew into proper swing one of the young maidens detached herself from the group and began to sway her body softly, as sways a daisy under a light, low breeze. Her torso got its swing from an imperceptible movement of her hips. The swing was increased, and altho the music had not yet become faster, the dancer doubled her rhythm.

From her torso the dance of the body spread down to her limbs, then her feet began to move her arms to stretch, and her palms to wave, until it seemed that a thousand capricious winds were moving her and bending a single flower in a field of many that stood still. The rhythm of the drum was no longer something outside herself. Her very movements gave the beat to the instrument and the melody to the singers. Suddenly she came to a stop.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Boncilla
True Beauty—
Boncilla Beauty
Is Decidedly More Than Skin Deep
Boncilla Beautifier (clasmic pack) acts upon the "Base of Beauty" far below the surface of the skin.
—Stimulating the circulation.
—Building up facial tissues and muscles.
—Compelling your natural beauty to radiate.
So easy to use, just cover the face with Boncilla Beautifier and allow it to dry.
As it drys you can actually feel blackheads and pimples being drawn out
—the pores breathing
—lines being smoothed out by the rejuvenating of the muscles and tissues.
Results from the Very First Application
Boncilla Beautifier is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face or your money refunded.
1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes the pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.
OBTAIN THE "PACKAGE-O-BEAUTY" and convince yourself.
We have supplied most Department and drug stores with the Boncilla "Package-O-Beauty" to sell for 50c. This set contains enough for three or four complete face packs. If your dealer cannot supply you immediately, send the coupon to us with 50c and we will mail it to you postpaid.
BONCILLA PRICES
Boncilla Beautifier comes in three sizes.
No. 7 tube . . . $1.00
No. 5 size jar . . 1.50
No. 8 size jar . . 2.25
Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder, each . . . . . 75 cents
These four are also packed as sets, as follows:
Milady's Vanity Set $2.00
Boudoir Set . . 4.50
Ideal Set No. 37 . 3.25
BONCILLA LABORATORIES
443 E. South St., Indianapolis, Indiana
I enclose 50c. Please send me the Package-O-Beauty.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
P.R. 10-22

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Stout Women
Dress Fashionably—Look Slender

STORES
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Two interesting examples of the Slenderizing styles shown in the Lane Bryant Style Book.

This Style Book Is Free
Send for it Today

STOUT women, you *can* look slender. This book tells you how—and it will be sent to you free. It is the Lane Bryant Style Book—the only style book published just for stout women.

Eighty-four pages, picturing Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists, Skirts, Corsets and Underwear. Smart Styles. Low Prices. Style Book Free. Write today.

STOUT WOMEN, now, may dress in the latest fashion—*and look slender*. They can procure smart, ultra-modish clothes, with slenderizing lines, ready to put right on and wear.

New York and Paris Fashions

Lane Bryant specializes in providing just such clothes. New York and Paris fashions re-designed with lines that slenderize. The finest materials and the best workmanship—always.

Yet the prices are very low, for Lane Bryant manufactures as well as designs—*and sells direct to you.*

Service Nation-Wide

The Lane Bryant stores serve *daily* the elite of the land. The Lane Bryant Style Book brings this service right to your very door.

Whether you are youthful or matronly, whether you are tall or short—Lane Bryant can suit *your* type and fit *your* figure.

Sizes up to 56 Bust

Call at our stores when you can. In the meantime shop by mail. Individual service. Hundreds of styles to choose from. Full roomy sizes—up to 56 bust. Satisfaction guaranteed. A beautiful Style Book free.

Lane Bryant
38th Street at Fifth Avenue
Address Dept. 32
NEW YORK

KINDER MECHMET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

With a jerk her body stood up straight and rigid. When she went back to the other maidens there was a long cry from the men's section of the tent. For tho it was well known that Yadi was the best bayadere, she never yet had danced so well.

"What say you to her?" inquired Kinder of his wife, who was sitting beside him.

"She is a very good bayadere indeed, only there must undoubtedly be a good many still better than she amongst our people. For I myself, Kinder, have in my own tribe seen better than she."

A second and third dancer detached themselves from the group of girls and danced to different rhythms made by the drum-player. But it was easy to realize that neither of them rose to Yadi's dancing art, altho they danced very beautifully.

The festivities that day lasted an hour. For every one had to rest. The labors of the field could not be interrupted for the pleasures of the dance. Before leaving, Kinder announced that the next dance would take place three sundowns later in that very tent. That they were to continue until all the maidens had danced.

As there were thirty in all, it took a whole month for them to pass in review before their Chief and his wife. Some of the older women said it was very clever of Zena to sit near her husband while the dance was going on. The older men shook their heads disapprovingly. During that month the men and the women of the tribe were happy. Happy with the expectation of the festivities that were to follow one another and with the excitement of wonder as to whom the Chief was going to select for wife. Every look and gaze of his was given interpretation by his people.

And when the Chief announced at the end of the month that he had not yet selected another wife, and was going to some other tribe to look for a wife the following Spring, the young men were in haste to marry. Not one of the maidens remained unmarried in less than a month. The youth had won the young women to their advantage and the youth were well disposed indeed. Kinder officiated at twenty weddings under a single canopy as soon as the bees had gone out of their hives to gather honey for the following Winter. Even Yadi, the most graceful bayadere, married, tho she was the last to do so.

IT BECAME known among all the tribes ruled by Kinder, from Kinstendje on the Black Sea to Macin and Kilyea, that the Khan was in search of a wife and that dancing festivities were to be the means used for selection. The Khan desired the most beautiful woman of his own people. And so while the young men retired to their quarters after sundown, the maidens, encouraged by their mothers, practised dancing in their huts. And many a young man who had planned his wedding until such time as his mares had yielded him a few more colts, that it be not said he had married like a pauper, now quite suddenly found less scruples about a hasty wedding, and argued with his sweetheart the advantage of earlier marriage.

It gave the young men pleasure to feel that they were actually competing with the Chief, tho the Chief did not know it! And it gave the young women distinction to feel that they were thus thought of by the men they married. And if some of the girls delayed the marriage because of innate coquetry, the young men came crying and begging. Thus came to pass many a marriage celebration that Summer and still many more that Winter, for the young women had arranged of their own accord several dances during which they practised in public. And every young Tatar horseman upon seeing the girl he loved dance was certain that the moment Kinder's eyes alighted upon her she would be selected as his wife. And what man does not want to marry such a woman as is desired by his King?

"AND where shall we go next?" Kinder asked his wife when the new Spring approached, "for I must let such tribe know I am coming."

Zena thought for a moment, but Kinder knew she had long thought what to answer.

"Tho it be somewhat far from here, it seems to me right that we should go to the people of my own tribe. For those who hast chosen me from amongst us may yet choose another, and double our pride in thee."

There had not been a quarrel or a fight in Kinder's. tribe during all that year. The work had gone on splendidly. The mothers and the daughters were so busy with their dances and the making of new garments, the young men so busy courting, that the older men were left to their own happiness by the women and the youth.

"I shall leave Hasan to replace me while I am away. For he is both deaf and blind, which is the beginning of wisdom when one rules," said Kinder. "And I shall go with you, Zena, to the people of your tribe."

That very day six young riders were dispatched to the other end of the Dobrudja to announce the Chief's coming visit, thus giving the people a week's time during which to prepare for the festivities. Zena's clan was larger than Kinder's own, and the announcement that their tribe was to be so honored called forth such enthusiasm as they had never yet shown. The horses and the lambs that had just come out of Winter were being washed and curried and cleaned until their coats and furs glistened like rich silk. New garments were made in haste, and even the smallest of the children were prepared to appear before the new Chief as tho each one of them was the child of some important dignitary of the community.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Prices of Patterns
Including Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be delivered postage free if you address the Company, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y., or from any of its branch offices located at the addresses mentioned below.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
4486	35	9984	30	1244	30	1299	35	1363	35
6998	35	1005	35	1247	30	1297	35	1294	35
6985	20	1042	30	1292	35	1296	35	1325	35
6684	25	1051	30	1305	35	1293	35	1326	35
6929	20	1060	30	1273	30	1300	30	1327	35
7767	20	1067	30	1274	35	1301	35	1328	35
8895	25	1094	30	1275	30	1302	35	Embroideries	
8555	30	1121	30	1276	35	1303	35	No.	Cts.
8572	25	1198	35	1277	30	1304	35	11669	30
8079	30	1138	30	1278	35	1305	35	11650	20
9939	30	1141	35	1279	30	1306	35	11661	30
9235	25	1169	30	1280	30	1307	35	11808	20
9288	25	1173	30	1281	35	1308	35	12177	30
9231	35	1175	30	1282	35	1309	35	12510	20
9337	30	1177	30	1283	30	1310	35	12545	25
9892	35	1178	30	1284	35	1311	30	12582	30
9509	35	1180	30	1285	30	1312	35	12601	30
9561	35	1185	35	1286	35	1313	35	12612	75
9803	35	1191	35	1287	30	1314	35	12662	20
9848	30	1194	30	1288	35	1315	35	12681	25
9897	35	1197	35	1289	30	1316	35	12716	35
9898	30	1209	35	1290	30	1317	35	12717	35
9905	30	1211	35	1291	35	1318	30	12718	30
9906	30	1217	35	1292	30	1319	35	12719	35
9953	30	1225	30	1293	35	1320	35	12722	25
9974	30	1226	30	1294	35	1321	30	12725	25
9975	30	1231	35	1295	35	1322	35	12735	30

CHICAGO, ILL., 208-236 South Market Street
ST. LOUIS, MO., 905 North Seventh Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 935 Market Street
ATLANTA, GA., 82-84 North Broad Street
BOSTON 11, MASS., 116 Bedford Street
TORONTO, CANADA, 263-267 Adelaide Street, West

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mineralava

Makes Skin-Malnutrition Impossible May Now Be Had in a Trial Tube

WE have launched on the market the MINERALAVA TRIAL TUBE at 50 cents, an introductory size that will enable you to prove to your own satisfaction the wonderful merits of MINERALAVA.

Use the treatment as directed and you will, like millions of others, buy the regular size bottle—$2.00—with brush for applying—containing 18 treatments, slightly more than ten cents a treatment.

MINERALAVA is a marvelous product discovered twenty years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott the famous beauty specialist. Tested and tried by the leading chemists of Europe and America it has been perfected by the addition of certain minerals of high medicinal power until it is today the perfect remedy for "Skin-Malnutrition"—and Skin-Malnutrition, as the leading skin specialists of the world agree, is the prime cause of lines and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, coarse texture, pimples, blackheads and enlarged pores.

MINERALAVA is the sole remedy which removes these conditions and prevents their recurrence. It not only corrects the blemishes you can see, but it also works constantly on the under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—new born and beautiful.

MINERALAVA is very easy and simple to use. It is applied to the face with the soft brush that comes with the bottle. It forms itself into a dainty, fragrant mask. You can feel the medicinal virtues of MINERALAVA penetrating the pores of the skin, drawing away the impurities and stimulating the blood circulation so that "Skin-Malnutrition" is impossible.

Remember

MINERALAVA absolutely removes all lines and wrinkles.

MINERALAVA tightens sagging face muscles.

MINERALAVA banishes all complexion blemishes.

MINERALAVA corrects dry and oily skin.

MINERALAVA removes enlarged pores and blackheads.

MINERALAVA smooths the coarse skin.

MINERALAVA restores the Bloom of Youth.

AND

MINERALAVA IS NATURE'S WAY TO BEAUTY.

In a few minutes you wash off the MINERALAVA in clear, cold water. Then you can see the startling improvement.

From thousands of homes the women of America are gladly testifying to the marvelous qualities of MINERALAVA, and their testimony is enhanced by the outspoken praise voiced by such noted stars of the stage and screen as Billie Burke, Zitelka Dolores, Irene Bordoni, Julia Sanderson, Irene Franklin, Marjorie Rambeau, Mary Nash and many others.

Go today to your Druggist or Department Store. Ask for MINERALAVA in the bottle or a TRIAL TUBE. If your dealer does not have it, fill out the coupon below and we will at once forward to you the Trial Tube and will see that your dealer is supplied to fill, at once, your future requirements.

What Editors of Beauty Departments of the Leading Magazines Say:

"Fashionable Dress" for July, 1922, writing of MINERALAVA says: "MINERALAVA Beauty Clay is universal—it is the foundation of all beauty and the easiest to apply. It is Nature's own beauty treatment—a treatment devised in Nature's own way and with Nature's own ingredients—and Nature is the greatest of chemists."

"Toilette Goods" for July, 1922, says of MINERALAVA: "The MINERALAVA success reads like a fairy tale. Certainly the universal use of clay as a skin stimulant and beautifier will explode every age-old theory of 'How to Become Beautiful.'"

The "Pictorial Review" for June, 1922, after describing in detail the method of using the Clay treatment says: "If you do this twice a week during these hot Summer months you will have no blemishes, no pimples, your face muscles will tone up and your complexion will be like peaches and cream."

An editorial in the "Theater Magazine" for November, 1921, speaking of MINERALAVA says: "This preparation is really much more than a cleanser. It is far better than the old-fashioned massage which all modern beauty experts agree is way out-of-date. We strongly, even ecstatically recommend it to your attention."

An editorial in "Fashionable Dress" for April, 1922, says of MINERALAVA: "It cleanses the skin, going down deep into the pores to remove every atom of harmful residue which has accumulated there, such as fermented creams, heavy cosmetics and other cloggings which cause blemishes."

"Harper's Bazaar" for March, 1922, says editorially about MINERALAVA: "It cleanses the pores absolutely and completely. Pimples, blackheads and blemishes disappear as if by magic, for are they not, after all, merely the outward signs of inward clogged processes? The result is the restoration of youth to face and complexion."

The "Druggist Link" for November, 1921, said editorially: "One treatment demonstrates MINERALAVA to anyone—man or woman. It is the toilet goods discovery of the century."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Scott's Preparations, Inc.
251 West 19th Street, New York

Enclosed find 50 cents for which send me a Trial Tube of MINERALAVA.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ *State* _____

My Dealer's Name is _____

A Mineralava Skin Never Ages

POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

Mineralava

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

For You, Also

Prettier teeth—whiter, cleaner, safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

That cloudy film

There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains. Then, if left, it forms the basis of dingy coats, including tartar. That's why teeth don't shine.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern knowledge. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent is based on modern dental research. It corrects some great mistakes made in former dentifrices.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives a manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Watch them whiten

Pepsodent will bring to any home a new dental era. Millions of people have learned this, and now enjoy its benefits.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that you and yours should use this method always. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 944

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 221, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

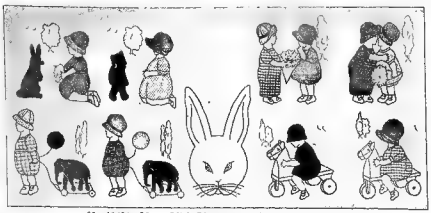
ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tube.

Novelty Shown in Appliqué Prize-Winning Designs

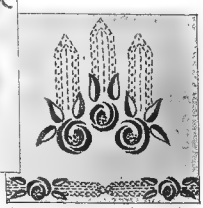


No. 12684—Merry Little Figures to Add Charm to Appliqué

No. 12683—Animal Stories Told in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12683, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 2 of each of the designs shown above. These designs are especially adapted for children's clothes, to be worked in appliqué.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), provides 2 of each of the designs illustrated above, for appliqué embroidery. The motifs make charming trimmings for all children's wearing apparel. Buttonhole stitch is popularly used in appliqué embroidery.



No. 12645—A New Design for a New Dress Worked in Beads or Floss, Makes an Effective Trimming

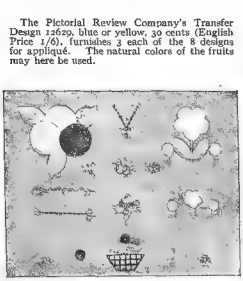
No. 12630—Flower Convention

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12630, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 3 transfers of the large wreath, 3 each of the small rose motifs, and 6 each of the conventional rose and poppy.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12645, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/–), supplies 6 yards of border 1¾ inch wide, together with 3 motifs. Silk, wool, beads, or mercerized cotton may be used. Illustrated above.

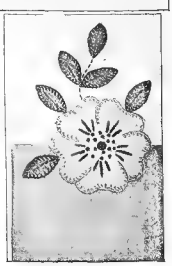
No. 12629—Appliquéd Fruits

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 3 each of the 8 designs for appliqué. The natural colors of the fruits may here be used.



No. 12564—More Appliqué to Trim More Frocks

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6). Fifteen motifs and 6 duplicates of each are furnished in these attractive designs. They were all especially designed for appliqué although the plain embroidery stitches may be used, if desired.



No. 12707—An All-Around Good Flower

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12707, blue or yellow, 35 cents (English Price 1/6). Twenty rose designs are furnished; 10 each of the large and small roses, measuring 5¾ by 7¾ inches and 4¾ by 6 inches respectively. Three reverses of each design is included. Long-and-short or outline stitches may be used with 6-strand cotton.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Each of the children can now have naturally curly hair in a style to suit her years. Dainty ringlets for the littlest one, long curls for the growing girl, and marcel waves for your debutante daughter are all within your performance. The soft and lustrous quality of the hair is completely retained with this famous new discovery.

If your hair is bobbed, the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit is the greatest of boons, for the true secret of a bob's success is curliness and soft ringlets about your face. A passing summer shower will undo the work of a night slept in curlers, but rain only makes your LANOIL-waved hair curl the more charmingly.

Every busy Mother who still would preserve her youthful charm will find real comfort in a LANOIL Wave. You will then handle your hair just like the woman with natural waves. And think of the joy of feeling that your hair always looks "dressed" as you fly from one task to another all day long.

Isn't it strange how the years fall away from the woman whose white hair has been LANOIL-waved? The delightful charm and dignity of this coiffure are hopeless so long as you must struggle with straight, wispy strands. But just one treatment from the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit gives this grace which is both natural and permanent.

Illustrated booklet sent on request.

Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd.
Established 1905
12-14 East 49th Street
Just off Fifth Avenue
New York City

The New Nestlé LANOIL Wave

Big Hairdressers' Mass Meetings in New York and Other Cities Declare the Latest Nestlé Discovery a Great Success

Ladies Travel Hundreds of Miles to Get Their Hair LANOIL-Waved

Outfit Now Ready for Home Use

TALKING machines, home electric laundries and radio sets are no longer the only beneficial invaders making for comfort of the household.

Wherever the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit to permanently beautify the hair comes in at the door, curling rags, tongs and fluids fly out of the window. At last my little lady, and her mother too, will rest in peace at night, and all day long enjoy that sense of supreme comfort and superiority so well-known to people whose hair curls naturally. At the dance, the shore, the rink—wherever you go, your curly hair remains curly, charming, delightful.

how very different it will be to arise in the morning with naturally curly hair instead of ugly curling pins. And then—a handful of water thrown on your hair as you wash, instead of taking away the curliness, will make it even wavier and prettier for breakfast!

Truly it is wonderful. Yet, in the corner of your living room, Caruso and Melba sing at your command. And their golden voices cost you next to nothing. Only a gramophone and some records. For science has released the great secret of perpetuating the human voice. Science too, has now disclosed the marvelous means by which curly hair can be yours for all time. It can be given you in your own home by a girl friend, or, if you can afford it, you have the convenience of having it done by a professional LANOIL waver in your neighborhood.

How Did All This Come About?

Mr. Charles Nestlé, of New York, the hair genius who first gave the original permanent waving process to the world seventeen years ago, and who since then has given thousands of mothers sound advice how to make small babies' hair grow curly by nature, has just perfected a new improved process, so admirably perfect that mass meetings of leading hairdressers have hailed it as far superior to anything that has gone before.

You have, of course, heard of the former kind of "Permanent Wave." You may have heard opinions for or against it. But no matter how your mind may have been influenced by previous methods, the former process can in no way compare with the remarkable results of the new Nestlé LANOIL Wave. This new invention is not merely better. It is perfect. It is simple. It is SAFE. Whatever dangerous factors were present in the old method have been eliminated in the new by two years of extensive experimentation in the Nestlé Laboratory, until at last you can have a wave which is lasting, comfortable, safe, and best of all, leaves every bit of natural lustre and lovely softness in your hair.

The LANOIL Process means that you can turn the straightest, lankiest strand into naturally curly hair in less than ten minutes. Only the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit and supplies are needed to do it. Imagine how gratifying lovely natural curls and waves would have been to you in the past. What time, discomfort and untold irritation curly hair will save you in the future! Consider

For All Time?

Yes, were it not for the fact that your straight hair grows afresh from the scalp. At that, it does not grow fast. One-half inch a month is the utmost, so, many ladies find one LANOIL Wave a year sufficient.

Five Strands Full of Naturally Curly Hair Given Free

But is all this true? Can it really be so? The Nestlé LANOIL Co., who offer you this Outfit, have a worldwide reputation. But we do not ask you to accept this statement. Nor do we urge upon you the endorsement which the Nestlé LANOIL Process has received from hundreds of leading hairdressers all over the United States. Nor even the well-known fact that the Nestlé Establishment in New York waves over 100 heads a day by this method.

We go further and ask you to try it with our Guarantee. We ask you to satisfy yourself not merely by a day's trial or a single curl. We ask you to wave FIVE strands of your hair with the extra little package of materials for this purpose. And wait. Test these strands. Wet them. Wash them. Go out into the rain. Prove them in all possible ways. Do not hurry. For we give you thirty days, during which to return the Outfit and receive back every cent of your money. We want you to have curly hair forever, to be comfortable, and sure, before you decide to keep the Outfit. Should you do so, curl the rest of your hair with the remaining materials, which are sufficient for a full head.

LANOIL Waving Is Interesting Work

Send a money order, cash or check for $15, and we will immediately send you a complete LANOIL Outfit with electrical heater and the supplies above enumerated. Or, if you prefer, pay the postman on its arrival. Full illustrated instructions, simple and interesting to follow, will be included. And in the future, additional supplies can always be obtained from the Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd., or wherever you bought your Outfit, at only ten cents per strand. Please be sure to state the voltage of your electric current in your order.

Do not delay. Each day means hair worry until you have your LANOIL Wave. Then all is joy.

If you prefer the services of a professional Waver, ask your hairdresser for the Nestlé LANOIL Wave, or write us for the name of a licensed LANOIL waver in your vicinity.

As soon as you have proved to your full satisfaction how easily you can get a LANOIL Wave, and how delightfully natural your curl looks, tell other girls and women. Or better still, act as our agent. We want AGENTS in every small town and village. There is a good income in this but you must have satisfied yourself before you may become an agent.

Our fully illustrated explanatory booklet will be sent FREE on your request.

Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd., Dept. P, 12 and 14 East 49th Street (*just off Fifth Avenue*), New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Must I Wear This Dress Again?

How Some Women Have More and Prettier Clothes for Less Money.

YOU are invited out—and you're particularly anxious to appear attractive. Yet that blue Georgette is the only thing in your wardrobe that's appropriate. True, it's pretty and becoming, but oh, you've worn it so many times before, that you simply don't feel a bit "dressed up" in it!

Nearly every woman has often faced such a situation. But now no woman is obliged to experience such distressing moments any longer, for to all women who are troubled and perplexed about dressing suitably and stylishly on limited incomes, The School of Modern Dress has come with both the promise and the fulfillment of more and better clothes, at from one-third to one-half the prices the shops charge.

The School of Modern Dress offers you a simple, practical, up-to-date course in clothes-making—a course which teaches you, even though you have never sewed before, how to make pretty clothes at home, within a remarkably short time, through step-by-step, easy-to-understand lessons.

Six Garments FREE

During the course you are given, absolutely FREE, enough materials and trimmings to make six serviceable garments; a smart collar and cuff set, a dainty chemise, a lovely blouse, a useful house dress, a convenient "overall" apron and a stylish afternoon frock. The School of Modern Dress teaches you how to make these garments yourself—you don't have to pay one cent for material of any kind. Besides, you will also receive a handsome sewing basket containing all necessary equipment, and if your enrollment is received promptly, you will also receive FREE, a fine dress and skirt form.

Send for FREE Booklet

Surely you want these six FREE garments—surely you want more clothes than you now have. Then send at once for our free beautifully illustrated folder giving you full information about "The New Way Course in Fashionable Clothes-Making"; about how you can have three dresses for the price of one and how you can design original gowns of your own or copy desirable clothes you see in stores. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below. Full details will come at once. There's no obligation—no risk—just send the coupon.

The School of Modern Dress, Inc.
Dept. 210, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

The School of Modern Dress, Inc.
Dept. 210, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Please send me full information about "The New Way Course in Fashionable Clothes Making." Sending this coupon does not obligate me in any way

Name . . . . . .

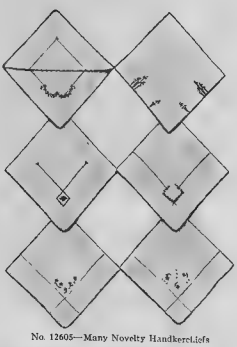
Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

Pict. Rev.—10-22

Appliqué and Cross-Stitch Popular for Fall Decorations

Colored Handkerchiefs a Fascination



No. 12605—Many Novelty Handkerchiefs

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12605, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/-). There are 12 designs for handkerchiefs furnished, and a duplicate of each; 6 of them are illustrated to the left. Fine handkerchief linen, plain or in colors, may be used for these dainty accessories; and the work should be carried out in the pastel shades. Instead of a hem, the edges may be carefully rolled and finished with tiny blanket stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12728, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/-), contains 4 flower designs with 2 and reverses of each. Two of the flowers are illustrated to the right and the other two are shown at the bottom of this page. These flowers are made of organdy, gingham, silk, velvet, etc.; and are fastened to the background through the center. The leaves are embroidered on the background.

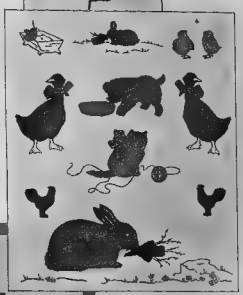
No. 12728—Flowers Attached to the Background only at the center

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12707, blue or yellow, 35 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 10 large rose motifs measuring 5⅜ by 7¾ inches; and 10 small ones, 4½ by 6 inches. Three reverses of each flower are also given. These motifs may be worked in appliqué or in the plain embroidery stitches. Illustrated below is a spread made charming with these rose decorations. In the lower left hand corner is illustrated an enlarged rose of each of the sizes furnished. Ladies' and children's apparel may also be decorated with these.

No. 12672—Appliqué Flower Motifs

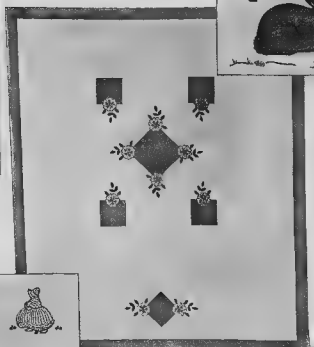
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 3 each of 15 motifs for appliqué embroidery being suitable for trimming children's clothes.

No. 12707—Worked on Charming Spread—Illustrated Below

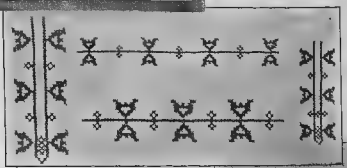


No. 12682—Animals in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 2 of each of the designs illustrated above, also extra pieces allowed for cutting. For children's dresses, aprons, and play frocks, there is no decoration that adds more charm. Blanket stitching is usually used to appliqué the figures to the background. If the motifs are worked on the background, outline or chain stitch may be used. French knots, Mille Fleur, and raised satin stitch are used to represent the centers of the flowers.



No. 12580—Nature Appliqued to Please Kiddies' Sense of Style



No. 12723—Cross-Stitch Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12723, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), supplies 2½ yards of each of the cross-stitch borders, and 3 of each of the fronts to match. These designs have gained wide popularity as the decorations for dresses and blouses; the fronts may be used to decorate the waist and the borders used for the skirt of the same frock.

No. 12728

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12580, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3). A real lesson for the kiddie, as well as a decoration for the rompers, dresses, aprons, sunbonnets, and bibs, are these charming little motifs, worked in appliqué. Above are the 10 motifs illustrated, which constitute the design; 2 duplicates of each are included. If appliqué embroidery is not desired, the plain embroidery stitches may be used. Outline, French knots, lazy-daisy stitch, and cross-stitch may be used to carry out these fascinating motifs.

No. 12707—Motifs Used Above on Spread

The above is one of the flower motifs contained in Transfer Design 12728, described above. This flower was worked in 3 shades of lavender, with the edges blanket stitched in black silk floss.

Google

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

For the well-rounded figure that would cultivate straight lines, here is a special Warner model.

An extremely flexible, lightly boned model—with elastic top—for the slender woman.

When that "little more" of weight can be made to seem a little less by proper Warner Corseting.

A straight-front panel and elastic waist-line give a youthful contour to the wearer of this bandeau.

How to be Fashionably and Comfortably Corseted

THE fashionable woman of today chooses her corsets with the same fine discretion with which she selects her frocks. She gives thought to occasion, smartness of line, and beauty of fabric, of course. But she is even more concerned with that intangible, undefinable "something" in both corsets and gowns which expresses her own charming self.

If you are a follower of this individualistic mode in corseting, you will find no wider latitude of choice than is offered by Warner Corsets, Brassieres and Bandeaux. In Warner Corsets there are back lace and front lace models—models without lacing. Some are so lightly stayed as to be scarcely stayed at all. Others afford more support to the figure. And, for the woman who has taken on a wee bit more of weight than she should carry, there are any number of models substantially boned, yet designed for comfort as well as for style and grace.

The materials in Warner Corsets, Brassieres and Bandeaux are of the best quality; *boning is the famous Warner flexible rust-proof*, and trimmings are the dainty, attractive touches of satin, ribbon, lace or embroidery you have come to expect in the beautiful Warner styles. Warner Corsets are priced from $1.00 to $7.50.

*Warner Corsets are guaranteed not to rust, break or tear

Warner CORSETING

A Warner "Wrap-around" with a 5-inch elastic panel down the back instead of lacing.

A new type Warner with "diaphragm" top. Note the deep elastic gore that eliminates pressure.

For the full figure, a Warner of slenderizing lines. It is firmly stayed and comfortable.

A bandeau that stays snugly down around the waist-line, and assures a flat bust contour.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Embroidery Has Become an Actual Part Not Merely a Trimming—of Smart Gowns

Today, embroidery and simple crochet stitches, play an important part in the art of good dressing. Women of taste choose this method of decorating their apparel because it adds beauty and richness to otherwise plains frocks; and for many years the Royal Society trademark has been recognized as a symbol of perfection on Art Needlework Materials.

The dress illustrated is shown merely to suggest the style possibilities of embroidery on garments. It is of champagne color Canton crepe, embellished in shades of burnt orange, tan and brown with

ROYAL SOCIETY

Celesta and Sweater Twist

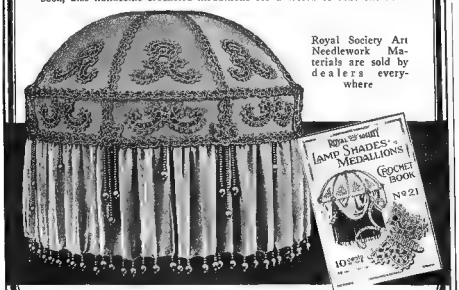
Two Artificial Silks

used by women of fashion for embroidering and crocheting. Intensely brilliant threads, dyed with *special dyes* in all colors. Celesta is put up in skeins for dress and all kinds of art embroidery. It is made in all the new dressmakers' shades and works up beautifully on almost all dress fabrics.

Sweater Twist, which is made of the same superior fibre as Celesta, is also an intensely brilliant artificial silk, put up in spools of 175 yards and hanks of 350 yards. These yardages are convenient and economical for use on garments that are heavily embroidered or where fringes or tassels are used. Sweater Twist is ideal for crocheting silk sweaters, tams, scarfs, hand bags, insertions for silk bedspreads, lamp shades, etc

THE NEW ROYAL SOCIETY LAMP SHADE BOOK No. 21
10c in U. S.—15c Elsewhere

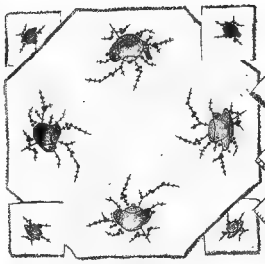
Directions for winding the frames, covering, crocheting, making fringe, etc., are given. There is a variety of elegant and artistic shades in this book, also handsome crocheted medallions for a world of different uses.



Royal Society Art Needlework Materials are sold by dealers everywhere

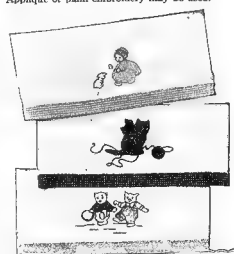
H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
Union Square West New York City

CHARACTERISTIC EMBROIDERY SYMBOLS for HOME of JOY and WELCOME



No. 12727—Tea Set of Japanese Design

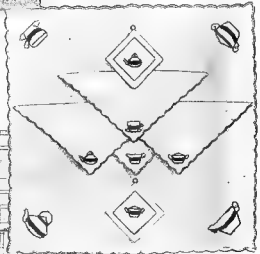
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12727, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 1 each of the large motifs that are used on the cloth above, and 6 of the small ones and saucers for use on the 6 napkins. Appliqué or plain embroidery may be used.



No. 12297
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12297, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/—), 4 each of 12 cross-stitch motifs are furnished.

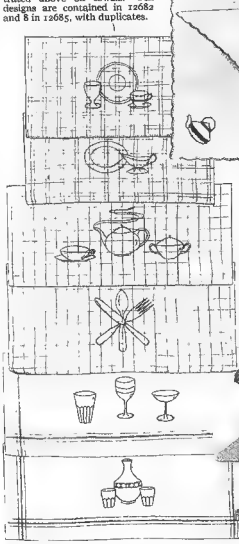
Nos. 12682 and 12685—Transforming the Towels

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Designs 12682 and 12685, blue or yellow, each 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains designs for appliqué. Illustrated above on towels. Ten designs are contained in 12682 and 8 in 12685, with duplicates.



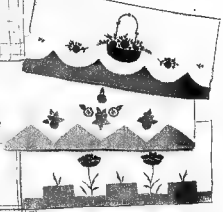
Nos. 12224 and 12225
Make Up a Charming Tea Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12224, blue, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes cross-stitch motifs for tea-cloth 36 inches square. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12225, blue, 20 cents (English Price 1/—), contains design for napkins and teapot holders.



No. 12677—Designs for Kitchen Shelving

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12677, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), supplies 7 designs and a duplicate of each, appropriate for kitchen towels or shelving. The shelving or towels may be made of linen.



No. 12721—Odd Towels Using Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12721, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes motifs in the form of borders for towels, as illustrated above.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Few of the Attractive Things One May Easily Make

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 266 are for a girl's heavy jumper to be worn with pantalets, 20 cents (English Price 1/-). For size 6, the sweater will require 5 balls of Scotch worsted and 1 pair of amber knitting needles No. 5. It may also be made of lighter weight worsted if desired. Mother will find this sweater simple to make, and a practical garment to have in the child's wardrobe. It is especially good for Fall as it can be slipped on over a dress and a coat will not be needed.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 267, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), require 20 balls Coral Germantown yarn, 4 ounces fiber silk, and 1 pair amber knitting needles No. 5 for the sports suit in size 34 shown at the right. It is an unusually smart style made of worsted with stripes and trimming of fiber silk. The pull-over sweater is shown below in another view. The bordered Tuxedo collar is a new feature. Knitted costumes have come to have a very important place in fashions, oftentimes being preferred to all other types for sports wear.

No. 266

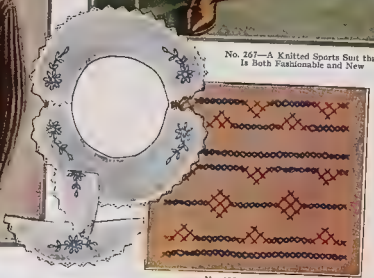
No. 12744—Floral Sprays

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12744, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-).

No. 267—A Knitted Sports Suit that Is Both Fashionable and New

No. 12747

No. 267—A Knitted Pull-over Sweater

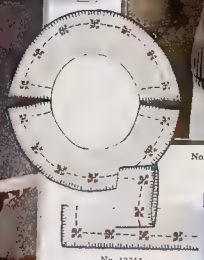


No. 12745—Cross-stitch Borders

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12745, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), furnishes two borders.

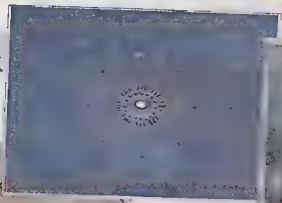
No. 12744—Decorates Slip-on Apron

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12744, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), includes floral sprays shown on apron above.



No. 12743

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12743, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/-), furnishes outline and design for collar and cuff sets.



No. 12749

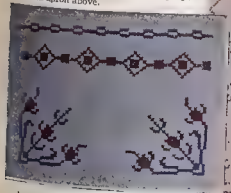
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12749, blue or yellow, 75 cents (English Price 3/6), furnishes 6 yards of a 15-inch border that may be worked entirely with beads or a combination of beads and embroidery.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12747, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), contains 2¾ yards of 12-inch border and 5 yards of 1¾-inch border both of which are appropriate for beading.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12750, blue or yellow, 35 cents (English Price 1/6), contains two cross-stitch borders each two yards long, shown on a dainty apron.

No. 12750—Cross-stitch. No. 12742—Design for Tea Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12742, blue, 40 cents (English Price 2/-).



No. 12746—For Cross-stitch Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), contains two borders and eight 5-inch motifs.

No. 12748—An Attractive Beading Design for Costumes

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12748, blue or yellow, 60 cents (English Price 3/-).

Google

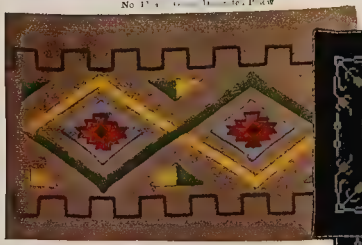
Decorative Touches for the Living-Room

Cross-stitch and Indian Motifs Are in High Favor

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12741, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes the shape and design for a round pillow, 22 inches in diameter to be carried out in appliqué. Shown at the left.

No. 12740—Pillow in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12740, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3) furnishes design for an oblong pillow, 13 by 21½ inches worked in appliqué.

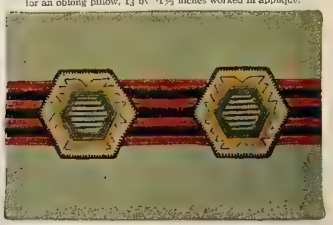


No. 12738 Indian Design for Pillow

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12738, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6) includes two Indian designs.

No. 12746 Cross-stitched Runner and Pillow

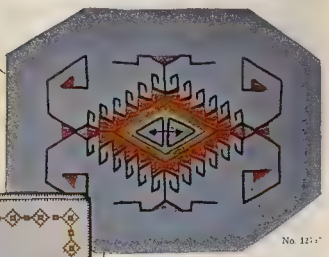
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), furnishes two borders and 8 motifs. The narrow border and motifs illustrated above



No. 12737—Illustrated Above and Below Are Two Modern Adaptations of Indian Designs Worked in Wool Embroidery on Attractive Pillows.

No. 12738 Fantastic Pillow Design

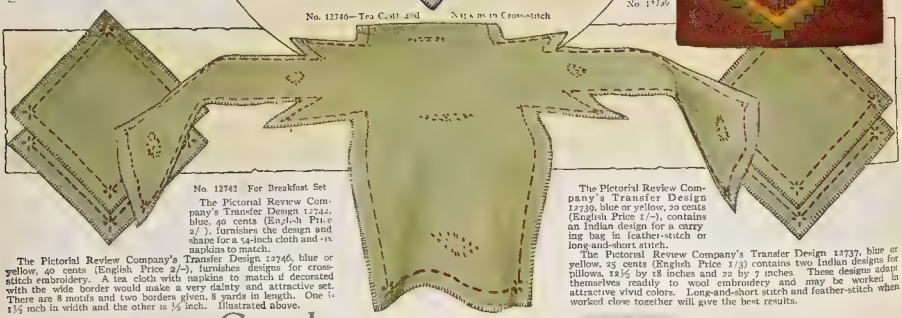
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12738, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), contains two Indian designs suitable for pillow tops. The round design measures 20 inches in diameter and the oblong measures 27¾ by 13 inches. They should be worked in wool embroidery on a coarse fabric. Feather-stitch or long-and-short stitch should be used.



No. 12[illegible]

No. 12746—Tea Cloth and Napkins in Cross-stitch

No. 12739



No. 12742 For Breakfast Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12742, blue, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), furnishes the design and shape for a 54-inch cloth and six napkins to match.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), furnishes designs for cross-stitch embroidery. A tea cloth with napkins to match if decorated with the wide border would make a very dainty and attractive set. There are 8 motifs and two borders given, 8 yards in length. One is 1½ inch in width and the other is ½ inch. Illustrated above.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12739, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), contains an Indian design for a carrying bag in feather-stitch or long-and-short stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12737, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3) contains two Indian designs for pillows, 12½ by 18 inches and 22 by 7 inches. These designs adapt themselves readily to wool embroidery and may be worked in attractive vivid colors. Long-and-short stitch and feather-stitch when worked close together will give the best results.

Google

Straight Lines and Fall Frocks Form a Powerful Alliance

1314—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch blue figured crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for facing sleeves—⅛ yard 16-inch écru vesting—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. These long Redingote lines are universally becoming both to youth and maturity, the advantage of such a style being that attractive vests of dainty lace can be snapped in at a moment's notice. The sleeves carry out the idea of length and slimness, slightly flaring at the wrist. The sash may be of the same material, watered ribbon, patent or suède leather. The facing used in the sleeves gives just a touch of contrast.

1281—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch tan Rushanara crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch brown satin. The group of buttons at the neck are of the satin linked together with narrow strips of the same. Small satin buttons are also used on each of the slit pockets which are faced with the dress material. The front edges of the gown are also finished in the same manner, and the small square buckle of smoked mother-of-pearl blends with the pleasing ensemble.

Dress 1302

Dress 1314

Dress 1281

Dress 1282

Dress 1296
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1288

1302—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch comet blue Canton crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting to bind. The skirt section is gathered to the straight upper body. The union of the skirt and waist is covered by a rather large hemstitching in silk, which also adorns the front of the waist and collar bound with silk as well as the narrow belt. The large silk tassels are a novel trimming at the sides, and the sleeves are long and gathered into narrow bands at the wrist.

1282—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 42-inch brown wool éponge—¼ yard 40-inch figured silk for vestee—2¼ yards fringe. There is a very narrow belt which fastens on either side of the waist with buttons. Buttons also form the linked fastening across the front of the waist. The sleeves are slashed up from the lower edges and shirred into a narrow band. The pockets and edges of waist are trimmed with rows of fringe.

1296—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch blue silk poplin—1⅜ yard 36-inch darker blue silk—1½ yard silver ribbon. A new touch is given to the sleeves by slashing them up from the lower edge and the slashes in the skirt on either side are also one of the new Fall ideas. Around the neck and down the front of the waist is a band of embroidery worked in design 12718 in silk floss. A narrow belt of the material with a row of buttons on either side is placed at a normal waist-line. Linked buttons ornament the neck and sleeves.

1288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch brown silk duvetyn—2 yards 8-inch caracul banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This graceful model shows the straight silhouette. The side front and side-back seams are left open part way forming panel effect. Caracul banding is used for the trimming. The sleeves reach the wrist where they flare slightly. These are picoted on the edges, and are slashed in quite a deep picoted slit at the back. This makes a very attractive Fall frock for afternoon wear.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Adaptations with the French Chic in Crêpe Weaves

1262—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch periwinkle Moroccan crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white Moroccan crêpe for collar, vestee, and binding on sleeves—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. One of the new models designed to grace the afternoon function is this long-waisted frock of periwinkle Moroccan crêpe. By crossing the fronts of the waist, a semi-surplice effect is obtained, its smartness being augmented by a smooth flat collar. The skirt boasts two graceful panels both of which hang free from the waistline and extend a short distance below the lower edge of the skirt. The elbow length sleeves are finished with neat turn-back cuffs.

1328—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch black crêpe Romain, 6⅝ yards ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Fashion strikes a new note in the designing of sleeves to accompany this attractive afternoon frock. They are quite full and are cut to look like a cape when the arms are extended. As the bateau or Jenny neckline still persists, we see it again in this model. The back and front of the waist present a straight broad panel effect elaborately bordered with green beads in design 12601. The skirt has four panels, two at the front, and two at the back all of which are shirred softly at the top where they are suspended from the belt. Loops of narrow cire ribbon trim the neck, sleeves and lower part of the panels.

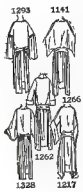
Dress 1328
Beading 12601

Dress 1262

Dress 1293

Blouse 1141
Skirt 1266
Beading 12662

Dress 1217



1293—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch peony crêpe satin, 3 yards 40-inch peony Georgette crêpe for panels and sleeve sections. Although the entire effect of this frock is long and straight, the bloused waist ending in a snug fitting belt at the long waist-line helps to relieve the severity of the line and makes it an excellent style for the slender figure. The upper parts of the sleeves are in kimono style and are lengthened with full flowing sections of Georgette crêpe. Panels of the same give a softening touch to the skirt.

1141—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1266—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6½ yards 40-inch rangoon Canton crêpe for dress, 3⅛ yards 40-inch muffin Georgette crêpe to face the waist and long panels. The waist which is full and bloused is in one with the sleeves, with the back falling in a point to show the lining of muffin Georgette crêpe. The gathered panels are elaborately beaded in design 12662; iridescent, crystal or chalk beads may be used.

1217—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch samara Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch kremlin Georgette crêpe to face panels and sleeve sections. A more becoming model for the tea hour could not be chosen than this graceful frock with flowing sleeves and pointed panels. The long waist-line is indicated by an ornate girdle tied at the side with ribbon. The waist is bloused and features an oval neckline. The pointed panels fall in graceful folds almost to the floor at the sides.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Circular Skirts Appear as Autumn Ushers in Advance Styles

Dress 1310
Embroidery 12717

Blouse 1298
Skirt 1297

Blouse 1291
Skirt 1305

Dress 1299
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1301
Embroidery 12716

1299—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7 yards 40-inch Mandalay brown charmeuse for dress—2⅛ yards 40-inch tan Canton crêpe to face panels and sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A becoming gown for the matinée or afternoon tea is shown developed in soft satin with its skirt and sleeves attractively embroidered in design 12718 in silk floss and metal thread. The waist features a plain oval neckline and eliminates a belt entirely by being drawn in snugly about the hips, giving a bloused effect at the same time. A panel that is rounded at the bottom and gathered at the top because it is cut circular, is placed at each side of the skirt and allowed to fall below the hem. The facing of Canton crêpe provides a contrasting note. The sleeves are rather wide and long. Tight fitting wrist-bands serve to give them a trim finish. The contrasting note is repeated in the facing of the open sections.

1819—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards black Moroccan crêpe—1 yard 40-inch blue Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections and band on skirt—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Conforming to the present vogue for beltless effects is this charming adaptation of the afternoon mode in Moroccan crêpe. The long sleeves are most attractive being a combination of the dress material and Georgette crêpe, the latter forming the lower sections. Although the dress spurns the use of a belt, it has its fashionable low waist-line very subtly and cleverly defined by the shirring on each hip. The skirt is wrapped about the figure and at one side has a facing or insert of Georgette. Queer little geometric figures are embroidered on the Georgette in satin stitch with silk floss in design 12717. The deep oval neckline is perfectly plain and unadorned.

1898—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1897—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 4⅞ yards. The costume in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch gray satin Canton. So that the skirt will be in perfect harmony with the waist, it is made to hang in long circular folds at the sides, while it fits perfectly smooth over the hips. The sleeves form an intensely interesting part of this frock as they are in one with the bloused waist and are cut to look like graceful pointed draperies. An attractive beaded girdle encircles the waist-line twice and adds a remarkably smart finishing touch.

1291—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1305—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3⅜ yards. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch eglantine chiffon velvet—1⅓ yard 36-inch satin for facing. Lovely graceful lines are expressed in this new evening gown. The straight band across the front and back of the waist at the neck achieves a yoke effect that is both new and interesting. A long loop of the material is suspended from each shoulder to simulate sleeves. There is no mistaking the decided circular cut of the skirt as it dips at the sides into soft, graceful folds. The fulness is caught on the hips with shirring. At the waist-line are flat applied roses of silver cloth.

1301—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch woodash gray crêpe Romain satin—2¾ yards 40-inch Columbia blue crêpe Romain—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A combination like this is both unusual and effective for an afternoon gown. Looped shoulder draperies offer the best excuse for sleeves as they are loose, graceful and very becoming. The waist is bloused and separates in front in a long narrow V-shaped opening. The overskirt consists of two long pointed panels, one on either side of the dress, gathered at the top and elaborated with embroidery in satin stitch in design 12716. The girdle is finished with a cabochon of the material. The latter is counted as one of the important style features making its appearance this season. It is both attractive and novel and offers many interesting trimming possibilities. The cabochon on this dress is made of a papier mâché circular form, covered with the gray crêpe.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

With the New Circular Skirts, Waists May Be Either Fitted or Bloused

1287—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch comet blue taffeta—⅜ yard 40-inch comet Georgette for lower sleeve sections—⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and vestee. Cross-stitching, in design 12719, gives a smart decorative touch to this blouse. The cross-stitching may be worked in silk floss.

1300—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch fog crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for vestee. The collar and cuffs are embroidered in design 12716 in blue rope silk and may be carried out in flat satin stitch.

Blouse 1287
Cross-stitch 12719

Blouse 1300
Embroidery 12716

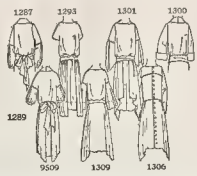
Dress 1293

Dress 1309

Dress 1301
Beading 12681

Blouse 1289
Skirt 9509
Embroidery 12716

1289—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9509—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40 inch rangoon Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch rangoon Georgette crêpe for panels and sleeve sections—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar and vestee—2 yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12716, gives a decorative note to the white vestee and also to the panels which extend in points below the hem-line. The embroidery may be worked with rope silk in flat satin and outline stitches. Picoting finishes the edges of the narrow panels and slashed edges of the sleeves.



1306—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 4 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54 inch hankow tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sides of the skirt of this attractive Fall frock are very full and hang below the skirt falling in soft folds. The waist is quite snug and the plain button-trimmed sleeves are also tight fitting. A large collar of allover lace either white or dyed in a shade matching the tricotine may be used. A narrow girdle finishes the low waist-line. The lower edge of the skirt presents an attractive ripple effect and is finished with a binding of self-material.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Dress 1306

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Google

The Smart Fall Blouse in Its Many Phases Stresses Simplicity

1067—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Embroidery, in design 12717, trims the front of the blouse and also forms a narrow border on the long flowing sleeves, carried out in flat satin stitch with rope silk.

1128—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe. This simple little crêpe blouse buttons on the shoulders.

1287—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A motif of embroidery, in design 12725, trims each side-front of the blouse. The embroidery may be worked in running and flat satin stitches. This design could also be carried out in beading, using chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

Blouse 1067
Embroidery 12717

Blouse 1128

Blouse 1194

Blouse 1287
Embroidery 12725

Blouse 1289

Blouse 1197
Embroidery 12717

Overblouse 9897
Beading 12612

Blouse 1300

Blouse 9337
Skirt 9974
Embroidery 12718

Blouse 9848
Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12718

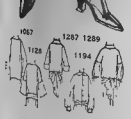
1194—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen. Hemstitching trims the front of the blouse and blanket-stitching trims the Peter Pan collar and the turn-back cuffs. The blouse is very simple and is just the thing to wear with the tailored suit.

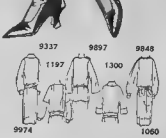
1289—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe Romain—2 yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining. The long collar is finished with a narrow frilling and buttons to the sash which ties in a bow at the back. Sleeve sections that are slashed showing the arms are attached to the short kimono sleeves and gathered to narrow wrist-bands.

9837—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3½ yards frilling. Embroidery, in design 12718, is applied to the side-fronts of the blouse and may be carried out in flat satin stitch with rope silk. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine. Pockets are inserted at the side-fronts underneath the straps.

1197—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe satin—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin for trimming-bands. The front of the blouse is embroidered in design 12717, and the design may be worked in flat satin and tiny running stitches with heavy rope silk.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 107





Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Google

Indoor and Outdoor Apparel for the Fastidious Dresser

Jacket 1323
Skirt 1051

Coat 1322

1323—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 35 inches. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch veldyne—¼ yard 27-inch beaver fur for collar—2¾ yards 36-inch lining for jacket. Straight in its line and smart in its quiet simplicity is this new Fall suit of veldyne. The jacket has its single-breasted fronts rolled back to form revers, finished with a becoming collar of beaver. The long, tight-fitting sleeves are perfectly plain. The seams of the jacket are given a tailored finish by the embroidered arrowheads which are added just above the pockets. The latter are the straight, set-in type. The skirt is a two-piece gathered style with set-in pockets.

Coat 1317

Jacket 1320
Skirt 9905

1317—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 54-inch evora cloth—4 yards 40-inch satin for lining. An all around utility coat suitable for motoring, and serviceable wear is this full length model. The roomy sleeves are set into extremely deep armholes and finished with straps of the material. The collar is convertible and the pockets are the flat stitched on type.

1322—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 47⅛ inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch moussyne—4⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. When one goes motoring on a brisk Fall day, a coat like this would be appreciated as it is simple, comfortable and yet good-looking. The convertible collar is buttoned snugly about the neck. The sleeves are set into deep armholes and are finished with neat turn-back cuffs.

1313—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. That this new frock is following very closely the latest dictates of fashion is evident from its beltlessness and its draped side. The frock is a straight, one-piece style with the upper part crossed in surplice effect to give the trim moulded silhouette so much in vogue. The skirt is caught up at one side under two large round buttons at the waistline and is allowed to fall in a very slight drape. The sleeves are of medium width and are three-quarter length.

Dress 1313

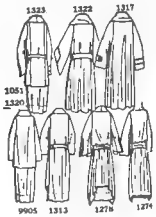
1278—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires ⅝ yards 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and vestee—2 yards narrow insertion—1⅛ yard edging—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A splendid model for the mature figure is this simple little frock of crêpe de Chine which will come in handy for week-end trips as it could be packed in a small traveling bag without any danger of it wrinkling because of its firm crêpey texture. The overskirt forms a most attractive pointed tunic. The sleeves are slashed.

1274—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch silk duvetyn. The simplicity of the design of this frock permits the richness of the fabric to show to the best advantage. The waist is bloused most becomingly and has long slashed sleeves turned back at the lower edges to form loops. The front of the skirt has an apron tunic that is longer at one side than the other. A girdle of the material is softly folded about the low waist-line and arranged into a sash at the sides. An attractive cross-stitch design is 12735 worked on the waist and sleeves with heavy rope silk.

Dress 1278

Dress 1274
Cross-stitch 12735

1320—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool velours—¾ yard 18-inch beaver fur for collar and pockets—2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining jacket. The jacket of this suit is cut on girlish box lines. The Mandarin sleeves are wide and flaring. A turn-over collar and two patch pockets of beaver make a smart trimming. The skirt is a simple two-piece model gathered at the back.



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Low Waist-Line Proves to Be a Most Persistent Feature

1209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 18-inch lace-trimmed organdy for the inserted vestee, long collar and cuffs—1 yard 6-inch ribbon for girdle—3 yards velvet ribbon. Developed in black or blue dotted swiss this would make a smart afternoon dress for the mature woman. The narrow inserted vestee and the long collar of lace-trimmed organdy give a long slender appearance. The sleeves are long and are gathered to cuffs of the organdy. This frock would also be attractive carried out in figured foulard, Georgette crêpe or crêpe de Chine. Narrow velvet ribbon is tied in a bow at the side with long ends making a very neat finish.

Dress 1209

Dress 1293
Beading 12592

1293—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette for sleeves and panels. The narrow Georgette panels of this Canton crêpe frock hang below the hem-line of the skirt and are elaborately beaded in design 1293. The design may be carried out in chalk, crystal, or opalescent beads.

1278—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1 yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for inserted front, sash, and deep cuffs—3½ yards insertion—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, as in design 12717, trims the upper edge of the inserted front. The design may be carried out in flat satin stitch with rope silk. In place of insertion, hemstitching may be substituted.

1310—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—1 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe meteor for deep cuffs and trimming-pieces—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sides of this frock are slashed and gathered to shirred extensions with an attached sash tied at the back. This frock would also be stunning developed in brocade, satin, or moiré, in a bright shade or black. Black chiffon velvet would also be charming.

Dress 1276
Embroidery 12717

Dress 1310

Dress 1286

1288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 18-inch tucked vesting—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—1 yard frilling. The waist closes at the left side of an inset vestee. Side panels fall in points below the skirt forming an uneven hem-line. The long sleeves are slashed showing the arms, and the seams are also left open part way extending beyond the wrist-band in points.

Dress 1294

Dress 1288
Beading 12545

1294—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 18-inch tucking for vestee and collar—2⅝ yards lace banding. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to wrist-bands and are slashed half-way to the elbow. A two-piece gathered skirt is attached to the lower edge of the waist and sash sections which are laid in plaits are inserted in the side-seams and tie in a large bow at the back. This dress is very simple to make and is suitable for street or afternoon wear. It may be fashioned of Canton crêpe, as illustrated, or taffeta, satin, foulard or any crêpey fabric may be adapted. A tasselled ornament made of metallic cord, placed at one side as illustrated adds greatly to its attractiveness. The tucked vestee and collar are also dainty touches that relieve the plainness of the model. The waist-line which is long rests just on the hips.

1288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe meteor for binding. This makes a very simple street or afternoon frock for early Fall wear. The front gore extends all the way up forming a panel effect and tiny buttons are used to trim. Beading in design 12545, forms the smart trimming note on the dress. Steel, jet, iridescent, chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads may be used. Bugles would also be attractive.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c each.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

These Will Make a Fitting Wardrobe for the Modern College Girl

1294—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 40-inch satin for collar, vestee and sash. The long-waisted basque is elaborated with an attractive scroll in design 12612 with silk floss, the outlining being carried out with darning stitch.

1231—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch silk poplin. The set-in vestee is bordered on each side with a smart Tuxedo collar which extends into narrow panels on the skirt and preserves the straight-line effect from neck to hem. The long sleeves are caught into snug wrist-bands in peasant fashion.

Dress 1211
Embroidery 12510

Dress 1294
Embroidery 12612

Dress 1231

Dress 1274

1211—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch white piqué for collar. An easy frock to slip into is this one-piece style made of Poiret twill. One of its most attractive features is the panel arrangement on the sides. The latter are pointed at the bottom and are made to form pockets at the top. Long sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. The slashed front of the waist is trimmed with small ball buttons and a bow of ribbon. Design 12510 is used to trim the pockets, rope silk being used to carry it out.

1324 — Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool velours—3½ yards 40-inch radium silk for lining. The sleeves of this coat usurp the attention that would ordinarily center on trimming which has been carefully avoided for this very reason. In their extreme width and deep set armholes, they bespeak a Chinese influence. In direct contrast to the flare of the sleeves is the straightness of the coat itself, the only break in the lines occurring at the waistline where there is a neat sash. Two slashed set-in pockets are inserted one above the other at each side of the front. The closing buttons up to the neck where the coat is topped by a large convertible collar that rolls comfortably about the neck.

Coat 1324

Dress 1284

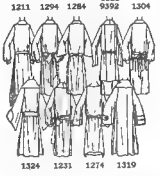
Jacket 1325
Skirt 9392

Dress 1304
Embroidery 12717

1284—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velveteen—½ yard 40-inch satin for collar and sleeve facing.

1325—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9392—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch suède cloth—1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the jacket lining.

1304—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge—½ yard 40-inch satin. Embroidery in design 12717 is worked with silk floss in flat satin stitch.



Coat 1319

1274—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. The all-important afternoon frock for dress-up occasions must not be overlooked in the young girl's wardrobe. A style like this would be suitable as its simplicity and youthfulness are most becoming. The waist is plain and unadorned, being made with an oval neck and long slashed sleeves. The skirt is laid in plaits at the left side, the satin arranged very softly and allowed to fall unevenly at the bottom. The wide girdle is fastened with fancy ornaments.

1319—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch camel's hair cloth—3½ yards 40-inch figured silk for lining. Revers that roll back as far as the waist-line add smartness to this top coat of mannish cut. It also observes the "wider the armholes the more modish the sleeve" rule laid down for all coats this Fall. The lower parts are finished with straps of self-material fastened in place with flat bone buttons. A large roomy pocket is stitched conveniently at each side of the front. A narrow belt of the material is worn. Some of the new attractive printed silks is used for the lining.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The New Season's Prettiest Dance Frocks for the Miss

Dress 1191

Dress 1308

Dress 1295

Dress 1107

1191—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine —1¼ yard 13-inch lace banding for bodice—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This makes an attractive afternoon or dance frock for the young girl.

1308—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅞ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard all-over lace for collar—1 yard ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt of this taffeta frock is very circular and is longer at the sides which fall in soft folds.

Dress 1312

Dress 1303

Dress 1185

1185—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 36 inch all-over lace for sleeves —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The lace sleeves of this frock are the latest whim of the mode.

1295—Misses' Dress Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 30 inch taffeta -2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for panels and sleeve sections. Narrow picoted panels of Georgette crêpe hang below the lower edge of the skirt.

1307—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 4 yards. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. Novelty in the way of sleeves has been provided by Dame Fashion and many styles are shown in these party frocks. The circular skirt is very wide and is longer at the sides which fall in soft graceful folds.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

"FIT YOUR FIGURE" AS A DRESSMAKER WOULD FIT YOU

Makes Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction

YOU can easily and accurately reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an **Acme Dress Form.** It makes **fitting** the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as **necessary** as a sewing machine.

DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"

ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The **Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips,** and **Skirt** are each **independently** adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure. When not in use it COLLAPSES to *half its size like illustration below.*

$3 WILL BRING THIS ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE Acme DRESS FORM INTO YOUR HOME

DRESSMAKING MADE EASY

In order to encourage **Home Dressmaking** and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms

Remit $3 and we will send you our guaranteed $15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of $12 at only $3 per month.

Ten Days Trial

If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your $3.

Full Length | Semi Collapsed | Collapsed

INDISPENSABLE FOR DRESSMAKING. 100,000 SATISFIED USERS

An Acme will *last a lifetime.* It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to economically make good looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of **Our Special Sale** and send your order *today.*

Acme Sales Co.
382-384 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MAIL COUPON TODAY

ACME SALES CO., 382-384 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalogue with detailed information, or better still, I enclose $3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name .....

Address .....

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG

VIOLET HEMING
This fascinating young star says: "The constant admiration my Deltah Pearls receive makes me proud indeed that I selected Deltah in preference to all others."

"Les Perles Deltah N'ont pas de Rival"

Deltah Pearls have no rival. Nature produces pearls as beautiful as Deltahs. But they are hard to find and costly to match.

Deltah Necklaces enable you to secure economically all the beauty, charm and purity that Pearls can possibly possess.

Your jeweler will explain Deltah superiority and the Heller Guarantee which accompanies each Necklace.

Priced $10 to $500 the Necklace

For Illustrated Booklet Address Dept. PR 9

L. HELLER & SON, Inc.
358 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris, 40 Rue Laffitte

Created by the producers of Heller "Hope" Rubies and "Hope" Sapphires—true precious stones identical with the fine natural Rubies and Sapphires in every respect save origin.

Deltah PEARLS

Junior Boys and Girls Will Find These to Their Liking

Suit 1005 Dress 1175

1005—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch serge—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-band. The jacket is made with an inverted plait down the center-back and is cut after the style that is popular with small boys.

1175—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch silk poplin—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting poplin for collar and cuffs—1⅞ yard ribbon for sash. This little slip-on frock trims itself with strips of self-material applied to each side of the front and back. The closing is at the back and the kimono sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

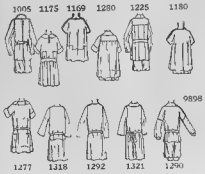
Dress 1169 Dress 1280 Suit 1225 Bloomer Dress 1180

1180—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch sateen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for trimming. For playtime these little bloomer dresses of dark serviceable materials have proven to be very smart as well as practical.

Dress 1277 Dress 1318

Dress 1292 Dress 1321 Overblouse 9898 Knickerbockers 1290

1292—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 54-inch check worsted—⅛ yard 54-inch plain for trimming. An ideal type of frock to wear to school is this simple one-piece affair of checked worsted. The front of the waist is cut out and an oblong of plain material is set-in and trimmed with covered buttons.



9898—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. No. **1290**—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. The costume in size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey—⅛ yard 36-inch linen for collar. Even the junior girl has come to appreciate the comfort that can be had by wearing knickerbockers when hiking or exercising in the gym. The costume of wool jersey shown is especially designed for the young girl and consists of a becoming overblouse with long sleeves and knickerbockers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Google

Fall Means New Frocks and Coats for School Wear

1273—Girls' Rompers Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch sateen—⅜ yard 36-inch cretonne. Black sateen is very practical for play rompers of this type as it does not soil easily and wears very well. This little pair has a Peter Pan collar of cretonne which is also used for the turn-back cuffs, narrow belt, and the pocket trimmings.

1177—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 40-inch voile for collar and cuffs—2½ yards frilling—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The dainty voile collar and cuffs give a smart contrast to this tricotine frock which makes a serviceable dress for the young girl's school wardrobe.

Rompers 1273

Coat 9029 Dress 1178

Dress 1177 Coat 1226 Coat 1094

1226—Boys' Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tweed—1¼ yard 36-inch sateen for lining. This mannish looking coat has a convertible collar which may button high to the neck on cold days or may roll with the fronts of the coat. The large patch pockets are finished with tailored pocket laps.

Dress 1275 Dress 1173

Coat 9084 Cape-dress 9803 Dress 1292

1275—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Hemstitching joins the waist to the deep yoke and also gives a dainty touch to the dress.

1173—Girls' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. This makes an attractive dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

9984—Girls' and Juniors' Coat Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch velours—2⅜ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. Like most of the new Fall coats this model has raglan sleeves which are finished with straight band cuffs. The collar may close high to the neck in chilly weather or it may be rolled with the fronts of the coat. Stitching worked with heavy rope silk trims the collar, revers, band cuffs, pocket laps, and the narrow belt.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

Google

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

"For the jovial season when grapes abound

And mellow apples strew the ground."

THE other day I happened to be at the opening exercises of one of our district schools. It was a pretty rite—this welcoming of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." And as one gingham-clad youngster stood up to "say her piece" about grapes and apples, I thought to myself:

"They have appropriate exercises to commemorate the season at the schools, why not co-operate with the mothers of these children and suggest to them recipes of appropriate and seasonable things to eat at home. And so, I suggest two dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—especially good for October—one made from grapes and the other of apples and celery, and in my books you will find many more recipes."

GRAPE JUICE SOUFFLÉ

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1 pint grape juice, sweetened
Whites of four eggs
¾ cup heavy cream

Soak gelatine in grape and lemon juice ten minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into bowl set in saucepan containing ice water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual mold, first dipped in cold water, with mixture. To remainder add cream, beaten until stiff. Fill molds with cream mixture, and chill. Remove from molds to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla.)

LUNCHEON SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
⅓ cup lemon juice
½ cup sugar
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
3 tart apples
½ cup nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

Other Seasonable Recipes—Free

My books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain hundreds of very remarkable recipes for all kinds of meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts, candies and invalid dishes. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.
"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX"

A Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use
A Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required

Photos by Campbell *Posed by Irene Castle*

New CORTICELLI SILKS

give charm and individuality to these frocks for every occasion

designed for Irene Castle

Costume suits, afternoon frocks, street dresses, evening gowns — each type is represented.

For each costume Irene Castle chose the most appropriate Corticelli dress silk. Each has been developed by a famous couturier. These costumes show you the latest authoritative style tendencies.

It is now possible for you to see these new gowns of Irene Castle's — just send for the Fashion Booklet which reproduces these advance fashions in actual colors. Fill in your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us.

If your favorite store cannot show you the new Corticelli Dress Silks—Castle Co-ket, Castle Duvene, Corticelli Satin Crêpe, Crêpe de Chine, Satin Princess — please write us. Address The Corticelli Silk Company, 40 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

For the blouse and coat lining of this three-piece costume of Irene Castle's the new Corticelli Castle Co-ket is used. Another new fabric, Corticelli Duvene, creates the coat and skirt. Ask your dealer to show you these new silks.

The CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons

Mail this coupon today and we will send you free copy of Corticelli Fashion Booklet for Fall.

The Corticelli Silk Company
40 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.

Please send me FREE the new Corticelli Fashion Booklet showing Irene Castle in six of her newest gowns.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Dainty Frocks for Wee Tots

1042—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—10½ yards plaiting to trim. This little dress is slashed at the center-front, and the neck is piped with the dress material.

Dress 1042

Dress 1283

Dress 1283

Dress 1138

Coat 7767 Scallop 11661

Dress 9231

Dress 1244

1277—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2 yards ribbon for sash. A dainty lace collar and cuff set finishes the neck and sleeves.

1042 1283 1138 1283

7767 1244 1247 1277 9231

Dress 1247 Scallop 12177

Dress 1277

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Chic Underthings and New Masquerade Costumes

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 108

Was it really her fault?

SHE possessed all of the attributes that ordinarily make for popularity. Yet something seemed to stand in her way—something seemed to hold her back.

The men she longed most to fascinate took only a casual sort of interest in her. They seemed attracted to her at first, but quickly they would loose interest. Some other girl, often less attractive than she, would then step into her place.

The tragic mystery of it all was making her life miserable.

* * *

Halitosis may be only a little thing in itself. Yet what untold misery it may cause! And all because even a person's best friends—prudishly, perhaps—will insist upon dodging this subject. It seems too intimate to mention.

Halitosis—the medical term for unpleasant breath—is an insidious thing. Nine times out of ten the person so suffering does not know it, herself. Your mirror can't tell you. You cannot detect it. And all the time you may be offending those about you—unawares.

There is a way, however, to be sure your breath is right. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated organic disorder which needs professional correction, you may easily put yourself on the safe and polite side by using Listerine regularly, as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine has the peculiar ability to halt food fermentation which is so often the cause of halitosis. It leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Most cases of halitosis, fortunately, will yield quickly to this simple treatment.

Then you have put your mind at ease and you are comfortable and natural in conversation with those about you.

With so simple a precaution available, why put in unhappy moments wondering whether or not your breath is as it should be?

Your druggist has and recommends Listerine. For half a century it has held its place as the safe antiseptic. Dozens of uses are described in the circular attached to each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

NOWADAYS it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without snipping through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see the little cuts yourself that you have made.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. Soon you have a thick uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly and unattractive.

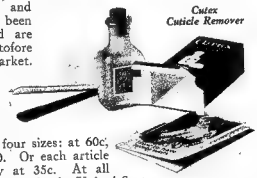
The safe modern way

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle.

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail.

Rinse the fingers in clear water, and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear leaving a smooth, even nail rim. Then work Cutex under the nail tips, to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

Cutex polishes complete the manicure. These come in cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms. The powder and liquid polishes have been recently perfected and are better than any heretofore appearing on the market. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last just twice as long.



Cutex Sets come in four sizes: at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article in the sets separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish, the new Powder Polish, orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 12 cents today

Northam Warren, Dept. P10
114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google

Fancy Costumes and Wee Folks' Needs

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 109

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Dance of the Perfumes

IN the Meadow of Roses, in the Garden of Bliss and all throughout the Happy Vale of Kashmir the air is passing sweet. Wrapped in constant fragrance is the Paradise of the Indies. All is ecstasy when the valley holds its Feast of Flowers and exquisite Kashmirian girls dance tribute to the Kingdom of Romance. Borrowing from the glades of Kashmir, strewn with blossoms, Vantine sets an Oriental fragrance quite unique within the smooth, soft-clinging velvetness of

Jafleur POWDER

$1.50

In Ornamental Crystal Jar with Lamb's Wool Puff Enclosed

Jafleur Extract - - - - $2.50
Jafleur Toilet Water - - $2.50
Jafleur Talc - - - 25c the Can
Jafleur Cold Cream - - $1.00
Jafleur Vanishing Cream - $1.00

At Drug Stores, Gift shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents; or, if unobtainable at your dealer, send us his name and the price.

Vantines

The Buddha of Perfumes

60 Hunters Point Avenue, L. I. City
New York

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

1298—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 40-inch dune crêpe Romain—3½ yards ribbon for binding and trimming. Narrow panels extend below the skirt, forming an uneven hem-line.

1309—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 4 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe.

1301—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch brickdust crêpe satin—2¾ yards 40-inch bittersweet crêpe de Chine for facing panels and sleeve sections—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading, in design 12681, adds to the trimming of this frock. Chalk, colored glass, crystal, steel, jet, or opalescent beads may be used.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

9897—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The embroidery, design 12672, forms an allover effect on the flaring sleeves and may be carried out in jet, steel, chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

1300—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch embroidered Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A border of embroidery, design 12718, trims the neck and front of blouse and is worked in single-stitch embroidery. No. 1060—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tweed.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

1312—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe Romain—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe Romain for cuffs and trimming-pieces—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1303—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

1109—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin—1 yard 44-inch serge. This style of frock is very simple to make, as it has short kimono sleeves and is seamed on the shoulders and under the arms. The lower section of the skirt is made of serge, as are the bindings on the neck and sleeves.

1280—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 29-inch dotted challis—⅜ yard 36-inch batiste for collar, cuffs and vestee—2 yards ruffling. The dress of this dainty little frock is gathered to a yoke at front and back. A neat vestee of white batiste is set in at the front. The sleeves are short, being finished with turn-back cuffs.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch cheviot—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for jacket—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waistband. A Norfolk suit like this will make a satisfactory school suit for the junior boy. The jacket is made with a yoke and box-plaits at front and back. The skirt is single-breasted and patch pockets are stitched to the sides.

1277—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch French serge—⅝ yard 36-inch dotted lawn for collar and cuffs—3½ yards frilling. The front and back are slashed in from underarm edges and the lower edges gathered. The sleeves, which are short, are finished with dainty cuffs.

1318—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine. For dress-up occasions, when one needs a simple little silk frock, this becoming style will come in handy. It is composed of plain and printed crêpe de Chine. It closes at the side of the round neck-line with linked buttons.

1321—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming. Small silk tassels arranged artistically add to the smartness of this good-looking school frock.

Bellas Hess & Co.

Announce That YOUR Copy of the New Fall and Winter Catalog is Now Ready!

FREE Send For It Now

Latest and Best New York Styles

Lowest Prices Anywhere

Our Waists - - -	from	98c up
Our Dresses - - -	from	$1.98 up
Our Suits - - -	from	$9.98 up
Our Coats - - -	from	$5.98 up
Our Sweaters	from	98c up
Our Boys' Clothing	from	$1.98 up
Our Girls' Dresses	from	98c up

and a complete line of all other wearing apparel at money saving prices. Send the coupon on the postcard or mail it in an envelope NOW.

Bellas Hess & Co. Has Always Been Noted for High Quality

Genuine Beaverette Collar

All Wool Poiret Twill

35N50

$14.98

We Pay Postage

All-Wool Poiret Twill Dress

35N50—In this All-Wool Poiret Twill Dress, the designer has given us something entirely new in the way of black silk braid, criss-crossed on pockets and, entwining in strands that are longer than skirt. Braid and buttons also trim the mandarin sleeves. Collar edged with braid turns back to reveal contrasting Canton Crepe vestee. Smart tie of braid with silk tassel ends and self material sash. Navy basic only. Sizes—for women, 32 to 46 bust, skirt length about 39 inches; also for misses, 33 to 38 bust, skirt length about 37 inches. Our price..... $14.98

Postage paid to your door.

All-Wool Suede Velour Coat

5N51—We chose one of the most distinctive of the Fall and Winter Coats from our catalog to give you an example of the wonderful styles we carry. It is a type of coat New York women wear on Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Made of high grade All-Wool Velour with rich, Suede finish. Graceful sleeves—mandarin type, display silk stitching; novelty buttons and tassel-trimmed pockets. Silk-stitched straps and tassels trim the double front revealing richly tailored pockets. The collar of genuine Beaverette Fur is a rich feature which is as well as a warm addition. Narrow self belt. Lined throughout with fancy satin. Length about 44 inches. Colors—brown, reindeer or navy blue. Sizes—for women, 32 to 46 bust; also for misses, 32 to 38 bust. Lowest in America price. Special..... $19.98

Postage paid to your door.

5N51

$19.98

All Wool Suede Velour

Satisfaction or Your Money Refunded

BELLAS HESS & CO

WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

24-Hour Service

Fill out blank below with your name and address. (Cut out on dotted line and mail to us.)

BELLAS HESS & CO., New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your FREE Catalog of New York's Latest Styles.

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

COLES PHILLIPS

Holeproof Hosiery

STOCKINGS selected for beauty need not disappoint in their wearing qualities—not if you will ask for Holeproof. For in this famous hosiery, sheer, lustrous appearance is united with a fine-spun, woven-in strength that withstands long wear and repeated launderings. Moderate prices put Holeproof Hose within the reach of all, both for dress and every-day wear.

Holeproof Hosiery is offered in a wide variety of styles in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children.

If not obtainable locally, write for price list and illustrated booklet.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

©H. H. Co.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch veldyne—2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The roomy sleeves are joined to the coat at a lowered shoulder-line. The straight collar has tab-extensions, one end of which is thrown over the left shoulder.

9089—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cheviot—2¾ yards 36-inch silk foulard for lining. This simple coat, which has raglan sleeves, would be very practical for Fall school wear. The collar may button high to the neck or it may be rolled with the fronts of the coat forming revers. The large patch pockets are finished with pocket laps.

1178—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch Poiret twill —3¼ yards braid. The side-front and back which is laid in double box-plait effect is joined to a deep yoke. Braid trims the collar and sleeve-bands.

9809—Girls' One-piece Cape-dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch twilleord—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. This makes a practical costume for early Fall wear and any number of the new wool fabrics may be chosen for developing it.

1292—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey. The dress closes to the left of the narrow inserted vestee. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight wrist-bands.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

1283—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires for dress with pointed collar 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard ribbon to trim the collar. The edges of the collar are picoted and hemstitching is used on the collar and the hem of the dress.

1138—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette. The dress closes on the shoulders, gathered to a two-piece yoke. French knots may be embroidered around the neck and sleeves and knots of satin roses ornament the skirt and shoulders.

1283—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires for dress illustrated at top of page, right, 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste. The dress slips on over the head and is slashed and closed at the center-back. The edge of the collar is picoted and hemstitching finishes the hem. Long one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight wrist-bands.

7767—Infants' Coat. Designed for one size only requiring 2 yards 36-inch cashmere. The collars and turn-back cuffs are scalloped in design 11661 in satin stitch in silk floss. Mercerized cotton may also be used with good results.

9231—Infants' Dress in Set. Designed for one size only requiring 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook.

1244—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette—2¾ yard 36-inch allover lace for panels—4½ yards ribbon to trim. A very charming frock for the young miss to choose for a party. The edges of the sleeves are picoted and chiffon roses are an added trimming.

1247—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch Georgette—5¼ yards 5-inch ribbon for sash—9½ yards lace edging to trim. Design 12177 is used as a guide for the scallops which are trimmed with fine val lace. A tiny spray of flowers may be added to the ribbon girdle.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 105

1121—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch washable satin. The embroidery, design 11509, which trims the front of the slip may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches with silk floss.

9075—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch batiste—4 yards ribbon for trim. The deep V neck and the short kimono sleeves which are stashed at the lower edge a trifle are outlined with scalloping in design 11661. The scallops are padded and buttonholed in mercerized cotton floss.

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch radium silk—1¾ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Motifs of embroidery in design 11808 trim the front of the camisole. The design may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches or eyelets.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

Can Any Woman Afford to Look Masculine?

Positively not! And moreover, there's no excuse for your having a single hair where it should not grow.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and soften coarse, ugly growths. Do not endure ZIP with ordinary depilatories.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP, the delightful, scientific hair remover. Use it on face, underarms, and body; results the new accepted way; clearing the back of the hand, the forearm, and between the fingers and limbs. Avoid imitations.

THREE TYPES OF HAIRGROWTHS MEN

Which type have you? Which type of growth? What type of growth do you desire? which tells you, or when in Need Your call at Madame Berthe's, you are FREE TO ENDORSE ZIP.

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

ZIP * Guaranteed!

Madame Berthe's Specialties

AT ALL GOOD STORES OR DIRECT BY MAIL.

Fill in and Mail This Coupon Today.

Madame Berthe, Dept. 493
562 Fifth Ave (46th St.) New York

Please send me your Free Booklet "Beauty's Greatest Secret," also free sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream mentioned and to prove facts.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Make Cute Gifts With this Magical Outfit

Unique Christmas gifts! Clever things of your own handiwork. Easy with "Enamelac," the Decorative Art Enamel. Stunning on Parisian Ivory, picture frames, vases, trays, vanity cases, boxes, pottery, book-marks, etc. Charming work at trifling cost for presents, or to sell.

Special! Complete Outfit Only $3

Vanity Case for Decorating Included FREE

Outfit complete in hinged box—6 cans "Enamelac" (6 colors) Tory, Sheilac, 2 brushes. All only $3 on this offer. Mail coupon with $3 (check or currency) and give your dealer's name (Dept. store, gift, or art shop) and we will send Outfit postpaid and include FREE a beautiful Ivorine Vanity Case for decorating. Money back if not delighted. Mail coupon or letter today for prompt delivery. The Prang Co., 1923 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Prang Co., 1922 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $3 for an "Enamelac Outfit," and Ivorine Vanity Case, as per your "Special Offer" to readers of this magazine. 1

Name.....

Address.....

Name of my Dealer.....

There is buoyant comfort in CosyToes—the kind that brings genuine rest and relaxation.

Distinguished styles for Men, Women and Children.

At Leading Dealers. Booklet on request

STANDARD FELT CO.
West Alhambra California

CosyToes feltwear

California's Qualified Slippers
FROM SUN-BLEACHED WOOL

It Can't Blow off

The DeLeon Bandeau

An absolute necessity. Does away with hat pins. Holds any hat firmly and can fortably on the head no matter how strong the wind or strenuous the exercise. Adjustable to any size hat—easily inserted in a few seconds—no sewing—no stitching.

Ideal for Bobbed Hair

Regardless of style of headdress, your hat is always at just the most becoming angle when fitted with a DeLeon Bandeau. Endorsed by fashion milliners. Thousands of enthusiastic users. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send $2 (in cash) with your name and size of hat and we will promptly forward it. Postage paid by us.

De Leon Bandeau Co.
12117 West Chester St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers: Be your jobber. If he can't supply you write us, giving jobber's name.

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back. Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home."

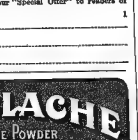
Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.

Refuse Substitutes

"They may be dangerous. Price, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists, or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually.

Send 10c for a sample box

BEN. LEVY CO.
Perfume Purveyors, Dept. O
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

PERFECTION HAIR PINS

All that the name implies

All sizes All shapes

25¢ the box

If not at your dealer's, send his firm name and 25c for sample package. Specify size and style.

2¾ in.—18 pins in box—crimped—The Midget
3 in.—18 pins in box—loop, crimped, boldfast.
3½ in.—18 pins in box—The Staple
3¾ in.—6 pins in box—loop, crimped, boldfast, or square—large size

PACIFIC NOVELTY CO., 41 E. 18th St., N.Y.

109 West 45th St. **Hotel St. James** Times Sq., New York City

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conducted home, favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Manager

Kill The Hair Root

My method stops only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today sending a sample of hair. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 240-X, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

The Touch that Transforms

A well decorated house is not a matter of dollars and cents, but of materials and sense. Good taste demands harmony of line and design and livableness in the color scheme. Each room should be decorated with its specific purpose in mind.

Sanitas Modern Wall Covering comes in styles for every room in the house. Also in dull-finished tints that can be hung plain, frescoed, stenciled or stippled to harmonize with any decorative scheme.

Sanitas is made on cloth, machine-painted with durable colors that do not crack, peel or blister. Hangs just like wall-paper. The most delicate colorings do not fade, and a damp cloth keeps them free from dust.

See the new styles of Sanitas at your decorator's.

Write for Samples

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 BROADWAY NEW YORK
Dept. 17

Babies grow strong on Nestle's because it is modified milk in powdered form—

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD

Send for FREE Sample and for 72-page Mothers' Book—FREE

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY
250 MERCER BUILDING—NEW YORK

Yarn
direct from mill
14½ to 25¢ per oz.

Finest quality Peace Dale Yarns. A yarn for every kind of knitting. Free from knots, soft and smooth, smartest new colors. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for over 100 beautiful samples free. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 770 25 Madison Avenue, New York.

Hotels Need Trained Women

N tion-wide demand for trained women, in departments, hotels, clubs, apartment houses, uncrowded field; fine outlook; quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK. Your Big Opportunity.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room 8158 Washington, D. C.
Founded 1916

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including one set of envelopes, $2.50. Sample. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00
T. CUT ENGRAVING CO., 1026 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

8979 — Ladies' One-piece Dart-fitted Camisole. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 9/8 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Hemstitching supplies the only trimming note on this simple little camisole.

No. 1979—Ladies' Two-gored Slip-on Petticoat. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 28 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The front and back gores of this petticoat are double and are attached to a deep two-piece yoke.

1311—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅜ yard 36-inch cambric. The straps which are attached to the upper edges in front cross at the back and button to position.

9953—Ladies' One-piece Dressing-sack. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅜ yard 36-inch dotted voile—7⅛ yards edging—3 yards ribbon. The dressing-sack is caught together by dainty bows at the side edges which form armholes. Ribbon is also used as a closing in front.

1327—Ladies' Dutch Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch sateen for dress—1 yard 40-inch voile for tunic. A deep band of embroidery in design 12722, trims the skirt of this costume and a narrow band outlines the square neck and short sleeves. The embroidery may be worked in flat satin and outline stitches. The hem of the tunic is finished with hemstitching.

1316—Ladies' Masquerade Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch black sateen—1⅝ yard 36-inch white sateen. Large white pompons trim this attractive masquerade costume.

4498—Clown's Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 10 yards 36-inch white sateen—⅜ yard 36-inch black sateen for facing hat.

6298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch white sateen—2 yards 36-inch net for ruching—⅝ yard 36-inch black sateen for hat.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 105

9228—Child's Combination Underwaist and Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—2½ yards lace insertion.

8395—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ⅜ to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 36-inch eiderdown.

9225—Girls' Combination Underwaist and Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth—⅞ yard lace insertion—2¾ yards edging.

8272—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth. The combination consists of drawers and underwaist, closed in front.

6929—Child's Underwaist. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—¾ yards edging. No. 1285—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece Petticoat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 36-inch batiste—2¼ yards ribbon.

9906—Infants' Dress in Set. Designed for one size requiring 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste.

9561—Infants' Coat and Cap in Set. Designed for one size requiring 2 yards 36-inch Bedford cord for coat—¼ yard 36-inch Bedford cord for cap. The cap and collars of the coat are finished with scalloping in design 11050. The scallops are buttonholed and either silk or mercerized cotton floss may be used.

6385—Boys' Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 4½ yards 36-inch satin.

6684—Girls' and Juniors' Middy Blouse. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and cuffs. No. 1290—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen.

1326—Girls' and Misses' Dutch Costume. Designed for 6 to 20 years. As illustrated at lower left of page, size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch sateen—1 yard 40-inch embroidery for tunic. If made as illustrated at lower center of page, size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch black sateen—4 yards 40-inch white voile.

1315—Misses' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch white sateen—⅝ yard 36-inch black sateen.

When her hair seemed really hopeless

This simple treatment made her charming

IT was to be the most important evening of her life—and she knew it.

And so she tried to make herself look especially attractive. But her hair was never so dull and lifeless.

So she went to a hairdresser's and there she learned a wonderful secret—and that secret brought out loveliness she never knew she possessed.

This treatment is more than just shampooing. For shampooing, alone, can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely.

The hairdresser's treatment

These simple directions will change your whole appearance too—for in every woman's hair is extra charm, extra beauty which can be brought out with the proper treatment.

First: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Tarboleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo) and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times.

Second: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

When you haven't time for a shampoo, moisten a cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic and wipe your hair, one strand at a time. The results will surprise you.

Wildroot Liquid Shampoo comes in two forms. If you prefer a shampoo with a tar and crude oil base, ask for Wildroot Tarboleum Shampoo. Or if you prefer a cocoanut oil base, ask for Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo) and Hair Tonic to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

WILDROOT CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic *and* Liquid Shampoo

Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. R10, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me traveler's size bottles of the following: I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked (Check the ones that you want sent you):
Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic

Name .....
Address .....
Druggist's Name .....
Druggist's Address .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

TEN generations of lovely complexions invite you to commence using Pears' Soap today.

"Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Pears' SOAP

KINDER MECHMET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

The tribes in the neighborhood, not knowing but that it might be the Chief's fancy to visit them also, were stirred into activity. The *hojas* and *hagiis* prepared long speeches and special ceremonies they were to give in Kinder's honor. With the men at work in the fields and stables and the older women at work in the huts, while the younger ones practised the dances, there was great joy and peace amongst Zena's people. And tho the people of the other tribes did not come to mingle during the festival preparations, so as to allow the tribe complete enjoyment of the great honor, they kept themselves informed as much as possible of what was going on. For indeed the new Kinder's reputation was traveling fast. It was said of him that not only was he wise, but that he was also good. Not only that he was just, but that he was also kind. And that a spirit of peace radiated from him; a spirit that made his people happy and prosperous.

AND on the fourth day, the new Khan arrived with his wife. The men of Zena's people rode out a hundred strong on their little horses to meet their great guest. Keeping the allotted fourteen feet from him, riding ahead and back and right and left of the two horses upon which the Chief and his wife had come, performing somersaults, riding backward, and tossing each other like balls from one horse to the other, they led the great guests to their village. For they were a great horse folk, Zena's people, and it was known that the young men rode as well as the maidens danced, that the old men knew more songs than they of any other tribe, and that the old women were charmers of the loom and the spinning-wheel.

At the entrance to the little hut-village, situated between two huge forests, the *hoja* (the priest), the first to break the fourteen-feet limit, bent low as he made his salaams to the new Kinder. Forthwith Kinder himself broke the rule of distance and rushed to embrace and kiss his wife's parents and brothers, after which he sat down with the people to a meal in the open, squatting amongst them on the carpeted ground in front of the hut of Zena's parents.

At sundown the dance began. Again the best bayaders of the tribe, first to be moved by the rhythm of the drum and the song of her people, detached herself from the sixty or more maidens on the platform and began to sway back and forth. Never before had Kinder seen such dancing. Vadi's dance seemed crude and childish compared to the dance of this bayadere.

When the lovely form became taut he sent for her so that he might compliment her personally. When she stood before him, young and lovely, her cheeks the color of molten honey, upon which roses had applied their lips; her tired eyes, a deep blue, the color of pansies in the fields, and her long black hair curling down over her shoulders, Kinder hardly could refrain a desire to embrace her. But he mastered himself and offered the girl one of the many little presents he had with him—silver rings which the smith of his own tribe had forged for Kinder to give away during his travels. He turned around to his wife, who sat near him, and his eyes inquired approval. But they were coolly appraising the maiden in front of her as if the girl were a lamb or a young colt.

Zena said, "That was indeed very beautiful. But we shall see the other maidens dance."

The Chief was very little interested in the dances that followed. He offered no rings to any of the other girls. At the end of the dance he inquired of Zena, "What sayest thou of Hazi, the daughter of Jussein? What sayest thou, my wife?"

"That she is a good dancer. But that there were better dancers in my time, and I am sure there are yet better dancers than she. And we shall see them in the days to follow."

Every third day after sundown the maidens danced. Kinder dwelt with the people of Zena for over two moons, until every maiden had danced. And not once were his eyes as pleased with the dancing of Jussein's daughter. Tho he had in the course of the two moons given several rings upon the advice of his wife, he had never been very pleased with what he did. In spite of the fact that he mentioned his pleasure several times to his wife, she insisted that they would shortly see dancers who would please him more than Hazi. She laid stress upon the fact that she she would like him very much to marry another woman of her own people and thus honor her tribe, she still felt that Hazi was not one worthy of him. That she desired that he marry the fairest was stronger than her pride in her tribe.

At the last dance he requested Hazi to dance again, but the girl respectfully refused, saying, "I would be unfair to the other girls that I dance twice."

At the end of the festivities Kinder and his wife, accompanied midway by the young Tatars on horses, returned home, the picture of Hazi in his mind always before him. He found his folks as happy as he had left them. For Zena had indeed remained blind and deaf. People adjusted their differences before they came to him, dreading the trouble of explaining and shouting before asking his judgment.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

The Book that Makes Dressmaking Easy

AMERICAN DRESSMAKING STEP BY STEP

Hundreds of women have not tried to sew because they are not "handy" with the needle.

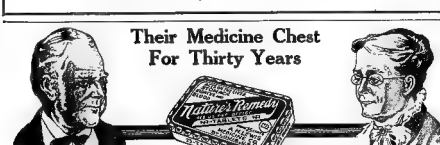
American Dressmaking Step by Step overcomes this handicap and develops clever dressmakers out of the most inexperienced sewers. It works out in definite detail all of the principles of dressmaking, as well as altering and remodeling. The lessons are arranged in logical sequence, each preceding one laying a foundation for the one that follows. With the aid of this remarkable book, hundreds of women are making two and three dresses for the price formerly paid for one. Experienced dressmakers refer to it. Sewing teachers use it as a text-book. Get one and teach yourself. It pays for itself with the first lesson. Price, $1.50

Price in Great Britain 7/6

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street New York

Their Medicine Chest For Thirty Years



THOUSANDS of older people have been using Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) since it was first offered to the public more than thirty years ago. They have found this remedy a real help in relieving and preventing constipation and the train of distressing disorders which accompany irregular elimination. To them, the red and black box has been a medicine chest for thirty years.

What Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) has done for others it can do for you. Nature's Remedy is *more than a laxative*. It acts on the liver, stomach and kidneys, and by increasing the activity of the eliminative organs aids materially in relieving and preventing constipation, biliousness, headaches, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling, and rheumatism. Try an NR Tablet tonight; see how much better you will feel tomorrow. At all druggists.

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients; then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 5c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY
Department X St. Louis, Mo.

DeMiracle
Every Womans' Depilatory

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so-called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00 $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. N22, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

Dye any Garment or Drapery with "Diamond Dyes"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything, a new, rich, fadeless color. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade or run.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

Free to Writers!

A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario, Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How our own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of ideas. How bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story sense," secure clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst Critics. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to Write!* This surprising book is *absolutely Free*. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW.

AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 240, AUBURN, NEW YORK

The Bob of Many Curls

Over your back hair without cutting it or over bobbed hair. Newest style—finishing to the point of enchantment. No. 87111. Price $6.85 each. Made to order to match your sample. Write for Complete FREE Catalog of Guaranteed Coiffures for Madame and Mademoiselle.

FRANCES ROBERTS CO.
100 Fifth Ave., Dept. 31 NEW YORK

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DEEP FAT FRYING is such a simple process!

Just pour the Wesson Oil into the kettle and bring it to the right temperature.

The fat should brown a bit of bread in forty counts if it is to be used for croquettes or mixtures that have already been cooked once—in one minute for small fritters, oysters or small fish—in a minute and a half for chops, cutlets, or French fried potatoes.

When the fat is just hot enough, plunge in the food and, when cooked, drain on unglazed paper.

As soon as the oil is cool, pour it through a fine strainer to remove crumbs of food.

If the oil is never allowed to smoke, that is, burn, it can be used over and over again without clarifying.

KINDER MECHMET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

They were a busy people that Summer season. There were so many new young couples. Many more hives than usual had been set out. The acreage upon which corn was planted had been doubled. And grazing on the slope of the hill, numerous young colts frisked about happy.

The ewes had many lambs romping around them, and when the buck-leader, a loud bell hanging from his neck, returned home from the pasture after sundown, the long line of sheep following him, even the heavy-coated shepherd-dogs took pride in watching and keeping the compactness of the big herd. After the corn was sheaved and the honey taken out of the comb, the men were still busy from before sundown until late at night. For there were many new huts to be built for new couples and to quarter the animals born since Winter.

There was song as the people worked. Not the slow song engendered by idleness, but song that sprang from the trip of the hammer and the clank of the shears. Song that pulsated as rapidly as the pulse of the men at work. And the women too were busy in their huts. There was great weight of wool to be bleached and washed and cleaned and spun. Ere the first snowfall had whitened the ground the looms were set into movement. And not a quarrel among the people, not a fight.

Kinder did not allow any leisure to take hold of him, for he too had animals in the field that was his, and beehives and oxen. But from time to time he thought of Hazl. He even spoke to his wife of her. And she said to him:

"We shall go visit another tribe the coming Spring. If thou findest none more to thy liking, we shall then return to my people and ask that they give thee Hazl for wife."

And as upon the old Spring, the Khan and his wife set out toward a new tribe. This time to the west of Kinetendje, for they had gone east the previous year.

And there was great merriment among the people of the tribe he visited. They had not expected to have the Khan as guest that Spring. Nevertheless the mothers of this tribe, as they of all the other tribes, had insisted during the Winter that their daughters practise new steps in the event of the Khan's coming to them to seek a wife. Kinder had hardly arrived when the men had erected the tent in which the dances were to take place.

That very day after sundown the bayaderes of the tribe mounted the platform, while four men, playing with short bows upon drums over which a single string was stretched, produced the rhythm of the dance. It was a great novelty even to Kinder. For never before had he seen people play such an instrument. Never before had he heard that sound. The fame of the musicians of that tribe had reached every Tatar, but as they traveled little very few had heard them play. And it seemed to Kinder that the tightly pantaloned girls never moved their bare feet so lightly and so harmoniously with the movements of their arms and torso as the ones of Sender's tribe.

Four bayaderes danced that evening. Any one of the four pleased Kinder more than any he had yet seen. He spoke about that to his wife when they were alone that night. She smiled subtly as she asked: "And what about Hazl? Hast thou already forgotten Hazl?"

KINDER felt guilty—he could not say why.

There were more dances on the third day, and still more on the sixth, and more on the ninth. Every third day, until all the maidens had had a chance to appear before their Chief. And at each dance it seemed to Kinder that she whom he saw last danced better than all the other bayaderes.

At the end of six weeks all had danced before him. He returned home with his wife, failing even to mention the one whom he might have desired for his second wife. He became silent. He seldom laughed. He only smiled more frequently than before. And there was a curious twinkle when he looked at his wife. Kinder pursued his quest for another wife for several more Spring seasons. Each time his wife pointed out to him that they might yet discover a fairer and better dancer the next year. His beard was becoming grizzled and the hair around his temples thinner.

He went from tribe to tribe each Spring, but he no longer thought of finding another wife to give him Hazl. It merely became a custom that Kinder and his wife go away each Spring to see the bayaderes of some distant tribe, and the guest of the people for some six weeks or so. And as none of the tribes knew where the Khan might go the following Spring, he found home kept in readiness to receive him. Having no time to war, they made no enemies. All were happy. Only the old Khan's wife bowed her head when her husband looked at her from under narrowed eyelids.

"It was because I loved you so," she assured him. His smile hurt her more than if he had cut her with the whip he carried in his hand.

Ever since then the Khan of the Dobrudja visits one of his tribes early in the Spring. And no wedding is celebrated until after the Khan has returned to his own people. And until married, every woman is called "the Khan's possible wife."

When you want a change

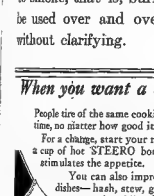
People tire of the same cooking all the time, no matter how good it is.

For a change, start your meal with a cup of hot STEERO bouillon. It stimulates the appetite.

You can also improve other dishes—hash, stew, gravy and sauces—by adding STEERO bouillon cubes.

Send 10 cents for samples and sixty-four page cook book.

Schieffelin & Co.
272 William St., N.Y.
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., N.Y.



"A Cube Makes a Cup"

STEERO
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
BOUILLON CUBES
Trademark Oct. 31, 1911

Served Instantly

Put hot water and you have a perfect cup of coffee. No grounds, no steam, no waste. Faust Tea is delicious.

BLANKE'S FAUST SOLUBLE COFFEE

C. F. BLANKE TEA AND COFFEE CO. Dep't. L St. Louis, Mo.

Electric Fireless Cooker

Gives every facility of electric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.

Automatic Rapid Electric Cooker

New Invention

Retherhtenless Cooking
Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost

Bake, roast, boil, stew, fries, toasts, broils as watching. Sh.ts electricity economically. Attaches to any lighting socket. No special wiring. Send for FREE Home Science Cook Book. Also FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 49
Detroit, Mich. Georgetown, Ont.

Cook's Round the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan. 22nd and Feb. 3rd, 1923; 120 days $1,000 up; 65 days $600 up. Programs ready.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.

Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.

Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

Digitized by Google
Digitized from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

An easy way to get the children's lunch!

CHILDREN need something hot and nourishing at noon-time. With an Armstrong Table Stove it's easy to prepare good things to eat. Poached eggs, toast and hashed brown potatoes, for example, can all be made at the same time on the Armstrong Table Stove.

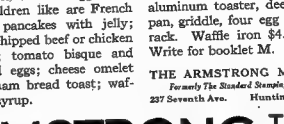
Other luncheon suggestions which children like are French toast or pancakes with jelly; creamed chipped beef or chicken on toast; tomato bisque and scrambled eggs; cheese omelet with graham bread toast; waffles and syrup.

Remember that the Armstrong Table Stove is *more* than a toaster. It *cooks three things at once*—broils, boils, steams, fries, and bakes waffles. Costs no more to run than an ordinary electric toaster.

Ask to see an Armstrong Table Stove at your electrical or hardware dealer's. Price $12.50 with aluminum toaster, deep boiling pan, griddle, four egg cups and rack. Waffle iron $4.00 extra. Write for booklet M.

THE ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.
Formerly The Standard Stamping Company
237 Seventh Ave. Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE
Cooks 3 things at once



Two Dimes a Day Pays — One to Four Years Time

$ Roomy Tapestry Sofa $

Choice of flowered Tapestry or beautiful Velour. Chair and Rocker to match. Over a thousand other Furnishings offered on easy-monthly payments in our big, helpful, 104-page Larkin Book of Better Homes. FREE for the asking.

LOWER FACTORY-TO-FAMILY PRICES

On these attractive Furnishings and our famous Musical Instruments. One to four years to pay. Big savings at our best-ever prices. Check below offer interested in.

☐ Furnishings
☐ Symphonic Player Pianos
☐ Symphonola Phonographs
(Check offer interested in and mail ad Today for FREE Book. Give full name and address)

Desk PFR-1022 *Larkin Co. Inc.* BUFFALO, N.Y. PEORIA and CHICAGO, ILL.

Home Plan No. 708. Delaware. 6 rooms and bath, bungalow, 26x28 ft. Roll roofing. Price $1,000. Cement basement. Floored attic. Open fireplace. Built in conveniences. Big country.

Distinctive Homes at Wholesale Prices!

Save $200 to $2,000 on a Gordon-Van Tine Home. Our guaranteed price cover all materials as special. No extra charges. Homes planned by best architects. Built-in convenience; highest quality material; satisfaction or money back. 250,000 customers. By Ready-Cut method—all sawing, cutting and fitting by machinery. In 4 big mills—you save 15% paint and cash. up to 30% labor saved. Specifications conforms to all city building codes. Prompt shipment from nearest mill—Davenport, Ia.; St. Louis, Mo.; Chehalis, Wash.; Hattiesburg, Miss.

200 Home Plans FREE! Write for Free Book, "Gordon-Van Tine Homes." Shows photos, plans, specifications. Some as low as $729. **Book of 5,000 Building Material Bargains** Lumber, sash, paint, roofing, etc., supplied for one plan.

Ready-Cut Garages $79 and up	Summer Cottages 4 to 5 Rooms

Gordon-Van Tine Co.
ESTABLISHED 1868
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back
Davenport, Ia. Chehalis, Wash. Hattiesburg, Miss.
(Address Dept. A45 at mill nearest you)

THIS BOOK FREE!

Gordon-Van Tine Co.
(Address Dept. A45 at mill nearest you.)
Send me Free Books.
I expect to build (or repair) as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

THE VOICE OF THE SOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

straps on his shoulders. And his soul ached too. He was in his own village now, in Sabinka. Often in these five years he had stood here in thought. Many times he had put the thought away from him. Well, now he was in Sabinka. There was his *Batushka's* acre, and there was—Varvarka's. Here at any rate did not stand there a dense patch of weeds. It was well gleaned. And he laughed bitterly and walked on.

Presently he saw ahead of him one lonely figure trudging on. He stood still a moment, then doubled his pace, and, looking closely, he soon discerned that it was an old person. A man, stumping along slowly, leaning on a stick, a person very small, no bigger than a child. Yonko caught up with it quickly and, peering down, saw, to his amazement, that it was no other than Djedka—still living! The old man neither turned nor looked.

Yonko cleared his throat.

"Good evening, Djedka."

Djedka stumped on two or three steps as if neither hearing at once nor comprehending. Then he stopped a moment.

"Good evening," he cackled in a small, shrill voice, puffing and panting and sucking at his words as a child might at a bit of sweet. "Good evening. You are a stranger, then?"

"Yes—no——" Yonko stammered, "that is, I am Yonko, Feodor's." As before, Djedka took a few steps before he could comprehend.

"Hah! Hey! Yes," he breathed in slow surprizes, then glee as he fully realized. "Yonko! Hey! So you have come back? Now, young man," he called, greatly amused, "your fields have gone to weeds. You will have to start over again. Hi—hi—hi!"

"So," Yonko interrupted him, "they are dead—*Batushka* and the little mother. They are dead—" tho he had thought of them so for years, and even a few minutes before, tears burned his eyes.

"Dead?" Djedka stopped and peered up a moment, and started again. "Dead?" he huffed and puffed. "What, then, my fine fellow? Did you expect them to live forever, hey?"

"No," Yonko thought to himself. "But you, Djedka, seem to be living forever." Aloud he said, "Tell me, Djedka, about the village."

"M—m——" the old man cackled. "There is much to tell. Much happens in five years. Much, hey? Some are married, some are buried——"

"Is—is—I mean, Djedka, is everybody married?"

"Everybody is married," the old man muttered into his beard. "Gavrvile's daughter is married. Makar built a new house. His daughter married his cousin, hi, hi," and he laughed as if amused at something. "And old Taras is dead."

Yonko caught his breath. Varvarka's father was dead, then! Suddenly he could not breathe. He had been hoping without knowing that he had that Varvarka was, after all, unmarried. But if her father was dead then she was also unmarried. She would not run down her portion of land. She could not care for it by herself.

"And Addom," the old man continued, "lost a big sow. He fed it, and fed and——

"Tell me more, Djedka. Tell me about Taras—and—who else is married."

And Djedka told him of others still who were married. And he talked of the crops and the cattle that had been lost one Winter. But about the thing that Yonko wanted to hear the old man was silent. And Yonko kept trying of asking him directly and hoping and upbraiding himself. Fool! he thought. What was he hoping for? If Djedka did not mention it deliberately he had forgotten, no doubt, or his memory failed him—he——

SUDDENLY he had to know. He had to hear the very words. He could no longer contain himself, and, turning upon the old man, he at once stopped and demanded:

"Whom—Djedka, did Varvarka marry?"

"Hey?" Djedka cocked his ear like a curious old hen.

Yonko repeated.

"Whom? Nobody," the old man mumbled.

Yonko caught Djedka's shrunken shoulders in his fists and shook them. "What—what did you say?"

Djedka wriggled himself free, then looked up sulkily like a child that feels that it is being unjustly punished.

"Nobody," he panted shrilly, "nobody, I tell you. She would not marry. The priest talked to her and scolded so she stopped going to church. She lives with an old cousin and works the fields herself. There—there is her acre, I——" But Yonko was already hastening back—till he traced the very spot where he and Varvarka had stood that Sunday morning.

"It was right here, Varvarka," he cried, and fell upon his knees. His shoulders shook. "It was not you, Varvarka, who were unfaithful, who were shallow—*Batushka* and the little mother—them too I left. I cast away God's gift, the only gift. *Batushka moi,* and *Matushka milaya,* will you forgive me? And you, Varvarka?" His body sank. "Will you—will you too be so gracious, Varvarka?" he pleaded. And his great hands pressed down the earth, and his heart beat against it.

Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Sani-Flush was made for just one purpose—to clean the closet bowl—to clean it *better* than any other means—and to clean it with less labor.

It relieves you of all the unpleasant, old-fashioned work.

It removes stains and incrustations, and consequently eliminates odors, *without* the use of makeshift methods—and *without* injury to bowl or connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Canadian Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

$375.75 ONE DAY WITH THIS MACHINE

NOW is the time of opportunity! Good times coming back. Conditions growing better. Make and sell Crispettes with this machine. Chances for quick success bright. **It's the business for you.** Gibbs reports **$50** profit the first night. Ira Shook, Flint, took in **$375.75** in one day. Kellogg **$700** ahead after two weeks. **$1,000** month easily possible. **You will make money from very start.** You won't be scrambling for a job. Won't have to take reduced wages. You will have made your place. Will be on the road to fortune. Demand for Crispettes enormous. A delicious confection. Nothing like it. Amazing profits. Little capital required. Experience unnecessary. Send post card for illustrated booklet. Contains enthusiastic letters from successful users. Shows their places of business. Tells how to start. How to succeed, and all other information needed. It's **free.** Write now.

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
1072 High Street Springfield, Ohio

Mildred Roberts made $886.79—So Can You

By selling our beautiful Dress Goods, Dainty Handkerchiefs, Durable Hosiery, etc. Whole or part time. Protected Territory. Experience or money unnecessary. Write today for Free Booklet. Mitchell & Church Co., Inc., Dept. 31, Binghamton, N.Y.

Have a beautiful healthy complexion. Don't let unsightly blemishes hide the real beauty of your skin. Do this!

Prof. I. Hubert's
MALVINA CREAM

You'll be surprised at the results. Rest when see with Malvina Lotion and Malvina Febrifugal Soap. Sold everywhere. Cream 75c. Lotion 35c. Soap 30c. Postpaid on receipt of money order. Write for free booklets with story "She Won a Husband," and beauty hints and helps. *Agents wanted.*

PROF. I. HUBERT
Dept. 1111 Toledo, Ohio

Booklet of Beauty Hints Sent FREE

AGENTS WANTED

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Warning!

IN the days which followed the War of '61, five orange pips sent in a letter were the signal of warning of the Ku Klux Klan.

Millions of Americans every morning disregard a warning that is just as clear and in some respects as dreadful.

For Nature gives warning of tooth trouble to come and a "pink tooth-brush" is generally her signal.

Take care of your gums. Keep them firm and healthy. Use Ipana Tooth Paste—for Ipana, because of its healing Ziratol content, keeps the gums firm and healthy.

Thousands of dentists prescribe it to their patients, for they know by experience that Ipana heals bleeding gums, strengthens soft and spongy gums and cleans teeth as well.

And its flavor is smooth, snappy and delightful.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 42 Rector Street, New York City.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

consistency when a readier obedience to her instincts would have led her to abandon it.

For a while after she had adopted Jennie as her friend, Trix thought of George Burns—tho still tenderly and sometimes passionately—as a danger from which she had been saved. Jennie gave her a new and much needed emotional outlet, and for those first weeks the novelty made this enough. But the time soon came when she wanted more. She wanted Jennie to ask questions and make demands, for the simple reassurance that Jennie cared. She wanted love. She offered it, and she felt that the offer was repulsed.

So George regained his place in her reveries, and, when these would no longer serve a need sometimes as urgent as hunger, she began having little talks with him over the telephone, made more difficult and more exciting by an elaboration of devices against detection—which she half hoped Jennie would solve.

She saw him, for the first time since their parting, the day she read in the paper of his having got a job as pilot in the air mail service. They had an afternoon together, in the car again, revisiting some old haunts of theirs, but despite the romantic accessories it was not a very happy time. He pressed her hotly now to marry him and said some pretty bitter things when she refused to promise anything. Wasn't the job good enough to suit her? He got a base pay of fifty a week and five cents a mile. On the Cleveland run she figured nearly fifty a week more. And between round trips, one day each way, he had two days off. If she wouldn't take him at that——

"I couldn't stand it, just waiting. You'd be away half the nights, even." They both thought, when they parted that day, that it was the end of everything.

Going to school, tho it represented at first nothing more than a random attempt to escape from the tyranny of her need of him, afforded her, presently, a more hopeful idea. Most of her fellow students, she found, were not here to pass the time nor even to improve themselves, but with the sharply defined aim of learning to earn themselves a living.

He wasn't very sympathetic toward this idea when she broached it to him; they were always on the edge of quarreling over it, and she was none too confident of it herself. Indeed, there was nothing very confident or clear about her life, within or without, during the weeks that intervened between her father's disastrous flying visit in August and his final return late in October. Her wishes and her dreams contradicted each other and frequently themselves, and her actions followed as best they could through the maze.

Before Joe took up his post as sentry, determined, as he said, to know, she had drifted into a modus vivendi with her lover. She saw him once during each of his off-duty periods in Chicago, for as long as she could safely give him, usually in the afternoon. In fine weather they drove out into the country; for bad days they found various ignoble and hateful hiding-places in town. They didn't plan much nor hope for much. They merely drifted, dangerously they both knew, compromising as best they could with the desire that held them in the grip of its great disinterested hand.

BEATRICE, as Jennie prophesied she would, saw through her father's intentions like so much glass, but the note between them was not always hostile.

During the month that elapsed before the final explosion there were together more than ever before, and often, for hours and even days on end, the surface they presented each other was one of unbroken confidence and tenderness. Trix sometimes believed in the honesty of her own—managed to think she loved him as well as ever—but she never wholly trusted his.

Her knowledge that she was being watched—spied upon—was fortified by evidence, tho the items of it were too minute to be reported: a glance at the superscription of a letter, the too casual tone of a question, an explanation a little too circumstantial of his plans for the day, an occasional something queer about a telephone-call.

She took a rather cruel pleasure, tho it wasn't entirely wanton, in feeding his suspicion with false clues, making small mysteries of nothing. She didn't believe he was on the main trail. Wave, whom she hadn't seen since his licking, and some of his associates were still in her father's thoughts, and he seemed uneasy, too, about some of the new friends she had made at school. These suspicions of his she deliberately inflamed.

The victories were not all with her, however. He was a strategist, too. Within a week of his return he mastered her out of half her liberty by appropriating the roadster to his own use. The closed car was at her disposal, but since it was a limousine the chauffeur naturally went with it, and this unescapable social convention made it useless for the most important of her purposes. Yet in the teeth of the bleak autumnal weather she couldn't avow a preference for the open car.

In another way, too, the weather helped force the situation. When Joe finally got round to going North again, about the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Had Your Iron Today?

Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in energy.

That Dainty Bread

Lends More Charm to Your Table
—and More Nourishment to Your Meals

IT'S the finer touches, now and then, that make the meals delightful and especially remarked in certain homes.

A luscious raisin bread, for instance, breaks monotony and whets new appetite. Many women's tables are famous for no more than little variations such as this.

For there's art, remember, not only in the making but in the choice of foods.

Delicious raisin bread served plain with butter or as a crisp, brown toast!—what else is so enchanting to one who has fine tastes?

The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

Just try a dainty raisin bread occasionally and hear what your family says. Serve it to your luncheon guests. Hear their comments.

Remember, too, that raisin foods supply more nourishment as well as flavor.

For raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form. Also a rich content of food-iron.

You need but a tiny bit of iron daily yet that need is vital. Raisins will help to insure an adequate amount.

In fact, don't think of raisins as merely delicious natural confections—which they are—but also as a healthful food which should be served with regularity in scores of attractive ways.

Mail the coupon now for free book, "Recipes with Raisins," containing one hundred valuable suggestions for you to use.

When buying raisins for home use always ask for Sun-Maids, the finest raisins grown.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

Made from finest California table grapes

Blue Package

Cut this out and send it

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. A-310,
Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes With Raisins."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

An Accomplished Driver

no mean mechanician and at the same time a glorious girl! She is the embodiment of healthy fun; golfs, plays tennis, is at home in the water and is grace personified at the dance. How does she do it? Simply by daily watchful care of her beauty. She soothes her windburned skin with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It takes out all the smart, and the drawn feeling and leaves the complexion satin smooth and "comfy." She uses Frostilla Fragrant Lotion as a base for face powder.

Brother also likes Frostilla Fragrant Lotion after outdoor sports and he puts a few drops on the brush to improve every shaving soap or cream. Sold everywhere in Canada and the United States—35 cents. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

middle of November, there was no possibility of giving the journey the color of a pleasure trip. Trix. He put his command that she go with him in the form of an invitation, but didn't try, beyond this, to disguise the fact that he was taking her with him because he was afraid to leave her at home alone. He flushed under the sting of her laugh and the savage sarcasm of her "What a wonderful time we'll have!" But he offered no explanation and asked none.

During the whole ten days the journey lasted, storms and the mud kept her virtually a prisoner in a succession of small hotels. She wrote long daily letters to George Burns while her father was away about his business, and in the evening when he came back she entertained him with a sulky silence. Varied sometimes by a spiritless acquiescence in a suggested movie show or by a pretended absorption in a magazine. Before they returned they had worn the situation down to its last shred of tolerability.

They got into town on the morning of the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. The closed car was waiting for them, but Joe declined to share it with her, went as far as the office, and bolted into a taxi. He had been savagely restless, she'd noted, over his breakfast and behind his newspaper. She had the chauffeur drive her to Field's and dismissed him there, saying she didn't know how long her shopping would take and that she would come home by bus when she had finished.

The one thought in her mind was to get to George as quickly as she could. She had figured this as one of his off days, and was sure, having written she was getting home to-day, that he would be waiting at his boarding-house to hear from her. The fortnight since she'd seen him seemed a year.

SHE was angrily incredulous of the voice —that of a boarding-house slavey— which informed her that Mr. Burns was out, and after this assurance had been rammed home to her there was a black moment or two when she turned her wrath upon her lover. Then it occurred to her that he might be the victim of a change in his time-table, and, calling up the office of the superintendent of the air mail, she learned that this was true. Pilot Burns had taken out the Cleveland mail that morning. He'd be returning with it to-morrow, some time around noon.

It was an unbearably fine day to be deprived of him; mild and clear; they could have spent it in the open. And to-morrow was Thanksgiving, a holiday, which would mean that her father wouldn't let her out of his sight all day.

A panicky foreboding took possession of her, that she might not again be allowed even such qualified liberty as she enjoyed to-day. She had heard of sanitariums for nerve and brain cases where a person could be shut up. Wasn't her father, angry as he would be if ever he found out about George, just the sort of person to try a thing like that—and get away with it? She ought to be prepared to bolt to George and marry him at a moment's notice, any time.

In the train of this half-serious notion she spent the rest of the morning packing a traveling-bag and equipping it with a complete outfit for the emergency she foresaw, including suit, hat, and shoes, all inconspicuous and serviceable.

She deposited this "iron ration" in the care of the head porter in one of the smaller down-town hotels, a man who had already served as her ally in one or two small matters. It was to be kept till called for, no matter when, to-morrow or next year.

Now if she quarreled with her father in the middle of the night or during an evening party she couldn't be kept prisoner by a lack of clothes.

Her afternoon's entertainment consisted in looking at furnished rooms which had been advertised for light housekeeping. To the landladies she saw she gave her name as Mrs. George Burns and described herself as the wife of one of the mail aviators. She got a good deal of emotional stimulus out of this, for they were without exception interested and in one case deeply sympathetic. Mrs. Henderson didn't see how she could endure the absence of knowing her husband might be killed any day. Any day, absolutely! And Fridays! She hoped Mr. Burns never had to fly on Friday!

The danger never had worried Beatrice very much; it existed, of course—for every one but George. But it was comforting to be cried over and made a heroine of, and she stayed the better part of an hour in the nice little apartment Mrs. Henderson had to let. She got a thrill, too, from the domestic intimacies the place suggested. It consisted of a dining-room with a double bed in an alcove, a bathroom, and a closet equipped as a kitchenette. She almost hired the place outright, and, when with a strong intimation that she would do so, if it weren't taken in the meantime, within a day or two. Things couldn't go on as they were at home much longer, anyhow. Mightn't she as well make an end of that intolerable situation now as later?

But she found on reaching home about six o'clock that this decision had already been taken out of her hands. She took in Anson's face when he met her in the hall

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Be Well—
Weigh what you Should

SLENDER lines and a springing step make you *feel* and *look* years younger. Today, to be attractive, you must have the glow of health—sparkle in your eyes—clear skin—and wholesome cleanliness.

There is some reason if you are not well, or if you do not weigh what you should—a reason peculiar to YOU. This can be corrected—and in Nature's way, no medicine.

The method is simple. With proper direction in exercise, breathing and diet you can accomplish this easily. But your exercise and diet must be suited to *your* needs.

Individual Instruction
—by a women, for women

I have helped over 100,000 women to regain their health and beautiful, graceful figures. I have studied the needs of each—and to every one of them I have given individual instruction.

This has been my life work. For over 20 years I have been helping the women of America to *reduce or increase* their weight, to look well, feel well, *be* well. They have followed my easy directions in the privacy of their homes—and the results have been positively MARVELOUS.

My Booklet Free

You, too, can weigh what you should. You, too, can keep or regain your youthful figure. Write for my free booklet illustrating how to walk, stand and breathe. Tell me your height, weight and age. If you have physical ailments, tell me about them. I never betray a confidence. If I cannot help you, I will tell you so frankly. Write for my booklet today.

I can give you a part of my exercises on phonograph records. I will send you a trial record for Fifty Cents.

Address Dept. 74
1819 Broadway, New York

Hard of Hearing?

You Can Hear Clearly and Check Its Progress

The one sure way to prevent increasing deafness is to keep the ears alive to sound without strain. In short, to exercise the hearing functions. Thousands write us that their natural hearing has actually improved through using the Acousticon.

Whether it will make you hear clearly is entirely for you to say, for we offer you without obligation, the

1923 ACOUSTICON
for 10 days FREE TRIAL
No Deposit—No Expense

Don't let your hearing grow worse—Don't buy any hearing aid until you have the tried it—And above all things, don't be discouraged until you have tried the Acousticon; for half a million have done so to their entire satisfaction. Write for *your* free trial today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
1351 Candler Bldg. 220 West 42d St., N. Y. City

You Can Make at Home
Parchment Shades and Lamps
Easy Interesting Profitable

Parchment Shades, Lamps, and Shields in artistic designs are the newest vogue. Save 1/3 usual price by getting our Shades and Lamps flat. Designed ready for coloring. Full directions for making, so simple anyone can do it. Free Catalog shows 300 interesting shapes, sizes and designs. If you are interested in studying color harmony, unusual methods of treatment, effective combinations, send 15c for "Instructions Parchment Shade Painting and Making"—includes complete directions for painting and sealing six shades. Send for catalog with every painting outfit.

CHINA PAINTERS!

The latest of everything in chinaware ranging from 10 to 40 per cent. We are America's largest white china importer and sell direct to users.

Send for Free Catalog No. 52P

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 West Van Buren St., CHICAGO

AGENTS: $42 a Week

New hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Guaranteed to wear 6 months or replaced Free. Big profits in every home. Often sell a dozen pair to one family. Repeat orders follow. Gives you a steady income. You can sell for less than store prices. Write for Free Sales Outfit. Earn $42 first week. Mrs. Perry made $57 a week in spare time. Write for exclusive territory. Anybody can sell this guaranteed hosiery. **Big Free Premium Offer.** Write for particulars. You can be independent and make lots of money. Write today.

Thomas Mfg. Co. H 4054 Dayton, Ohio.

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself

Especially Candy Parlors! In your community or elsewhere. We furnish everything. Modern methods. Big opportunity unlimited. Earn $1000 a month. Write for big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. Address W. MILLER HAGGERTY, Dept. 760, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

—Not One Gray Hair, Now

And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

A few applications of Kolor Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!

Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid, as pleasant and easy to use as water. An aid to Nature—a tonic which puts hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Why continue to have gray hair when Kolor-Bak works such wonders? Just a few applications will show you that it is possible to bring back the youthful appearance of your hair and to keep it in perfect condition.

Thousands Tell You

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

From everywhere come words like the above praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Special Free Trial Offer

You don't risk a penny when you try Kolor-Bak. It must do the work or it costs you nothing. Don't send any money, but write today and we will send you our special free trial offer. You will want this if your hair is gray or if you suffer from dandruff or falling hair, and if you try Kolor Bak no samples of hair will be needed as the one clean liquid restores any color. Not a penny to send—so don't hesitate—write today

Send for Our Free Book on Hair

Interesting facts on hair and how to take care of it, fully told in this book. Just the information you want if your hair needs help. This book will be sent alone on request or to those who ask for the free trial offer. Postcard or letter will bring your copy.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1095
Chicago, Ill.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

told her that something unprecedented had happened.

"Father home yet?" she asked, with an affected carelessness which didn't sound just right. Her heart, for some incomprehensible reason, had come up into her throat.

"He was brought home, Miss," Anson said, reproachfully. "Around eleven o'clock this morning, in an ambulance. He'd been in an accident."

She was bewildered by this news. In the first flash it seemed unfair, sweeping her own concerns off the boards, as it did, so summarily. "Not a bad accident, Anson?" she asked. Oh, but it couldn't be!

"I couldn't say, Miss. He won't have it that it is. The doctor was apprehensive at first, but——"

"He's in bed, I suppose," she interrupted. "I'll go to him. I can see him, can't I?" Some involuntary signification of dissent on Anson's part was what made her ask that last question.

He said, "Certainly, Miss," but she waited for him to explain his reluctance. "You may not find him quite himself," he warned her, and added that the doctor's orders were strict against any excitement.

Well, of course, Anson knew the sort of terms she'd been on with her father lately. She gathered herself up for a retort and then found she hadn't the heart to make it. Before going to her father she paused a moment in her own room to rid herself of her outdoor things and, as well, to steady herself. She tried to think what it would be like to see him helpless. She wondered whether she was sorry or glad. Oh, of course she was sorry! The tears were already near her eyes when she paused in his doorway for her first look at him.

THE pillows were packed behind him so that he half reclined, his head was incased in bandages, his left forearm lay across his chest in splints; there was a strong hospital-like smell in the room, of lodoform or something of the sort. All this she was prepared for—and instantly thrust aside as unimportant. What engrossed and frightened her was the way he was looking at her as if her appearance bewildered him, as if he found it unaccountable.

She said, in answer to its seeming question, "Don't you know me, Dad? It's Trix!"

"Of course I know you," he answered, petulantly, and thickly—as if his tongue were swollen. "I'm not out of my head. What made you think I was? Anson been talking?"

"It was just the way you looked at me," she said, shakily, and then went to him. "Oh Dad, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

"Better not touch me," he warned her; "and don't sit on the bed. I'm so sore it hurts to be looked at." Except for the thickness of his speech this sounded natural enough. She pulled up a chair to sit in, and forbore to touch even the big hairy hand that lay slackly on the counterpane.

"I didn't know, of course," she said. "I just came in this minute. I haven't heard yet what happened, or how. Are you well enough to tell me?"

Instead of answering her question he asked one of his own. "Where you been all day, Trix?" For a moment his look pinned her fast; then it wavered away and left her.

"Nowhere much," she answered. "Shopping for a while, and then just—wandering around. There didn't seem to be any special point in coming home."

"Alone?" he asked.

She found herself crying as she answered yes. When she'd wiped her tears and controlled her voice, she elaborated. "Absolutely alone, Dad. All day. I haven't spoken to a person I knew since I left you this morning. There wasn't anybody I knew to talk to. Dad, it's true! You do trust me as much as that, don't you?"

He shook his head, but it wasn't, she thought, so much in dissent as in perplexity; as if sor Dad, you must lie still," she admonished him, gently. "Tell me what happened to you."

"Hit by a motor-car, it seems. I don't know anything about it. Must have stepped right in front of it, I guess. I sort of remember a lot of yelling, and the next thing I knew I was in a bed in St. Luke's Hospital. I'm not damaged to speak of. Broken collar-bone and something in my arm. Half a dozen stitches in my scalp. They thought my skull was fractured at first, but it isn't that kind of a skull. Don't amount to anything—any of that. Tried to saddle a nurse on me! Damned nonsense! Only I've got such a hell of a headache I'm kind of mixed up. I can't seem to—remember."

"I'm going to be your nurse," she said. Then she asked, in a more or less automatic attempt to explore his lack of memory, "Where were you when all this happened?"

He stared hard at her, and that same frightened look came back into his face. "I don't know," he admitted. "Must have been wandering 'round, myself, I guess. I'd been to see— I'd been to some office or other. There were some papers— You see, they undressed me at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Pacifying an irate umbrella

"All right, all right, I know all about it. Short of turning inside out there's nothing worse can happen to an umbrella than to have its handle pulled off. But all isn't lost yet. Calm yourself, I prithee, and you shall see how with . . . these . . . few . . . Drops . . . of LePage's Glue I'll make you as good as new. You'll have your handle on again, and I'll save the price of a new umbrella—so we both ought to be satisfied."

Conversation with a LePaged Chair

"Squeak? Squeak no more. Collapse under the stylish company? Never again.

"You're mended up so tight with LePage's that you'll never squeak again, even if the fattest person in the world comes and sits on you.

"If I'd sent you to the furniture store to be repaired, likely they would have charged me several dollars, but, as it is, I've mended you for life at a trifling cost. And I need the money. Tra-la!"

LePage's mends squeaky chairs.

Wooden soldier who talked back

"Now just as soon as that Glue gets dry, you will be as good as ever," said the little boy.

"My stars," replied the wooden soldier, "I begin to feel better already. It isn't so nice to have a broken neck, but now I can s-w-a-l-l-o-w again, if I do it slowly."

"I'm glad I had that Glue," replied the little boy, "I'd hate to see you die of a broken neck."

Mends children's broken toys.

Last word with a tube of LePage's

"You can mend a chair with me, fasten a loose tile, repair toys for the children, fix torn wall paper, stiffen the end of a shoe lace that's lost its tip, and a dozen other things. If you want to know all the things I can do, write to the Russia Cement Company, 23 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass., for the book, 'LePage's Glue—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending.' I'm also a favorite with men on their office desks."

Refastens loose tile in bathroom wall.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

KEEPS THE ROSES IN YOUR CHEEKS

Men and women seeing you for the first time are impressed first of all by your face—your complexion. If it is soft, smooth, velvety and of rose-petal texture, they cannot help but admire, for you are attractive, adorable and lovely.

Keep the roses in your cheeks. You can with the aid of Nadine Face Powder, now in the new blue box—for Nadine gives your complexion an adorable loveliness.

Nadine makes your skin soft, smooth and velvety and lends that alluring fragrance of a flower garden. It gives your skin a refreshing coolness and, too, adheres until washed off, and gives protection from tanning sun and withering winds.

If not pleased, we will refund your money. Price 50c, at your toilet counter If temporarily out, by mail, or send 4c. for miniature sample box. White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette.

National Toilet Company, Dept. "R" Paris, Tenn:

Nadinola Cream, a clearing cream, two sizes,	50c. and $1 00
Nadine Face Powder Compacte, gold finished box,	1.00
Nadine Rouge, gold finished box,	.50
Nadine Vanishing Cream, new and pleasing,	.50
Nadine Talcum,	.25
Nadine Soap,	.25
Egyptian Cream,	.50

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

the hospital. I had Anson look through my clothes, and he says they aren't there."

She volunteered to go through his pockets for the papers she understood him to say were missing. This was what he meant, wasn't it? And if she didn't turn them up she could telephone the hospital and find out if they were there. What sort of papers were they?

"You let my pockets alone!" he commanded her, truculently. "I didn't say I'd lost any papers. I'll remember all right in a few hours, anyway. My head's clearing up. Just a little more letting alone—that's all I need. You'd better go away now and let me see if I can't get to sleep."

She rose obediently, moved the chair out of the way, minutely readjusted sundry small articles on the night-table, started toward the door at last, and then with a long-suppressed sob came back to him, kneeled down beside the bed, and laid her cheek gently upon his hand.

"I do love you, Dad!" she cried. "I want you to love me again. I want you to forgive me for being such a beast to you."

He did not speak, but his hand stirred and lightly stroked her face. She kissed the palm, sat back upon her heels like a little twentieth-century penitent, squeezed the tears out of her eyes, and smiled at him. "I hope you're going to be sick a good long time so you can find out I really mean it," she added.

ANSON knocked just then to announce Doctor Bennett, and she fled to her own room to wash her face. Her last impression of her father's was just what her first had been. It had the look in it of one who is struggling with some incredible distortion of memory.

Doctor Bennett was an old friend of Joe's, a convivial, witty, worldly-wise bachelor, whom Beatrice had once or twice met and not taken very seriously. Now his manner toward her had an obsolete touch of gallantry about it. But his gravity, when he talked with her in the library at the end of his visit to her father, was disquieting. He knew, he said, what a shock it must have been to her to come home, unwarned, and find him like this, but she must contrive to control her feelings and do nothing to excite him. He'd had a terrific blow on the head. The car that had hit him had pitched him head first against one of the steel pillars of the elevated railroad, with a noise, the horrified chauffeur had said, like a pile-driver. The scalp had burst wide open from the impact.

Apparently the skull wasn't fractured—tho it wasn't always easy to be sure of this. Anyhow he'd sustained a terrible concussion of the brain. The only treatment for this was to keep him warm and quiet. "He's bothering over some confusion in his memory. It's a wonder he hasn't lost it altogether, temporarily. But don't try to prod it by asking him questions or helping him put two and two together. Let it alone. He's clearing up fast enough as it is." She readily promised obedience in this matter, and asked for further instructions in the details of feeding, temperature-taking, and so on.

She was sorry these duties were not more exacting, for the one thing about her feelings she was sure of was that she didn't want to be left sitting round doing nothing. She didn't want to try to appraise the impulse that had taken her back to her father's bedside just before the doctor came, nor to decide whether she had meant, by asking him to forgive her, a renunciation of George Burns or not. As a method of not thinking she dressed rather carefully for dinner, which was still a half-hour off when the doctor left.

IT WAS while she was eating this solitary meal and wishing she'd telephoned Jennie MacArthur to come down and share it, with her that she heard the door-bell ring, and a wonder whether it mightn't actually be Jennie made her heart momentarily stop when opened the door. It was, tho, a rather coarse-sounding man's voice asking for Mr. Greer. Anson shut the door at this point and she heard no more, but it struck her as odd that it took him as long as it did to get rid of the visitor. He explained when returning his duties in the dining-room that the man had found something her father had evidently lost and had been dispossed to insist on seeing Mr. Greer with the idea of being rewarded for his trouble. Anson had satisfied him by paying him five dollars out of his own pocket.

"Was it those papers he's been worrying about?" Beatrice asked. Anson couldn't say as to that, but they were what appeared to be some papers in a very dirty envelop, addressed to Mr. Greer. He had put them on Mr. Greer's writing-desk in the library.

It was in a spirit of sheer idleness that the girl, when she had repaired to this room for an afternoon cigaret, went over to the desk and looked at the envelop. It was a plain legal-size envelop that had been sealed and roughly torn open. It was crumpled and smeared with mud, and the sheaf of typewritten sheets it contained bulged out a little and was threatened with contamination. The impulse that moved her to withdraw it altogether was perhaps half curiosity as to whether this was, after all, the document whose loss Mr. Greer had so dis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Hurry! Use 35c Danderine

Don't let hair fall out and dandruff stay. Neglect means a bald spot shortly. A little "Danderine" now will save your hair. This delightful tonic cleans the scalp of every particle of dandruff, tightens the hair-root pores, so the hair stops coming out and so the vitalizing oils, which are the very life and strength of the hair, can not ooze away.

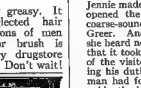
Danderine is not sticky or greasy. It has made weak, sick, neglected hair strong and healthy for millions of men and women. Your comb or brush is warning you. Hurry to any drugstore and get a 35-cent bottle now. Don't wait!

THE FAMOUS WING—At Factory Price

Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Dec. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save $150 to $300. **40 year guarantee.** 38 styles of Wing Pianos and Players to choose from. Thousands in use thruout U. S. We will refer to owners near you. Write at once for our offer of free trial in your home till Dec. 1, 1922, and get

FREE TRIAL TILL DEC. 1 1922

$295



The Book of Complete Information About Pianos

sent to you free with our reduced bed-rock factory prices and easy terms.

WING & SON 13th Street and 9th Avenue, New York City

One of our 38 styles

Also Players and Grands

Do you need more money?

I will tell you an easy way to have more money to spend

Thousands of women have a vital need for more money—to properly bring up their family—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate their children—to pay doctor bills, etc. Many of them have been helped in this problem and now have money to spend and a permanent assured income by becoming our representatives and selling our

Write me at once!

World's Star Hosiery and KleenKnit Underwear

to their friends and neighbors. As we have shown them we can show you a fine, independent way to have more money to spend.

We've Helped More Than 27,000

They are now enjoying large and prosperous businesses with constantly increasing sales. With our help their incomes are growing larger every day. You can do the same as they have done. Write today! We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalog—shows how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. *Protected territory—prompt deliveries.*

We have been in business for twenty-seven years.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO. DEPT. 108 BAY CITY, MICH

Never neglect cuts!

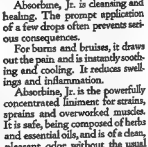
Be safe rather than sorry. Infection lurks where least expected. When tools and implements slip and cut the flesh, apply an antiseptic.

Absorbine, Jr. is cleansing and healing. The prompt application of a few drops often prevents serious consequences.

For burns and bruises, it draws out the pain and is instantly soothing and cooling. It reduces swellings and inflammation.

Absorbine, Jr. is the powerfully concentrated liniment for strains, sprains and overworked muscles. It is safe, being composed of herbs and essential oils, and is of a clean, pleasant odor without the usual liniment stain.

Know more about this remarkable guardian of the skin, and its uses. Write for



At most druggists, $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c, postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
173 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Maternity

STYLE BOOK FREE

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Very latest modes, cleverly designed to conceal condition. Patented adjustments provide expansion.

Style Book FREE

76-page Style Book, picturing latest styles in Maternity Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Corsets. *Write today.*

Address Dept. 37

Lane Bryant 38th & 39th Sts. **New York**

freckles

Why tolerate them? You were never born with freckles. For years they stayed and grew and then suddenly removed them with

Stillman's Freckle Cream

It clears the skin, making it white and smooth. Comes in two strengths. Write to us if your druggist has not supply. We will send you a full size package. Money refunded immediately. Send for book, "Wonderful Thing" for Pale Faces" full of helpful beauty hints.

Now sold in every city and town

Stillman Cream Co., Dept. B, Aurora, Ill.

10 Buys $100 Engel "Art Corners"

Millions of Photos in use today

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

No Paste Needed

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart-of-Heart shapes, gold, silver, colors, etc. Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for free sample and stock Quick-Easy-Artistic. No mess, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stationery stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full package and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 11E, 117 N. Clark St., Chicago

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

— Every Deaf Person Knows That —

I make myself hear, since being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 8, 1909

BOYS WANTED!

You Can Earn Spending Money and Prizes! Write to Mr. D. V. Hill, Sales-manager, YOUNG HUSTLERS DIVISION, THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, Seventh Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Boudoir Upright

This dainty, companionable, upright is our smallest and least expensive, yet it is essentially a musician's piano. Not a dollar spent on it for display nor a penny spared which could add to tone quality, structural integrity or intrinsic worth.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are now used in over 500 Educational Institutions and 70,000 homes. Write for our complete catalogue of grands, players and uprights, with valuable information to buyers.

How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos from the factory on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
171 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name.....

Address.....

A Bran Dish

That's delicious

Pettijohn's is a soft-wheat dainty which hides 25% of flake bran.

The bran is in flake form. Each flake is hidden in a flavory bit of wheat.

The purpose is to make bran food delightful. To make it a welcome breakfast dish, appetizing and delightful

Try Pettijohn's for a week or two. You will like the delicious flavor. You will agree that Pettijohn's is an ideal cereal, and we believe you will always use it.

The Quaker Oats Company

$1.50 POSTPAID

Crumb Tray and Scraper

This service set will delight any housekeeper. Made of metal, enameled and decorated with pretty fruit design. Will keep bright indefinitely. Set, $1.50 postpaid. Ask for No. 4307. On request we will be glad to send catalogs of "Shower Gifts" and for the Pohlson Year Book of Gifts for all occasions. Look for the Pohlson things in stores and gift shops.

Pohlson Gift Shop, Dept. 2, Pawtucket, R. I.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

tressed her father, and the other half mere fastidiousness.

With a gingerly pinch of her finger-tips she conveyed the envelop to the waste-paper basket. The stiff sheets in the other hand sprung open, and she glanced idly at their typewritten contents. She had no sense of prying. She had assumed all along that the papers related to some matter of business, and business was something in which she took the most tepid interest. But her attention was caught by the first line her eye fell upon.

"Party was met at corner of Broadway and . . ." Why, that was the drug-store corner where she used to meet George! "by young lady driving 1918 model Archer roadster, license number——"

It was the report of a detective agency upon her and George, from the twentieth of October, the week of her father's return from the Northwest, to the fifteenth of November, when she'd gone North with him again. It was a pretty thorough job of spying, she noted, not many of their meetings had been missed.

The thing was loathsome—this was what she felt first, before any thought of the consequences of its revelations had time to form in her mind; loathsome in the chop-licking, leering nastiness of its attitude, its implications—even its very English, the here an attempt had been made to give it a businesslike, impersonal cast.

In her mind she knew it was her father who had put this affront upon her—the phraseology of the report made this explicit—yet it was a good while before her anger crystallized itself against him. Every one she knew, including herself, seemed bedaubed with the same smeary stuff. People were like that. Her mother and her grandparents had spied upon her as soon as a sense of a proprietorial right over her licensed his jealousy.

She wanted to get clear of them all, where she could live naked in an empty world. But there was no such world. All worlds were thick with people, loving, hating, spying. She entertained the idea of killing herself. Her father had two or three revolvers and she knew where he kept them. It would serve him right if she did that! Only it would be playing his game, as far as George was concerned. And, besides, it wouldn't be fair to George.

She wasn't thinking of George as a lover. That detective's report had put her out of conceit with love—made it seem dirty to her. It was hard to realize that it was only this afternoon she had been looking at Mrs. Henderson's rooms, pretending to be George's wife. But he was her friend, anyhow. He and Jennie MacArthur were the two squarest people she knew. So she couldn't kill herself. She couldn't even run away without seeing him first.

AT HALF past eight or thereabout she heard her father ring, and on impulse she forestalled Anson and answered it herself. She carried the detective's report along with her, rolled up tight in one hand. She had forgotten Doctor Bennett's orders as well as a resolution of her own not to see her father again nor speak to him until he was well, nor until her own mind was made up as to what she was going to do.

"Good!" he said, crisply, at sight of her in the doorway. "It was you I wanted to see."

"You look better since your nap," she remarked.

"I feel like the devil," he told her; "but my mind's cleared up all right. That's why I want to talk to you, without waiting any longer. Sit down."

She obeyed him without a word. He waited a moment longer before he spoke again. Then, "I've got the goods on you, Trix. I know what you've been up to with this man Burns."

"Yes, and I know what you've been up to, too," she countered. "I've been reading this." She tossed the document contemptuously upon the bed. His left hand groped for it, but couldn't quite reach it. "It's the report of your detectives," she added.

"Where in hell did you get hold of that?" he asked.

"A man brought it to the door while I was at dinner," she told him. "He wanted a reward for it, and Anson paid him. The envelop was torn open and a bit muddy. It fell out of your pocket, I suppose, when you were bit by that cur. The man had read it, of course—and goodness knows how many other people. Not that that matters much—to anybody. I spent an hour reading it myself. It's pretty good. Gave you what you wanted, anyhow. And it'll save a lot of sob-stuff—between you and me, I mean."

She was elated by the knowledge that she was hurting him savagely. He writhed and then, at the pain this movement cost him, groaned out, "Oh, God!"

"You'd better lie still," she went on, quietly. "I'm going to tell you what I meant about the sob-stuff. We had quite a lot of it the other time, when George brought me home drunk. All about how you loved me and were going to trust me just the same. Jennie was going to stay here to take care of me and be my friend while you were away. But the past was going to be forgotten. It was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

176 Steps for Hot Biscuits, or 25?

With a NAPANEE Kitchenet you may know how many steps you save on every dish prepared

THERE is no uncertainty about the greater value of a *Napanee*. No indefinite claims.

On the most unquestionable authority you know exactly what the *Napanee* will do for you. Its actual value is simply amazing. It holds the record for time and labor-saving in the kitchen. It is the greatest known household labor saver.

We never knew before what was the exact value of this greater cabinet. We never knew the appalling effort women make to get three meals every day, year in and year out.

Now we know both. We know the *Napanee* will actually save three quarters of the daily steps in getting meals.

Amazing discoveries

By actual tests it was found, that the effort women spend in getting meals was most distressing. But the savings the use of a *Napanee* brought were almost unbelievable!

Mr. Harrington Emerson, the famous Efficiency Engineer in collaboration with leading Domestic Scientists, found that where 996 steps were taken to get a simple dinner, the same cook could get the same dinner in the same kitchen with only 262 steps with the aid of a *Napanee Kitchenet!* 734 steps saved on this one meal alone! And he found similar savings on every meal when the *Napanee* was used!

Thus these authorities proved conclusively that 75 steps out of every 100 taken in getting meals were saved by the use of a *Napanee*.

This is certainly one of the most important discoveries ever made for housewives. Weary, footsore women everywhere give heartfelt thanks for it.

Get their report

Get the report of these authorities. You will see how you can get hot biscuits with only 25 steps instead of 176! How you can make apple pie with only 36 steps instead of 260. You will learn what a *Napanee* means to your strength and health. Thousands of women are blessing this book. Send for it in simple justice to yourself.

A greater cabinet

The superior design of the *Napanee* is based on a scientific study of kitchen needs. It is designed to make motions and minutes count. It is not like other cabinets. Its newer, greater aids and convenience are the reasons for its extraordinary savings.

Your dealer will gladly show you the *Napanee superiorities*. Send for the Emerson report too, to aid you in ending kitchen drudgery.

NAPANEE
Dutch
KITCHENET

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK
NAPPANEE, IND.

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK,
Dept. 810-A Nappanee, Indiana
Please send me "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the report of the tests made by the Emerson Engineers on the preparation of meals.

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Free Booklet & Sample Lessons

How To Learn Piano

Piano Lesson

Stop Wondering *How* I Teach Piano I'll *Show* You, FREE

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time. Year after year my school has grown and grown until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1921 over a thousand students *graduated* from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891 my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every state of the Union and in fact practically every civilized country of the world unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment *for a short time.* Simply send in your name and address on a letter or postcard and the 64-page booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within your lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to *investigate.* Send letter or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio PR 50 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

SEVEN-ROOM HOUSE NO. 702

Designed for the Service Dept., American Face Brick Assn.

This attractive Dutch Colonial Bungalow is one of the ninety-six beautiful homes shown in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans." The charm and simplicity of the exterior suggests the coziness and comfort of the interior. The arranging of the living room, dining room, porch and hall is one of the distinctive features of this house.

Homes of Lasting Satisfaction

BEAUTY, durability, fire-safety, comfort and economy are the things every builder wants in his home. All are to be found, to a surpassing degree, in the one material—Face Brick.

The realization of this fact by home-builders, who view home-building as a permanent investment, is responsible for the amazing increase in the number of Face Brick homes, both large and small, which are being built in all parts of the country.

Every prospective home-builder should have "The Story of Brick," an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes. It discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness, and other kindred subjects. It points out, in a few words, the savings that go with a Face Brick house more than wipe out the slightly higher first cost of Face Brick over less beautiful and less durable materials. "The Story of Brick" is sent free on request.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses and 7 to 8-room houses, in all ninety-six, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents, preferably in stamps.

We have the complete working drawings, specifications and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices. Select from the booklets the designs you like best and order the plans, even if you are not going to build now, for their study will be not only interesting and instructive, but helpful in formulating your future plans for a home.

You may want "The Home of Beauty," fifty designs, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and floor plans. Sent for 50 cents in stamps. We also distribute complete working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for these houses at nominal prices. Address, American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

a clean slate, you said. I suppose you thought she'd spy on me, anyway. Maybe you told her to. But she didn't. Jennie was square—with me and with you, too. But when you came back she hadn't anything bad to tell you about me. So, before you'd been home a week you hired detectives—to get the goods on me like you said."

He contradicted her here. "I didn't. I didn't put detectives on you. I put 'em on that dog of a chauffeur I'd fired for getting too familiar with you. And God knows I was right to do it."

"Oh, yes, you were right," she admitted. "You thought you'd get me that way, and you did. But if you'd trusted me like you pretended to, or loved me one little bit—the way a girl's father is supposed to—you wouldn't have believed it. That's why I say we can cut out the sob-stuff."

"You stop talking a minute and listen," he commanded. "I happen to want you to get this straight. Burns gave me as a reference when he applied for this job in the air mail. I was fool enough to write them a good strong letter about him. Said he had left me voluntarily to improve his position and I thought he deserved to. I put in everything I could think of to help him. So when I came home after he'd got the job, I wanted to see how he was getting on. Asked the superintendent about him. I stopped at the field one morning, thinking I'd see him take the mail out; wish him luck and so on. Burns wasn't there; just too late. He was still in sight, headed south along the lake when I got there. So I stopped and asked for the mechanic. The man had quite a lot to say about him and his luck. One thing he said was that Burns was a hit with the women. There was one swell Jane, he said, used to meet him quite often. Came out sometimes in a big car.

"Trix, I swear I didn't think it was you. Wouldn't believe it was you. But I knew you were sore because I'd let him go. You gave that away the first night we had dinner after I came back. Down at the restaurant—remember? I thought it best to explain to you that he was running with somebody else you'd quit thinking about him. That's why I told the agency to look him up. I never thought they'd give you with him."

"Why not?" she asked. Her reason had accepted his explanation as about half true. "Why shouldn't it have been you?"

His face darkened. "Why not?" he echoed. "Because I couldn't believe it of you. I couldn't believe that a daughter of mine could ever lower herself to be the private enap of a discharged chauffeur. Why, good God, Trix, when I read that paper this morning in Nathan's office—something queer happened to me. I didn't know where I was. I don't know now where I went after I left there, until that car hit me. When I came to I thought perhaps the whole thing had been a kind of nightmare that I'd had since I got hurt—going to Nathan's office and reading that damned paper and all. And when you put your face down on my hand a while ago and said you—you wanted me to love you again——"

His voice broke at that, and she felt the tears coming up into her eyes. "Trix!" he cried at sight of them. "Tell me it isn't true—the stuff in that paper. Tell me it's a lie from beginning to end. Say the bare word and I'll believe you, even now!"

She took him up. "If isn't true," she said, quietly.

At the blankly incredulous stare this drew from him she uttered a short laugh. "What it says is true," she went on. "But what that detective thinks, isn't true. What you think, either. George is in love with me, but he wants to marry me. I didn't know whether I wanted to marry him or not, but I'm going to now."

THERE was a long silence between them after that. She knew it for a lull rather than the end, but she waited comfortably, feeling very solid and invincible. She'd never said outright that she—even to herself—that she was going to marry George, and the declaration steadied her.

"If that's true—" her father began at last, but he finished over her smile and revised the sentence. "As long as that's true, say the word and I'll buy tickets tomorrow for a trip around the Mediterranean cruise. Algiers—Cairo; ride around on camels and things. We could start right after Christmas. I could get away by then, I think."

Her momentary security collapsed. It was a dazzling picture he drew. Travel, adventure, bright colors in the sunshine, hot sands, camels! But he didn't stop there; hardly paused.

"I wish we could start to-morrow! It's this next couple of months. That's only half the bargain, Trix. You'll have to cut this other business out, absolutely. No tapering off with last farewells and that sort of stuff. You've been with him long enough. You've got by so far, it's just a plain miracle. Take my word for that. I know how those things go."

"I suppose you do," she said, reflectively, and this stopped him short, with a dull flush and a shifting of the eyes. "I wonder," she persisted, "if you ever saved a girl—against herself, the way George has saved me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Plant Peonies Now!

The Most Splendid Flower in Cultivation

Our collection is one of the largest in the world. We guarantee our peonies true to name. The following collections we recommend:

Old Garden Collection

Alexandre Dumas, pink . . . $0.50
Augusta Lemoine, white 75
Charlemagne, lilac 75
Duchesse de Nemours 50
Felix Crousse, red 75
Jenny Lind, light pink 75
Queen Victoria, white 50
$4.75

This entire collection for - **$3.75**

Mother's Collection

Livingstone, lilac-rose, $1.50; Mme. Boyle, white, $1.50; Madame Calot, pink, $1.00; Marie Lemoine, ivory-white, $1.00; Rubra Superba, deep crimson, $1.00; Sulphurea, yellow, $1.50. Total, $7.00. This entire collection for $6.00.

America's Supreme Collection

Aurora, white, $2.00; Carmea, pink, $2.25; Madame Augusta Dessert, carmine, $2.50; Madame Emile, white, $2.00; Festiva, pink, $3.00; Eugene Bigot, red, $2.50. Total, $12.75. This entire collection for $10.00.

World's Best Collection

Elle Chevalier, Tyrian rose, $3.50. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, pink, $3.00. Glamonde, pink, $4.00; Grover Cleveland, crimson, $3.00; Marie Crousse, pink, $1.00; Mme. Kitchener, cherry-red, $3.00. Total, $20.50. This entire collection for $17.50.

Hardy Climbing Roses

One year old—field grown. All will bloom next season. Should be planted this fall before freezing weather.

American Pillar, apple-blossom pink $0.75
American Beauty, red—everybody's favorite 75
Silver Moon, pure white 75
Artemesi Hybrid, golden yellow 75
Christine Wright, wild-rose pink 75
Rambler, Dr. Walsh, deep pink (Crimson Rambler) . . .75
Dr. W. Van Fleet, silver pink 75
Dorothy Perkins—red, 75c; white, 75c; pink 75

Any 6 of above Climbing Roses for $3.75

Paul Scarlet Climber, dazzling scarlet; a great favorite, $1.00. Dr. Huey, deep crimson; one of the latest creations, $1.00.

The Lot for **Darwin Tulips**—Mixed - - - - $1.00

Clara Butt, apple-blossom pink; Farncomb Sanders, brilliant red; La Tulipe Noir, jet black; Pride of Haarlem, violet rose; Painted Lady, creamy white; Philippus De Commines, purple; Wedding Veil, soft lilac; Rev. Ewbank, flushed lilac. Mrs. Potter Palmer, bright violet; Gretchen, delicate flesh color. Rose Queen, lilac rose. Nora Ware, silver lilac. One dozen, your choice, $1.00. 50 for $3.50. 100 for $6.00.

PEONIES FOR PLEASURE. A beautiful booklet describing the best peonies for every purpose. Tells how to plant. A great treatise for every peony admirer. Tells how and helpful cultural directions. Send for your copy today.

The Good & Reese Company
Department 15 Springfield, Ohio
Largest Rose Growers in the World

Special Price 59c

You'll admire this No. 96 Buffet Set with its beautiful hand-made lace. Mats, 12 x 27 and 12 x 12 inches; Bread Basket for outline; Flowers for French Knot and Lazy Daisy Embroidery. Stamped with outline for Lace Edge on Linen-finished Indian Head, including 7 skeins of floss. Complete as described, postpaid—a truly remarkable value!

Stamped on best quality Embroidery Linen, including 7 skeins of cotton. Special at $1.15. Color Chart Booklet, free. We shall be glad to have stitch set for crochet edge.

Ask for Embroidery Catalog No. 23. Full of new suggestions. Money-saving prices

FRIEDMAN-SHERSCHEIN
6454 S. Marshfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Catalog No. 23 — Write for it Today — Established 1907

FREE FREE FREE

NEW, TWO-TONED

RUGS

at a saving of ½

Write today for beautiful rug book describing the wonderful OLSON patented process by which we make

OLD CARPETS
Rugs and Clothing

First, we clean and re-spin your material, then dye and reweave it into fashionable two-toned new

OLSON Velvety Rugs

any color you want, any size—reversible, seamless, firmly woven, bright, rich-toned, rugs that rival the high-priced Wilton and Axminster, and will stand the hardest kind of wear. In use in over one million homes.

FREE TRIAL—Your choice guaranteed or money refunded. We pay you for your material. Every order completed in 10 days. Write today.

FREE Write at once for this unusual book, showing actual photographs in full colors, and containing the genuine, frank, straight, or parrot-cage talk of the rug factory in world dealing direct with home. Send today.

Olson Rug Co., Dept. T-45, 93 Lafin St., Chicago

PARK AVENUE HOTEL
4th Avenue from 32nd to 33rd Streets
NEW YORK
Subway entrance at door

One of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres and in the heart of the wholesale district.

Rooms from $2.25 per day upwards

POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT

George C. Brown, Proprietor

TRY THIS ON YOUR HAIR 15 DAYS
SEND TODAY FOR THE TRIAL

Hair-specialists are agreed that thinning out of the hair is due to a microbe in the scalp, so it was not difficult to achieve a tremendous falling hair, baldness, scaly hair, excess dandruff, bald patches and itchy, scaly dandruff. The first method strengthens the hair roots, and makes the scalp healthy and sanitary. Send your name and address now for the 15 days' home trial at our risk.

AYMES CO. K25 2823 North Western Avenue CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NOT HOW CHEAP—BUT HOW GOOD

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHEREVER window shades are operating silently and unnoticed, you will usually find that they are mounted on Hartshorn Rollers. For Hartshorn is the guarantee of unvarying perfection in window shade service.

Are you getting the perfect shade service you should?

Hartshorn
SHADE ROLLERS AND WINDOW SHADE FABRICS

For further interesting and valuable information on how to solve your window shade problems, write

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.,
Established 1860
292 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

"Drop that fine, right there!" he commanded. "That isn't decent."

"I wasn't trying to be decent," she said, flatlessly, "but that's as you like. Only I don't see why you should be so down on me marrying him."

"Then you don't read the papers. Good Lord. Trix, you're out of your head! Just about every other day there's some fool daughter of a rich man runs off with her father's chauffeur, and it always ends either in a shooting or in the divorce court. This is my fault, in a way. I was a fool to let you run with him the way you did when you first came. I didn't wake up till it was most too late. But I'm awake now, all right. There's no argument on George Burns. He's out!"

"Dad—" she began, but paused a moment to search her mind. She'd never been so deeply serious in her life, nor felt so compelling a need to dig out the truth "Dad, I'm in love with George. I—want him. I'm not silly about him any more I was at first, like those girls in the papers. But I've learned a lot in these last six months—and I always did know more than you thought I did. I didn't want to fall in love with him. I was frightened about it. But I couldn't stop. So I don't see what else there is for me to do. If I married somebody else, then I wasn't in love with. I don't know what I might do. And if I don't marry anybody— Dad, you must know how it is! I'm like you; I must be, because I'm not like mother a bit. Dad, he's *good!* He's kind and he's—square. He's never tried to take any advantage. He's believed in me—through everything. And he's seen enough, goodness knows! And if you'd be friendly to us and help him a little— He isn't a chauffeur now and he isn't ever going to be again."

SHE saw she was getting nowhere with the plea. Her father's face was set. "Good!" she flared out. "He's too good for me; that's the only trouble. He's the best man I know. He's better than either of us."

"Like fun he is!" said Joe. "I didn't mean to spring this on you, but I guess it's time I did. I'm going to clean up this bird. Go to the small middle drawer in my desk and bring me a plain sealed envelop you'll find there. Bring it in just as it is," he called after her when without a word she had gone on the errand. She hated herself for being frightened, but there was no disguising the fact that she was. "Now, open it," he commanded when once more she stood before him. "Look and see what's inside."

It was a canceled check for a thousand dollars, made out to George Burns, and bearing her father's signature. "Turn it over and look at the indorsement," he added. "You know his handwriting, I guess."

She obeyed him mechanically. "What was this for?" she asked. She managed to make her voice ring cold and hard enough, but she sat down quickly in the chair she had recently quitted.

"Doesn't the date tell you anything?" he asked. It was back in August. "Why, that's the day I fired him. The day he brought you home drunk. As you say, he'd seen enough."

She nodded, no word for word, her former question, this time with a peremptory emphasis. "What was this check *for*?"

It stung him to an outburst of anger. "Why, if you want it straight, it was the price he got for keeping his mouth shut and for letting you alone."

"Blackmail?" she asked.

"Call it that if you like. That was the understanding between us. He's doubled on half of it, it seems. Whether he has on the other or not I don't know. Anyhow, there's your paragon. And there's how much in love with you he is. Less than a thousand dollars' worth!"

She felt herself strangled, drowning, and she beat her way frantically back to breathable air. "I know you're a liar," she gasped, "and I believe you're lying about this." Then, more to the purpose, as her intelligence came to the rescue, "If that's what he is, why did you recommend him for the air service? And why did you go down to see him off and wish him luck the day his mechanic told you about me?"

The fierceness of her attack had won her a moment's breathing space. She folded the check and tucked it into the bosom of her dress.

"What are you doing with that?" he demanded.

"I'm going to show it to him to-morrow; see what his side of the story is. Maybe he's what you say he is. I don't know about anybody, any more. But I want his own word for this."

With that she rose to leave him He struggled to sit erect, but dropped back with an uncontrollable groan of anguish.

"Never mind about that," he told her. "But listen to this so there won't be any mistake about it. Back last April, some time, I asked you to come and be my daughter. I'd got along without you all right till then. I can get along without you now. And if you ever that dog again, even if it's only to match his word against mine, I'm through. Perhaps you'd better not tell him so till after he's married you.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

De Bevoise Brassiere
ORIGINAL—BEST

Interpreting the Mode

FEW of us have figures conforming wholly to the current youthful silhouette. Yet straight, unbroken lines can easily be achieved by wearing the newest DeBevoise creation — the Diaphragm Bandeau.

Three light bones provide gentle, restful support to the diaphragm. The bones are instantly removable when the garment is to be laundered. Elastic inserts maintain a trim, smart waistline.

The bandeau successfully creates the flat bodice effect and straight back-line demanded by fashion. This slenderizing Diaphragm Bandeau, together with scores of other DeBevoise originations, will be found in the Brassiere Departments of the best stores everywhere.

Permit us to send you a folder illustrative of modish "Debbevoice" Brassieres and Bandeaux.

Made, Labeled and Guaranteed by
Chas. R. DeBevoise, Newark, N. J.
World's oldest and largest Brassiere Manufacturers

De Bevoise
·Brassieres·that·Beautify·
ALL FIGURES ALL OCCASIONS ALL PRICES

Youth Vanishes With Gray Hair

A Woman is as Old as Her Hair

Girlish yesterday—mature today—aged tomorrow. Such is the quick transit of woman's charm. Yesterday's glorious tresses of beauteous brown replaced today by faded, streaked gray hair. The unthinking world, never considering her years, pronounces her old. Unfair and unnecessary this judgment.

BROWNATONE

The youth preservative that defies the march of time is Brownatone. Thousands of the best women have kept young their appearance by tinting their hair with this guaranteed harmless preparation. With Brownatone any woman can tint her hair at home, safely and easily, without fuss or muss, to any shade of golden, brown, or black. Will not rub or wash off. At drug and toilet counters 50c and $1.50. For trial bottle send 10c to cover postage and packing to

THE KENTON PHARMACAL COMPANY
809 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky. Canada Address Windsor, Ont.
Use NoTone Lemonated Shampoo to improve the natural gloss and fluffiness of your hair. At druggists or direct, Large Bottle 50 cents

Become an ARTIST!

BIG PRICES PAID FOR DRAWINGS

Well-trained commercial artists earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week, and sometimes even more. If you truly have developed your talent—money, recognition and fame are always at a premium. LEARN AT HOME QUICKLY.

The Federal Master Course contains practical lessons by best-selling illustrators and designers. Every step is clear and simple, so progress is rapid. You receive individual personal attention on your work. Write for "YOUR FUTURE," a 56-page book telling every detail, and how to turn your spare hours into money. To anyone 16 years old or over, it is free for the asking—write today, kindly stating your age.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
827 Federal School Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Rock-A-Bye

BABY is safe and happy in a Rock-A-Bye Swing No. 34. It cannot twist around, and baby cannot fall out. White swing and stand re-inforced with steel. Place it anywhere and baby is satisfied. At dealers or by express. Send for Nursery Specialties Catalog.

Perfection Mfg. Co.,
2700 S. Jefferson, ST. LOUIS, MO.

COMPLETE $5.00

Be a Nurse

Learn in spare time at home

Earn $30 — $35 a week

Every woman should learn. We train her in spare time at home. Practical Nurse, Mother's and Helper's Courses by our fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Nurses' System, endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn while learning

If you are over 18 and under 56 years of age write for free book with full details of Nurses' Home-Study Course and FREE OUTFIT OFFER.

Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. 410, 421 Ashland Blvd., Chicago

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Your Home
—built with ease and economy!

And here is a mighty organization of thirty great departments ready to serve you. Managed by expert materials buyers, designers and practical builders. We have vast stocks bought at huge quantity price savings which are now at your command. Our sole aim and purpose is

To help you get a home that will prove entirely satisfactory at a price that will mean a substantial saving in actual dollars of your money

The combined efforts of these great departments in experimenting and testing materials and methods of construction have produced for you a GUARANTEED home, expert machine cut, bundled and marked—the last word in building economy.

Not One Penny in Advance—So sure are we of the super-excellence of our material and our GUARANTEED Ready-Cut System that we will ship you any HARRIS HOME without the payment of one cent down. Our Plan Book explains our liberal terms fully.

FREE Plan Book—The latest edition is waiting for you, contains our Free Plan Offer and photographic reproductions, with floor plans and specifications of 100 beautiful homes. Mail coupon.

Building Material of All Kinds—For over a quarter of a century, thrifty wise buyers have realized that here is the "open door" to real economy, whether it be a brand new home or material for improvements or repairs. Our big stocks of brand new building material, all purchased in tremendous quantities at savings that are passed along to you, are ready for quick and complete shipments.

"PRESTO-UP" Patented Bolt-Together Buildings!

The wonder buildings of the age. Guaranteed buildings for quick Industrial housing, Individual Homes, etc., extra strong, practical, and suitable for all year 'round habitation in any climate. 500 different plans. They come to you in easily handled sections—painted and stained, ready to bolt together and move in.

Plumbing and Heating

Hot water and steam heating systems, warm air heating plants, pipeless furnaces and plumbing material of every kind—the product of America's leading makers. Our mammoth plumbing stock offers you unlimited possibilities for you to save money. Our heating plants are guaranteed to heat your home in any weather with big fuel economy. Mail coupon for our Plumbing and Heating Book and get the benefit of our expert Engineering Service.

FREE Book of Plans

Harris Brothers Co.
Chicago
Dept. NS-18

Those Books are FREE and postpaid. Mark an "X" in the squares to indicate which ones you wish.

☐ Plans ☐ Building
☐ Home ☐ Material
Book of Plans ☐ Catalog
☐ Book of "Presto-up" Houses and Garages
☐ Plumbing and Heating Book

Name
Address

HARRIS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. NS- 18 1340-1525 W. 35th St., CHICAGO

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear almost instantly.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact . $1.50
Parker-Belmont Rouge Compact . . $1.00
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream . . . $1.00
Powdered Sterilizer (sterilizes) . . $1.00
PARKER BELMONT & CO., 2256 Cybourn Av., Chicago

New Methods in Child Training

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how to train your home to willingness, cheerfulness and obedience—and eliminate nervousness and other dangerous habits which, if not promptly remedied, lead to life crimes. Control of the mind is the most essential thing in the child and so studied by Dr. Marden. The new method removes the cause—not the symptom. Thousands of homes and schools are using it. Mothers who are seemingly easy for their children's apple.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an Illustrated Course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable results in thousands of homes. Endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from infancy to eighteen years.

Free Book In this little booklet is told the story of a startling book which gives the secret of new success and confidence, the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the booklet is yours free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

"New Methods in Child Training"

The Parents Association
Dept. 5816 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

High School Course in 2 Years You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to colleges and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other special courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY!

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H. 7900 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME

Take orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Our agents get big business. Nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today!

National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 2X
372 Broadway, N. Y.

We Pay $7 a Day

taking orders for new Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Write for guarantee with each pair to wear and satisfy or new hose free.

MEN OR WOMEN

Your own position. No lay-offs. Regular customers and repeat orders make you a steady income and a big paying business. Big money for spare time. No experience is necessary. Write for complete line of samples.

JENNINGS MFG. CO.
Dept. 1 Dayton, Ohio

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

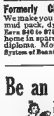
For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets Now Yours

We make you expert in all branches, such as muscle strap, mud pack, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. Save $50 to $75 a week. Learn without leave. Attended home in spare time. Earn while learning. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 2316, 1000 Diversey Blvd., Chicago

Be an Expert Dress Designer



Women—Girls—15 or over, can easily learn Dress and Costume Designing during their spare time at home. Be a professional designer. Earn $45 to $100 a week. Many Start Parlors in Homes. Every woman who now does plain sewing should take up Designing.

Dance Gowns
Gown Price List
Instructions 20-22
Dresses 23-25

Handmade Lesson Model
Dress Form

Send for Free Booklet and Sample Lesson

Franklin Institute
Dept. H 714
Rochester, N.Y.

Send me, AT ONCE, free sample lesson in Dressdesign checked.
☐ Dress Designing
☐ Millinery

Name
Address

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

It might make some difference to him, I mean it, Trix. That's a promise I won't break, anyhow."

"Oh, we're at the end, all right, whatever I do about George. We'd have come to smash about something, I suppose, if it hadn't been for him. We're too much alike; that's the trouble with us. Just a little more difference and we might have made it. I—I wish we had!"

Suddenly she turned away from him, feeling she couldn't bear the look in his face. "I guess I may as well go now," she added roughly. "No use dragging out the agony any longer, is there?"

She left the room swiftly without waiting for a reply, but a few minutes later, clad in a big fur coat he had given her before they went North and with her purse in the pocket of it, she reappeared in his doorway. She could perfectly well have taken time to change and pack, but it was better drama like this, and she needed all the support she could get. The little bag in the downtown hotel made it easy.

"You don't mean you're going now!" her father cried. "Not at this time of night! Where could you go?"

She saw he didn't believe she meant it. "It isn't late," she said. "Not much after nine. And there are plenty of hotels. I've still got that good old original five hundred, you see. Most of it. I do mean it, Dad. I'm really going. It wouldn't do any good to wait till morning. It would only mean that we'd have another big fight—and they aren't good for you. I know you're like this."

She went over to the side of the room where he was, moving warily as she approached the bed, and, bending down, rang his bell. "Some farewell orders to Anson, was all the explanation she vouchsafed.

When the man answered the summons, she said, "I'm going away, Anson. I'd like you to telephone Miss MacArthur. Tell her how things are and say I expect her to come here and take charge till father's around again. And I think you'd better telephone the doctor, too. He said dad was to be quiet, and haven't been, very, so perhaps he'll be worse. That's all, I guess."

Anson hesitated, expecting, perhaps, some contradictory word from his employer, but none came, and he turned to go. "Wait a minute," Trix called and held out her hand to him. "Good-by," she said as he came back and took it. "You've been awfully nice to me, Anson."

"Good-by, Miss Beatrice."

He bowed gravely, without the slightest change of manner, and went away to telephone. "That's the kind of person to be," she commented, as she turned, wet-eyed, to her father.

She wanted a breath and a gulp or two before she could be sure of any voice to go on with. "I'd kiss you good-by," she said, with another laugh—mostly sob, this time —"if I wasn't afraid you'd wring my neck if you got hold of me. Because I do love you, Dad. I guess I always will, whatever happens. I'm glad I came last April—and I'm sorry I've got to go away now."

"You don't have to," he suggested. "This is all your own doing."

She was in the doorway when he said that, and she turned to it. "Will you meet George with me when he comes back from Cleveland to-morrow, and see what he's got to say about this check?"

But she saw from his look, before she'd done speaking, that he took this as a symptom of weakness in the threatened departure as a bluff. So without giving him time to refuse she went straight on. "Oh, of course, I didn't do any good. Very likely I'd go with him anyhow. Good-by."

She took a taxi to the hotel where she'd checked her hand-bag, with the idea of stopping there for the night, but in the lobby a wave of homesickness broke over her, and on an obscure impulse she telephoned to Mrs. Henderson. If the rooms she'd looked at that afternoon were still vacant she'd come down and occupy them to-night. She couldn't promise to rent them permanently until she'd shown them to her husband, but she'd pay for the night's lodging, anyhow. Mrs. Henderson was agreeable. Within another half-hour Beatrice was installed in what might become her home.

Her assessment of this likelihood wavered a good deal during the night. The landlady, at their second meeting, was not the gushing fountain of sympathy Trix had found her in the afternoon. The furs and the evening frock seemed to have a chilling effect—were unsuitable, somehow. But the little apartment, when the girl was left alone in it, made a background for exciting fancies. It was big enough for two, and quite decently clean. Its dinginess would disappear under a little brightening up. In imagination she furnished it with two or three good rugs, an easy chair apiece for her and George, and a reading-lamp for the table. The funereal crepe curtains she put back into the shadows behind the glow of an anthracite fire. Could she do it all to-morrow morning, she wondered, and have it ready to show George when he came? No, of course she couldn't. To-morrow was Thanksgiving (poor old dad!) and the stores would be closed. In her night-dress she pottered about functionally

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

Really Fine Millinery—

the original creations of master designers—"Style and Quality Assured," is available to every woman who cares for the best.

Look for the label—

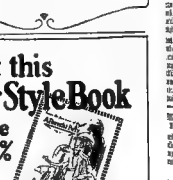
Fiskhats

At the better stores and shops

D. B. FISK & CO.
Creators of Correct Millinery
Chicago New York Paris

Get this Fur Style Book

Save 20%



Buy Furs by their right names

Every woman should study furs before she makes a purchase to know the newest styles the wearing qualities, how to judge good pelts and what animal the fur actually comes from. Our Three Facts in the Alabrecht Style Book and Buying Guide and see the wonderful values offered at 20% reduction under our annual discount policy to encourage pre-season business. Albrecht Furs, from the heart of the fur market have been the standard for 67 years. Mail for catalog No. E.

E. ALBRECHT & SON ST. PAUL, MINN.
DEPT. N

Albrecht Furs
1855

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman who has any kind of a facial disfigurement caused by age. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which remove wrinkles, crow's feet, fill up hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators or other artificial means.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Inc.
297 So. Wabash Ave. Suite 1027 Chicago, Ill.

Baby Book FREE

BEAUTIFUL Infants' Style Book sent FREE. Pictures everything for little tots, from simplest separate garments to complete nursery outfits. Style book free. Write today to

Lane Bryant 1933 Broadway New York

FURS Our ad is small. Our discount is big. Write for illustrations and discount list. We buy from trappers, manufacturer and sell direct to you. The latest are of the best, the saving is considerable. Write today. Mail orders solicited.
HERMAN REEL CO., 201 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wedding 100 Invitations or Announcements, $3.95. Latest New York Styles and Quality Calling Cards, 100 for 75c. Write for samples. Prompt attention to mail orders. No per Loose. Reception Cards, Programs, Etc. P. 320 E. 57th St., N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Scientist Discovers Skin Laxative

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist, scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; made beautiful while you wait!

The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores seem new. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Cleanses Pores and Beautifies Any Complexion in Forty Minutes!

The scientific name of this newelement is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-pulp, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Your skin must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

AMAZING OFFER! NO LABORATORY CHARGE FOR FIRST JAR!

Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay is but $5. But as all may not be able at once to send $5, the first size will be sent for $1.95—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost named above, $1.95, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to save out, $2 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, anyone whose skin still needs cleansing do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
529 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman $1.95 plus postage. My money to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. (43)

Name.....

Address.....

The foundation of good dressing is **LiFALCO**

Underwear for Women, Misses and Boys

MADE by Specialists in Cotton Knit Underwear for Women.

Garments for all modes of dress, daintily finished from finely woven fabrics and tailored (not stretched) to fit the form. *Moderately priced.*

Always ask for

LiFALCO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Vests, Bodices, Pants, Tights and Union Suits
Little Falls Mfg. Co., Little Falls, New York

FALL EDITION
Childs' Garden Guide

Tulips, Daffodils, Ermurichs, Crocus, Freesias—all these lovely Spring flowers should be planted NOW. Immense stocks of Peonies, Iris, Phlox and scores of most lovely Perennials to make flower gardens Queen Gladiolus, Dahlias, Cannas, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Evergreens, Hedge plants, Bulbs, Seeds, Rock Gardens, Pools, Pergolas, Garden Furniture, Pottery, Fertilizers, Insecticides, Tools, Sundries, Bird Houses, Baby Chick Coops, Pet Stock, Poultry Supplies, Pigeons, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Ferrets, Squirrels, Pet Dogs, Pet Birds, Aquarium Fish, Goldfish Bowls, Aquarium Supplies, Pet Remedies, Pet Foods, Pet Collars, Leads, Muzzles, Baskets, Kennels, Pet Books, Pet Novelties, Pet Jewelry, Pet Toys, Pet Clothing, Pet Medicines, Pet Supplies, Pet Accessories, Pet Equipment, Pet Furniture, Pet Grooming, Pet Boarding, Pet Training, Pet Shows, Pet Clubs, Pet Associations, Pet Registries, Pet Licenses, Pet Tags, Pet Identification, Pet Insurance, Pet Adoption, Pet Rescue, Pet Shelters, Pet Hospitals, Pet Clinics, Pet Veterinarians, Pet Surgeons, Pet Dentists, Pet Chiropractors, Pet Acupuncturists, Pet Psychologists, Pet Psychiatrists, Pet Therapists, Pet Counselors, Pet Lawyers, Pet Accountants, Pet Insurance Agents, Pet Brokers, Pet Dealers, Pet Breeders, Pet Importers, Pet Exporters, Pet Manufacturers, Pet Wholesalers, Pet Retailers, Pet Distributors, Pet Jobbers, Pet Agents, Pet Representatives, Pet Salesmen, Pet Saleswomen, Pet Clerks, Pet Cashiers, Pet Bookkeepers, Pet Secretaries, Pet Managers, Pet Supervisors, Pet Foremen, Pet Workers, Pet Laborers, Pet Janitors, Pet Maids, Pet Butlers, Pet Chauffeurs, Pet Gardeners, Pet Caretakers, Pet Watchmen, Pet Guards, Pet Detectives, Pet Police, Pet Firemen, Pet Soldiers, Pet Sailors, Pet Marines, Pet Airmen, Pet Astronauts, Pet Cosmonauts, Pet Explorers, Pet Adventurers, Pet Travelers, Pet Tourists, Pet Guides, Pet Interpreters, Pet Translators, Pet Writers, Pet Authors, Pet Publishers, Pet Editors, Pet Printers, Pet Binders, Pet Illustrators, Pet Photographers, Pet Artists, Pet Sculptors, Pet Musicians, Pet Composers, Pet Singers, Pet Dancers, Pet Actors, Pet Actresses, Pet Directors, Pet Producers, Pet Writers, Pet Authors, Pet Publishers, Pet Editors, Pet Printers, Pet Binders, Pet Illustrators, Pet Photographers, Pet Artists, Pet Sculptors, Pet Musicians, Pet Composers, Pet Singers, Pet Dancers, Pet Actors, Pet Actresses, Pet Directors, Pet Producers

John Lewis Childs Inc.
Floral Park-N.Y.

THE GREERS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

for an hour, until the cold finally drove her to bed.

She fell asleep at once, having had, since she'd awakened in the Minneapolis train that morning, a pretty full day. But later, in the dead of night, she found herself broad awake and unable for a few minutes to remember where she was. A high wind had sprung up and was banging the loose window-sashes furiously. The bed was cold, and worn down into unaccommodating hollows.

The thought of sharing that bed with George Burns presented itself to her as fantastic—impossible. She must have been clean out of her head to have entertained it; to have come to wait for him in a place like this.

It was funny about that thousand-dollar check!—that he should have pocketed it and cashed it, and then have come to meet her on the Municipal Pier that day and said nothing about it, neither then nor since. Of course he had taken it. There was no getting away from that signature. It would seem like an awful lot of money if you were working for thirty dollars a week. Only—well, it showed how little you could tell about people. She was indeed lucky to have found out about him in time.

To-morrow— She could never go back to her father. He'd have her at his mercy if she did that. Subjugated—that was the word. She couldn't go back to her mother, either—not with her secondhand learning about. He'd never give her a look-in. A job, then; that was what it came to. Hollywood, where she should have let her father's face with such bravado? It broke over her that her notion of becoming a picture actress had been at best but childish folly, a dream she'd shared with ten million other girls and had little better chance than they of making true. Else he had all the clothes her father had bought her during the past six months, she could get work enough to keep herself and Anson alive—in lodgings meaner than these that depressed her now. And she might work into stunts, doubling for well-known stars, but even this was a long road.

What was the use? She'd been a fool to leave Minneapolis at all, with her mother's revolvers. Of course there was always the lake. The lake on a night like this! The storm terrified her, though the thought of George trying to fly through it. Perhaps he wouldn't come to-morrow.

WHAT sleep she managed to get during the rest of the night was troubled by dreams and half-wakefulness, and by morning she was pretty well washed out. She made a wretched breakfast at a cheap neighborhood restaurant, and at nine o'clock telephoned Anson to inquire about her father, especially to learn how much the worse he was for their quarrel the night before.

He was very official. He couldn't say as to Mr. Greer's condition and he was to receive no messages.

"Oh, well, give him my love when you get a chance," she said, bitterly. "And I'll write him a letter, to-morrow, maybe." She was completely resourceless when she turned away from the telephone. She had literally nothing to do.

The weather, tho, gave her something to think about. Last night a gale was still blowing in from the lake. It wasn't possible—was it?—that George would try to fly to-day. Ten o'clock, when she telephoned the office of the superintendent of the air mail in order to put an end to her uneasiness by confirming this opinion, and to her horrified amazement was told in matter-of-fact tones that the mail had left Cleveland at daybreak as usual and might be expected in about noon.

SHE set out at once afoot for Grant Park despite a prospective wait there of nearly two hours. Common sense, she was aware, in the person of Jennie McCready Mrs. Henderson, would have counseled diversion, pointing out that she couldn't do the aviator any good by watching the clouds and worrying about him. Diversion! That showed what common sense amounted to.

As it happened (and so often does!), irrational instinct proved the better guide. The fierceness of the gale—more evident here on the lake-front than back among the big buildings of the loop—whipped up a corresponding fierceness in her mood, an emotion much more gratifying than the cold misery of the earlier morning. She raged at the order and the complacent authority of a world where self-satisfied men in armchairs could send their betters aloft to play tag with death, not upon glorious enterprises, but about dreary business of delivering letters. It would serve them right if George should arrive with bombs instead of his mail and should sprinkle them around upon the roofs of that lazy town where, by way of celebrating a holiday, people ordered the manufacture of overeating later on. She built up an angry grievance against the absentees from the police—they turned out numerously enough, goodness knew, on a fine day!—and equally against the indifferent few who were here, variously occupied, but alike in their dull unconcern with the storm.

A special object of her annoyance was the driver of a small mail-truck who drove

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Where Was I To Get the Money?

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

HOW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick.

I hadn't had much thing new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.

Everett's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from?

We were paying for a home. Rent and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everett could earn it. No matter how we skimped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.

Mrs. Helene Himberg 261 Wyckoff Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

I Couldn't Neglect My Home

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was all through before noon in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.

But what could I do?

I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for that one thing, I couldn't sew. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was terribly afraid what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Rack my brain as I would, there seemed nothing else left.

Emma Had a Lot of New Things

One afternoon last spring, when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.

Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to heels everything she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I couldn't help envying her.

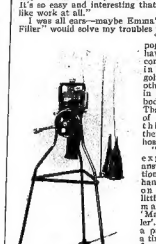
When she mentioned that little hat she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for the dining-room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more than Everett. I wondered how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

I Was All Ears

"Really Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the last few months that I know people must think some rich relative has left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."

"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."

I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles too.



The Master Knitter

"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued, "Even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—I earn them by knitting hose."

"Oh,no!" Emma explained, in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler' can knit a pair in so short a time. And I get fine pay for every pair I make."

Emma Tells the Way

"But who pays you?" I asked, "And how did you get started?"

"There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—they supply the yarn. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the knitter from them. They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, mittens and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down at the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, at last when you've finished a dozen or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."

If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it, and then immediately sent for a machine.

With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—by following the directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks—many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocketbook filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everett—when at first sort of pooh-poohed the whole idea —got interested and tried his hand. Now, many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and sits there for three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.

I No Longer Have to Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the little money in the bank—all my own. And the little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each week.

It's really surprising what a little I have extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everett helped me every evening. Everett said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all time to knitting hose—and at that perhaps there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Himberg,
261 Wyckoff St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Note: The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives, and is printed here practically in her own words. Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

It's Helping Hundreds of Others

All over America, the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men too) turn their spare time into money —helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to buy up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts —helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self respect out of life.

Knitting socks on the Home Profit Knitter is easy, rapid, profitable and pleasant. You can also knit sweaters, golf stockings, ladies' stockings or children's stockings, and many other articles. All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions.

You can send all your work to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get good pay for it—all on a guaranteed basis—or you can buy your yarn and sell the finished work direct to friends and neighbors and local stores just as you choose. Either way you can earn an extra $5 to $15 (some do even better) every week the year round—the amount depending on how much time you give to the work.

If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—live without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away —it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.,
Dept. CF-10, 872 Hudson Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.,
Dept. CF—10, 872 Hudson Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

No Gray Streaks to Spoil Your Coiffure

Graying, faded hair just can't be smartly dressed and it adds ten years to your age. But don't be discouraged—you can restore it this safe, sure, easy way. Prove it by accepting our free trial offer and making your own test.

The beautiful, even color of the lock you treat will convince you how easy it is to keep your hair from ever turning gray. No danger of streaking or discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Dainty, clear, colorless, applied by combing through the hair. Easy, simple, safe, results are sure. Mail the coupon today, filling out carefully, if possible enclosing a lock of hair. When ready to restore all your hair get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1358 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman,
1358 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

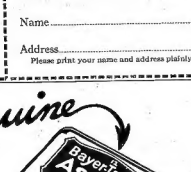
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black..... black or dark brown.....medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name.....

Address.....

Please print your name and address plainly.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN



SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

new field for Women

Tea Rooms, Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Motor Inns, call for ambitious women, all ages. Big salaries, fine living, quick advancement. Fascinating work in America's Fourth largest industry. Learn in your own home and start in business. We put you in touch with big opportunities. Write for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity." Richmond 1010
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room 2253, Washington, D. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME during your spare time by showing our engraved Christmas Greeting Cards to your friends. Big commission paid promptly. Write for samples and further information. BASTIAN BROS. CO., Rochester, N.Y.

BATHSWEET
TRADE MARK REG.
Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.
PERFUMES YOUR BATH—SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY
Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and department stores. Send 10c for miniature can.
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rainwater and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.
THE C. S. WELCH CO. DEPT. 10 NEW YORK CITY

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

out over the Randolph Street viaduct and backed up against the wind not far from where she stood. She watched him resentfully for five minutes, while he was getting his pipe alight and making himself comfortable, before she recognized, in his presence here, an official expectation that George would accomplish his journey safely.

She went over to him and asked if he was waiting for the air mail. When he nodded she went on, "Do you think he'll ever make it, a day like this?"

"Going to make a record trip, I guess—with this wind behind him. It's the fellow going the other way you want to be sorry for."

This struck Trix as outrageously unfair. "You'd be sorry for yourself, I bet, if you had to land in a place like this."

He didn't deny it, but he thought this man would probably get down all right. "You never can tell, Trix," he went on. "They killed one of these fellows only day before yesterday. Plane caught fire and burned him to a crisp."

She had turned away with justifiable homicide in her heart and was walking off when he called after her, "There he comes now!"

She saw the plane, far out over the lake. It didn't seem possible—or conceivable—that he could fly so slowly. She would shut her eyes and count long seconds before she looked again, only to see him, a little bigger, perhaps, in the same place.

A crew of mechanics had come out of the hangar and were watching him too—callously, she thought. They didn't care whether he got down safe or not. It seemed to her, now, that he was going straight by, as if he didn't know where he was. They ought to signal him, somehow. Oh, the fools, to stand there doing nothing!

No, he was turning now, careening horribly as he came round. She felt herself going sick and shut her eyes, but opened them again as the roar of his motor ceased. He whipped across the park like a bit of driven scud, banked again, and was on the ground, taxying toward them, the plane bouncing and bucking along like a mean horse. She could hear the rigid fabric clanking like a loose tin roof. The crew were running toward him.

She wanted to run too, but she couldn't. She hadn't strength enough to stir. He'd get out of his plane and go away and never know she'd come to meet him.

The truck-driver had been cranking his motor; now as it started he looked round at her. "Want to ride over there?" he asked, and added as she assented with a speechless nod, "I didn't know he was your fellow or I wouldn't have been so careless what I said."

GEORGE didn't see her as she came up, and she was glad of a minute to feast her eyes upon him. He was deep in talk with the master mechanic—"tail heavy" was a phrase her ear picked out—criticizing details of the plane's performance. He had his helmet dangling in his hand, and the wind was ruffling his short, curly hair and drying the sweat on his forehead. "Well," the master said, "two hours and twenty-four minutes is nothing to kick about. Fastest yet, I guess."

At that George turned and saw her standing beside him, and in an instant she was in his arms, her mouth upon his, and the world a dancing blur. Hitherto, in public, they'd always been careful to give their meetings a casual air, but this embrace was as much at his initiative as at hers.

"I didn't think you'd come to-day," he said, unsteadily, "with your father home, and all; and me ahead of time, too. But I wanted you so; I was afraid to look around for you."

"I've been waiting out here for you," she declared, "ever since I heard you'd started.

"I've had an awful row with dad," she told him, when he'd drawn her aside to make way for the activities of the crew. "He says I'm not his daughter any more. He told me to tell you that because it might make a difference. Does it?"

"I should say it did!" he cried, pulling her up in his arms again. "Does it mean you're going to marry me, now, Trix?"

She told him, blissfully, that it did. "To-day! This minute, if we could. I've already got a place for us to live," she added, and she felt him give a sob at that. "I slept there alone last night."

The mail-truck driver—in defiance of strictest regulations—gave them a ride across the long viaduct, she sitting in George's lap, and a cruising yellow cab conveyed them to the city Hall. It wasn't till they had rattled the locked door of the license clerk's office and stared blankly at each other in the deserted corridor that they realized that the Thanksgiving holiday frustrated their plan.

"I suppose we now will have to do," she said, dismally. "Oh, well, cheer up! One day isn't so much."

"It can't be to-morrow, either," he dejectedly informed her. "I've got to take the mail out again at eight-thirty in the morning, and this office won't be open by then."

"How about your two days off, between trips?" she demanded blankly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Three Talented Artists Joined in Designing This Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller" in the stores. But this exquisite little lamp—"Aurora" as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines—was designed by the united talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter, and a famous sculptress who were working not to make a big seller for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of truly artistic proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty yet of great practicability.

The price of this artistic gem is $3.50. Think of it! In the few shops where lamps of this character can be found its equal would cost from $15 to $30. Only the Decorative Arts League could offer such a price and such a lamp.

"Aurora" is 16 inches high base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, finished either in rich statuary bronze with adjustable parchment shade of neutral brown, or in ivory white, shade of golden yellow. Handsomely wired, ready to give mellow light. Equipped for electricity also, socket, etc., everything but bulb. Need no money, simply send coupon to Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

Aurora $3.50

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, (A. F.)
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me at the League members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay postman $3.50 plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping weight only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days and you are to refund my money.

Check finish desired—Statuary ☐ Bronze; Ivory ☐ White

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Krementz

The Krementz collar button was the inspiration of a man whose establishment already had set the standard among jewelry craftsmen for fine workmanship and skillful designs.

So proud was he of his collar button that he stamped his name, "Krementz," on the back, an identification that is as much of a protection to buyers today as it was 50 years ago.

Collar buttons 25c—$1.50;
Links $2—$7.00; evening jewelry $4.50—$17.50
Only at better shops.
KREMENTZ & CO. Newark, N. J.

FULL DRESS SETS
805K—4 Vest Buttons $3.00
806K—Three Studs . . 1.50
804K—Pair Links . . 3.00
Mother of pearl with platinum plate and black enamel rims.

"There they go!"

A shower of Dennison confetti and serpentine to speed the bride and groom! And to make the occasion complete, they use Dennison boxes for the wedding cake and Dennison crepe paper for the wedding bells!

Ten cents brings you "Art & Decoration." Write to DENNISON, *Dept. D 10, Framingham, Mass.*

What • Next? Dennison's

Superfluous Hair Roots Now Removed at Home

Glorious news for women troubled with disfiguring hairy growths! By means of an entirely new and very simple method you can now remove not only the surface hair, but the roots as well! Just get a $1 stick of Phelactine at any drug store or toilet counter, follow the easy instructions—and, like magic, the hair-roots come out before your very eyes! You can hardly believe your eyes, it is done so quickly, completely, harmlessly. Phelactine is non-irritating, non-odorous, non-poisonous.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Av., Chicago

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Handy Mender

Tirro, the new water-proofed mending tape, mends most everything from baby's toys to broken tool handles. Sticks firmly to china, glass, metal, cloth. The Handy Andy of house and garage—for universal use. Ask your druggist.

Small 15c Medium 25c Large 50c

MAIL THIS FOR FREE STRIP AND BOOKLET, "1001 USES"

Dic. Rev. 10-22

BAUER & BLACK, 2300 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Name .....

Address .....

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

He explained that he was doing double duty this week. There'd been an accident—

"The man that was killed? Burned up?"

There'd been an accident, he repeated, ignoring the interruption, and as they were short-handed he had volunteered to fill in. He was paid extra mileage, of course, but it wasn't that. It was so as not to interrupt the service.

She blew up before he could say any more, and, in a mixture of tears and temper, accused him of not caring when they were married, of not wanting to marry her at all, and in a final fury she delivered an ultimatum: unless he married her to-morrow, somehow, she wouldn't marry him; she'd go back to California on the night train. They'd let him off to-morrow's run if he'd just show spunk enough to ask them to.

He was pretty glum about agreeing to this, but at last he did, and even consented to her going with him to make the request. They walked in unbroken silence to the postal office, only to find that they'd missed the superintendent by minutes. He'd gone home to his Thanksgiving dinner. Trix got his home address, too, from the clerk, and they picked up another taxi and started to hunt him down. She was on the point of weeping again over her lover's reluctance when suddenly she laughed instead and snuggled against him.

"I've got an idea," she declared. "We won't ask him to let you off. We'll ask him to let me go with you. We'll fly over together and be married in Cleveland to-morrow."

She couldn't at first get him to take the idea seriously. They never carried passengers in the mail-planes. It wasn't allowed. She argued that this was no reason why it shouldn't be done, for once, in a case like this. Let him leave the man to her. She'd fix him!

"Suppose anything was to happen, Trix," he ventured, but she had a swift answer to this argument.

"If you're going to be killed, to-morrow, I'd rather be killed with you than have you killed by yourself. Wouldn't you?"

She had her way, even as she predicted she would. They found the official in his least official mood, and what with the starry look in her eyes and the thrill in her voice and the romance inherent in the situation, he was able to offer no more than a perfunctory resistance. By four o'clock the red tape was unwound, the necessary authorization signed and sealed, and the pair, in their fourth taxi, laughed in happy vacuity at the chauffeur's question, Where to, now?

"I sort of believe I must be hungry," George remarked. "I haven't eaten since breakfast. Didn't want the sandwich they gave me at Bryan."

"I haven't eaten anything since last night," she said. "Georgel Thanksgiving dinner!"

SHE directed the chauffeur to one of her father's favorite restaurants and here they spent two unregarded hours, silent and talkative by turns, sometimes frankly holding hands across the board, sometimes, for fun, distantly ceremonious.

When he got out his pocketbook to pay the bill she laughed in a way that made him ask her why.

"I thought of something I'd forgotten," she said. "Something I promised dad I'd ask you about. It's that thousand-dollar check he gave you the night you brought me home last Summer."

He flushed bright red, and before answering unbuttoned his waistcoat and from a deep pocket pulled out a sealed envelop, which he handed over to her. It was addressed, she saw, to Carter Greer, and a thrill she got out of the moist, body-warm feel of the packet distracted her attention.

"There's the dirty money, waiting for him," George said. "I've been wanting to tell you about that. He gave me the check that night when I took him on the train. He said it was a reward for looking after you. And then, at the last minute, like, he said he didn't want me to tear chauffeur any more, and I was to understand I was to let you alone and keep my mouth shut.

"I gave given it back to him then, only, you see, I didn't know what you'd been telling him. Thought you might have made me the goat. I was rattled, and I couldn't think, for the minute, how else he could have found out about everything. And the next day, when I hadn't heard from you, I cashed the check—those same bills. I've never touched a cent of it. After that I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't know how things were coming out with you. And I couldn't send it back to him without as good as telling him that I was going with you. So I just waited."

"I knew it must be something like that," she remarked. "It didn't bother *me* a bit."

"Well," he said, "it can go back to him to-night, all right. I'm glad to be rid of it."

Her ear caught something a little unreal in the readiness of this declaration; not unwillingness nor even quite regret. After all, a thousand dollars was a lot of money. Would be to them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

$1.00 Only Down

Puts this Kleen-well Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner In Your Home.

No Electricity

No Cords—
No Sockets.

Here at last is the modern vacuum cleaner. No electricity—no cords to drag around—no sockets. So light and easy to handle a child can operate it. Nothing to get out of order. Simply attach to any faucet and use it every day. Powerful fan creates as much suction as any electric cleaner, merely by running it round. Dirt is picked right out of the carpet into the bag. Soft bristle revolving brush in nozzle will not injure the finest rugs. Absolutely fool-proof—nothing to oil or grease. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money back. In use in thousands of homes, hotels and theatres.

Write Today For Free Book

Booklet tells about the great convenience of modern three of keeping the home clean. Find out how you can get it in your home on the easy "dollar down and ten down" plan. Write today.

Kleen-well Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Dept. 2137, 1001 St. & Marshall Blvd., Chicago

Gervaise Graham Hair Color

A clear, clean, harmless liquid brushed through the hair quickly restores the original color and natural lustre to

Gray Hair

Sample and advice sent upon request. At all druggists or by mail, price $1.50. Gervaise Graham, 23 W. Illinois, Chicago

FREE Hair and Beauty Books

Show the latest styles of Hair Dressing, Puffs, Switches, etc. Natural wavy hair restorers, Hair Tonics, Shampooing, Manicuring, Complexions, Hair goods, etc. Write today. Mention if Gray, Faded or Bleached hair is desired.

MARINELLO CO. 30 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

HAVE MORE MONEY!

Earnest, selected women can make money introducing FRIGILLA FABRICS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, etc. Simple, pleasant, profitable. Write for FITZCHARLES DAY GOODS CO. 426 FITZCHARLES BLDG. TRENTON, N. J.

These Colors are easy to make with SUNSET

Muffin—
¾ cake Light Brown
1-16 cake Orange

Beige—
1 cake Sand
1-16 cake Light Brown

Bittersweet
1 cake Scarlet
1-8 cake Orange

Poinsettia—
1 cake Cardinal
1 cake Scarlet

Tangerine—
1 cake Orange
⅛ cake Scarlet
¾ cake Sand

Terra Cotta
1 cake Scarlet
1 cake Light Brown

These formulas show amount of DIAMOND dyes required for each pound of white goods to obtain these colors. See SUNSET direction sheet.

When you Dye use Sunset and be sure—because Sunset Never Disappoints!

Whether you dye light filmy fabrics or heavy winter goods, you get always the same beautifully even, fast colors.

No need to risk valuable materials with inferior or old-fashioned dyes; whatever your experience with other dyes may have been, SUNSET will not fail you. It brings the "know how" of the professional dyer into your own kitchen.

It's so easy to use and such fun to blend two or three standard SUNSET colors and get a particular shade of your own.

SUNSET SOAP DYES

ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

22 Fast Colors 15c a Cake

Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 171 Madison Ave., New York

SUNSET combines to produce all fashionable and becoming shades. Color creation is a most fascinating and useful way of using SUNSET.

Ask your Dealer to show you "The Season's Colors" and the SUNSET Color Card.

If he can't supply you, mail us 15c for each color desired. Don't accept substitutes.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Manufacturers
Dept. 28, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

LITTLE inquisitive fingers are out and finished—tender bodies receive burns and bumps—accidents happen every minute, but—with Kiddie-Koop baby is safe from all these. Keeps him at arms-length dignity. Room—harmful objects cannot get to his mouth. Baby is always protected and thrive better: more sleep, more food, more growth are observed. BASINET for the little shabby tot. CRIB and PLAY-PEN for the growing mite. THREE-IN-ONE—a utility for prices a good crib alone cost.

Free Booklet explains the wonderful economy of Kiddie-Koop from birth through crib years, indoors and out. Write for it today. Name of nearest dealer sent on request. Conform by name plate.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
Dept. 1, Rochester, N.Y.
At stores ask for original and genuine Kiddie-Koop by name.

for the price of a crib alone

Get Manufacturers' Prices

On Stoves Ranges and Furnaces

You cannot beat the manufacturer's prices. It is the first price and the lowest cost. It is based on the actual cost of manufacture plus a one small profit. Over 400,000 satisfied customers testify on the Kalamazoo System. Buy direct with the manufacturer and get the wholesale price.

Get our prices on this beautiful combination coal and gas range.

Write for Our Catalog and find out what wonderful bargains you can get right at the factory. A postal will bring it. Over 325 styles and sizes of Ranges—Furnaces $52.95 up. See what we have on Heating Stoves, etc. Thirty days trial. Money-back guarantee. Cash or easy payments. Factory shipments.

Ask for Catalog No. 417

Kalamazoo Stove Company

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Kalamazoo, Mich.

50¢ and this ad brings this Dollar Saving first aid to Housekeepers

HERE'S the automatic income account keeper and money saver which without any Bookkeeping helps you save $1.00 out of every $10 that you get—helps you have the rent money—the butcher's—the milk man's—the ice-man's money when it's due.

And if you need an extra $5 Susie has it for you.

I call this

SUSIE SAVEIT
Put and Take
CASH REGISTER
For the Home

It does what the old china teapot used to do for mother. Because it is just that you Put in its place the cash for rent for clothes—for amusements—and Take what you need when you need it; it is a simple system that even a child can understand which budgets your income automatically and if you use it faithfully will positively help you have money for every needful purpose when you need it—without the necessity of written accounts or keeping. It's guaranteed to give you a year's Service (you get a new one free if it don't) and the price is only 50c postpaid if you send us this ad with your name and address and remittance (send stamps, silver or money order; add 10c exchange if check is sent).

Send $1.00 for *two*. A friend will certainly appreciate this practical gift.

If you don't want to tear your magazine send 50c and mention PICTORIAL REVIEW.

SUSIE SAVIT, Suite 1410, 469 Seventh Avenue, New York
Special price in Dozen lots to Dealers, Banks, Church and School Organizations who teach Practical Thrift.

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Smoke-House"

Many of our visitors seem much surprised when they see our smoke-houses, where we smoke "Premium" Hams and Bacon.

There is no substitute for real smoke-houses, hard wood smoke and all, with that peculiarly stirring pungency of the smoke-house on the farm!

Ours are just exactly like the old-fashioned farm smoke-house in every essential respect—only greatly improved, of course, much cleaner, more efficient and sanitary, and larger.

"Why, I'd no idea *you* did it this way," visitors often say.

They seem to think that there must be some miracle about doing things in a large way that sweeps away all homely and familiar methods—that packing on a big scale is a business that has discarded time-honored methods.

Whereas, we follow the same principle as the farmer who smokes his own meats.

The great difference is that the process is under the direction of experts who know, through years of training and experience, just how long products of various sizes should be smoked, the best curing solutions to use, the temperatures to maintain, and the great mass of technique which constitutes the art and science of curing meat.

Man Has Always Eaten Meat

From the earliest days of the human race meat has been the central article of the diet. This age-old custom and Man's natural craving for meat indicate that it satisfies his real food needs.

The result of all this is a product of unvarying uniformity and merit.

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon, for instance, are the products of familiar methods brought to a height of perfection and uniformity that would be impossible without our practice, experience, facilities.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

"I don't see why it should go back," she asserted. "No, George, listen. You kept your bargain with him that day on the Municipal Pier, when I wanted to run away with you and you wouldn't. You said you hadn't any money and you wouldn't do it on mine. Now, when I've had a row with him and he's turned me out—in the snow—I don't see what kick he has on my coming to you!"

He laughed at this argument and said it sounded pretty thin to him. "However," he added, "we can talk about that later."

She tucked the envelop into her coat-pocket. "Talk, nothing!" she dissented. "You've already paid the money back. To me. I'll write and tell him so, anyhow. And I'll decide whether to send it along to him or not."

Both fell silent after this, and presently she asked him what he was thinking about. "About to-morrow's flight," he reluctantly confessed. "I never was scared of a trip before. But when I think what it would mean if anything went wrong——"

"You're tired," she interrupted; "that's all the matter with you. No wonder, doing double work like this. Let's forget it, for to-night, anyway. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's go and have a look at the place I've picked out for us to live. See what you think of it. It looked pretty good to me last night, when I was thinking how we'd fix it up."

"I can't believe that part of it, Trix. That's God's own truth," he told her, and his voice broke over the words.

"I've brought Mr. Burns," she told Mrs. Henderson half an hour later, "to see whether he likes our house. If he does we're going to take it. You needn't bother to come up, I guess. I can show him around, all right." Mrs. Henderson, full of sympathetic good-will once more, wouldn't consider it a bother, and there might be some questions Mr. Burns would like to ask; so she heavily led the way up-stairs and showed them into the apartment, with ceremony.

George hadn't any questions to ask, it seemed, and his replies to those of Beatrice, whether he liked this, or thought that would do, were almost monosyllabic, but when the tour of inspection was finished, she answered, confidently, for his being satisfied with it. "We'll take it for a month, then anyway. And I guess we might as well pay now. Shall I, George, or have you got it handy?"

"I've got it right here," he said.

"Well, I'll be glad to have you here," Mrs. Henderson assured him, "tho I expect it'll be a strain on my nerves. Your wife was telling me yesterday about the job you had. My heart ached for her, alone last night, what with the storm and all. I'm glad she'll have you with her to-night."

Trix saw her lover's face go dull red and noted that his hands, busy with his pocket-book, were shaking so that he could hardly extricate the bills he wanted. But he made no disclaimer, and he paid over the first month's rent. Mrs. Henderson, apparently, had seen nothing. She said, as she went away with the money, that she'd bring back the receipt as soon as ever she could make it out.

"Don't bother," Trix called after her. "Leave it on the hall table and we'll get it—some time or other." Then she closed the door, and, leaning back against it, faced her lover.

There was one aspect of her aerial elopement which Beatrice had not counted upon. She had been vaguely aware that the departure in the mail-plane on Friday morning had stimulated a marked interest in the group of spectators. She'd also been conscious, through the haze of enveloping sensations, when they landed in Cleveland, of the click of cameras and the rattle of questions. And there'd been an awfully nice girl, a reporter on one of the local papers, who'd made her a call at the hotel after their marriage in the afternoon and might have stayed longer if George's return hadn't shooed her away. But none of this had prepared her for the next morning's paper. "*Millionaire's Daughter Elopes with Mail-pilot*" was the seven-column heading across the front page. She had become a celebrity! She wondered what her father would think of that.

The concluding instalment of "The Greers" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published October 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1922

ART AND POETRY

	PAGE
Cover Design . . . *C. H. Twelvetrees*	
The Poet—*Verse*. *Margaret Delaughter*	22
Thoughts—*Verse* . . . *W. M. Leits*	28

FICTION

The Greers (Serial—Third Instalment . . *Henry Kitchell Webster*	17
The Voice of the Sea . . . *Rose Gollup Cohen*	6
Kinder Mechmet . *Konrad Bercovici*	8
The Love-Life . . . *David Freedman*	10
Across the Border . . . *Ethel Watts Mumford*	12
Golf-Widows . . . *Dorothy Speare*	14

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Pictorial Review Offers $1,000 to the Most Public-Spirited Women's Club . . . *Ida Clyde Clarke*	1
How About the Woman's Bloc? . . . *Helen Ring Robinson*	2
Better Marriage Laws . . . *Genevieve Parkhurst*	5
Falling in Love . . . *Arnold Bennett*	16

HOME-MAKING

Practical Lessons in House-planning . . . *Montgomery Woods*	24
Planning the House to Save Labor . . . *Mae Savell Croy*	56
A Fishing Trip—to the Market . . . *Jessica Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones*	58
Putting on the Musical Show . . . *Edna B. Colladay*	60
Pop-corn and Paper Frolics . . . *Mary I. Barber, Day Monroe, and Ruth Parrish*	62
Pickles Piquant *Eleanor Record Sigel*	65
A Correspondence Course in Mother-craft . . . *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	66
Fabric Fallacies . . . *Grace D. Denny*	70
Pictorial Review's Little Cook-Book . . . *Edith M. Barber*	72
Ever-Ready Biscuits *Nell B. Nichols*	75

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Masquerade . . . *C. H. Twelvetrees* Verses by *Percy Waxman*	32
Dolly Dingle's Little Friend Barbara . . . *Grace G. Drayton*	41

EMBROIDERY

Novelty Shown in Appliqué . . .	86
Appliqué and Cross-stitches Popular for Fall Decorations . . .	88
Characteristic Hardanger Embroidery Symbols	90
A Few of the Attractive Things One May Easily Make . . .	91
Decorative Touches for the Living-Room . . .	92

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

Straight Lines and Fall Frocks Form a Powerful Alliance . . .	93
New Adaptations with the French Chic in Crêpe Weaves . . .	94
Circular Skirts Appear as Autumn Ushers in Advance Styles . . .	95
With the New Circular Skirts, Waists May be Either Fitted or Bloused .	96
The Smart Fall Blouse in Its Many Phases Stresses Simplicity . . .	97
Indoor and Outdoor Apparel for the Fastidious Dresser . . .	98
The Low Waist-line Proves to Be a Most Persistent Feature . . .	99
These Will Make a Fitting Wardrobe for the Modern College Girl . . .	100
The New Season's Prettiest Dance Frocks for the Miss . . .	101
Junior Boys and Girls Will Find These to Their Liking . . .	102
Fall Means New Frocks and Coats for School Wear . . .	103
Dainty Frocks for Wee Tots . . .	104
Chic Underthings and New Masquerade Costumes . . .	105
Fancy Costumes and Wee Folks' Needs . . .	106

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY